



85





## Big Ungulates, Little Bipedes

As much as I've used cows as a theme in my work, it's a childhood encounter with another farm animal that left an indelible mark on my imagination.

My grandparents had a draft horse, "Nelly." (A name that is the horse equivalent of "Smith," I believe.) I was not only in awe of this enormous, powerful creature, I was more than a little scared.

Under the watchful supervision of my grandfather, a small, wiry man with a commanding voice, it seemed as if Nelly was perpetually pulling some enormous log from one place to another. But on a day off, Nelly would sometimes walk up from her barn to my grandparents' house, insert her huge head through the open kitchen window, and look for a treat from Grandma. For at least one grandkid with an overactive imagination, it was an impressive sight, evoking a stuffed moose head that had suddenly come to life. Grandma would say something like, "Okay, okay, girl—here ya go," and hand her a carrot.

Nelly was an immense animal, smoky-colored, with feet the size of dinner plates. I always sensed she could've accidentally squashed me without even knowing it. (Actually, I had the same feelings about Grandma, but that's another story.)

My grandparents' island farm had a sort of "Lost World" feel to it. The house and barn, in picturesque fashion, were nestled between the shore and a high bank, the latter overgrown with trees and leafy vegetation. Nelly's pasture was far above, accessible only by following her switchback trail that cut its way through the steep, clay hillside. But once you reached the top, the "jungle" gave way to a grassy plateau—my Lost World. For me, it was a place where time stood still and giant horses ruled the earth.

One day, my brother, two cousins, and I—all little squirts—set out on a quest to find this flesh and blood tractor up on her range. It's unclear to me as to why we were doing this: Only Gramps really knew the mysteries of how to start, stop, and shift Nelly. The rest of us were mostly riders or carrot givers. In truth, I was a little scared even to hand-feed Nelly, regardless of the sturdy fence that usually separated us. I always imagined my fingers being sucked up into her jaws by those enormous, prehensile lips, and then being contentedly crunched right along with the carrots. Offering her sugar cubes was the scariest. As you held it up in your palm, someone was always screaming, "HOLD YOUR HAND FLAT! HOLD IT FLAT!" That didn't help.



Actually, in thinking back on it, it may have been my grandpa who inadvertently put the fear of Nelly in me. There was the “foot thing,” you see. I don’t think Nelly ever actually stepped on anyone’s foot, but I remember this was something Gramps used to say: *Be careful around that horse. ... If she steps on your foot, she’ll crush it! Crush it, I tell ya!* HAHAAHAHAHA! (Gramps was a bit eccentric.)

As we climbed the hill, it was hard to ignore the hoofprints that looked like sunken pie pans, let alone the road apples the size of my head. (An unfortunate comparison, but I’ll stay with it.) Do you remember that scene in *King Kong* when all those guys landed on Skull Island and went looking for the “mysterious creature” that had taken Fay Wray, and how they moved nervously through the jungle, looking over their shoulders every few seconds? Same scenario.

When we reached the crest, we paused, lowering our voices. There were no fences up here. We were far from the barn and far from Gramps. We were in Nelly’s domain, and our feet were plump little sausages, waiting to be stomped into patties.

And thar she grazed. Nelly was far across the pasture but in plain view, standing in profile with her head lowered into the tall grass. The four of us stood there, just watching her, I suppose trying to figure out what would happen next. I think somebody must have laughed or something, because Nelly lifted her Tyrannosaurus-size head and looked in our direction. I can still see it; I’m there as if it was yesterday. She’s not chewing anymore. She’s looking. Straight at us. (I thought it was only dogs that could sense fear, possibly chickens—now I know horses are also fairly good at it.) Nelly headed toward us. Kong was coming.

Well, the four of us simultaneously screamed, did a 180, and started running with the firm belief that our lives depended on getting back down that hill and over the fence. About halfway back down that hillside, with Nelly in hot pursuit, I must have sensed she was going to overtake us, because I pitched myself off the narrow trail, landing face-down in some ferns. And there I froze. I couldn’t see Nelly, and I remember I didn’t want to look. But I could definitely hear her. She was bearing down on my hiding place like a locomotive. This was a long, long time ago, but I can still hear the rhythmic thudding of Nelly’s hooves and the rhythm of her breathing, which—I swear—sounded like, “Crush feet, crush feet, crush feet! ...”

It was almost impossible not to jump up and simply have my feet pulverized and be done with it. But I stayed where I was. And



Nelly sailed right on by. It was like that Doppler effect:

crushfeetcrushfeetcrushfeetcrushfeetCRUSHFEETcrushfeetcrushfeetcrushfeet ...

She didn't see me. She was going to crush the feet of the others, not mine. I felt sorry for my brother and cousins, but God, it felt good to be alive!

### Epilogue

Everyone escaped unharmed. I know today that having our feet crushed was at best a remote possibility; Nelly was a wonderful, benevolent animal, and when she looked across the field and saw us she only recognized us as Those Things That Bring Me Carrots. But something was definitely etched into my psyche from that experience of being chased through the woods by a 2,000-pound animal (even if it was just a horse), and the emotions I felt have been fodder for more than a few of my cartoons. It's that sensation of finding yourself in the presence of something that doesn't know or care you're a member of the highest form of life on the planet—all it sees is food or possibly an irritation to be dealt with.

Some writers (and at least one cartoonist) have a fascination for this primal wiring in all of us—that big, instinctual button at the bottom of our brains that cuts through all our higher cognition and says, simply, RUN LIKE HELL!

Note: Certain conditions can trigger this mechanism's companion button, the TOO LATE! HIDE! HIDE! button. Which one kicks in when we're in some desperate situation—whether it be facing a large, charging animal or simply observing Jehovah's Witnesses approaching our front door—is just one of those mysteries of the human nervous system.



"Well, what the? ... I *thought* I smelled something."

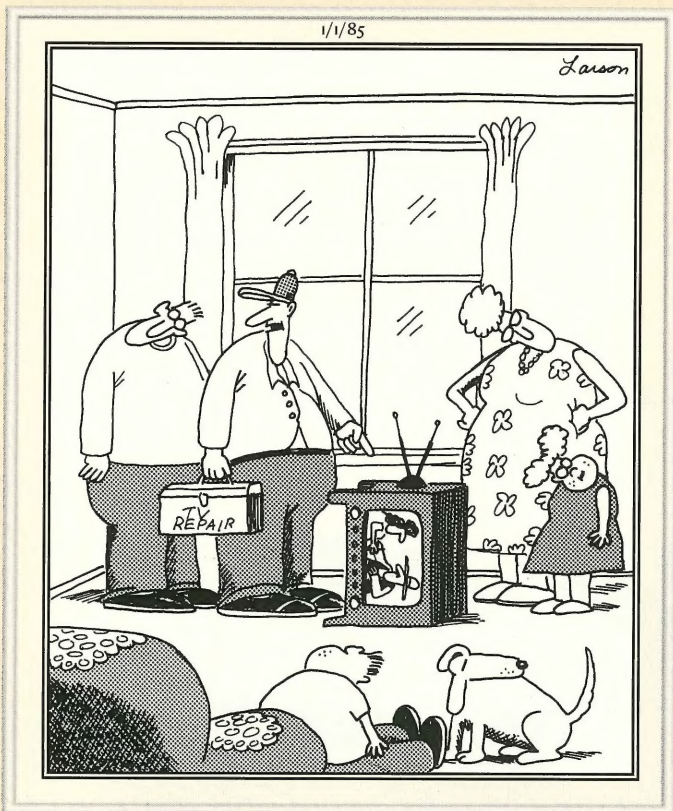




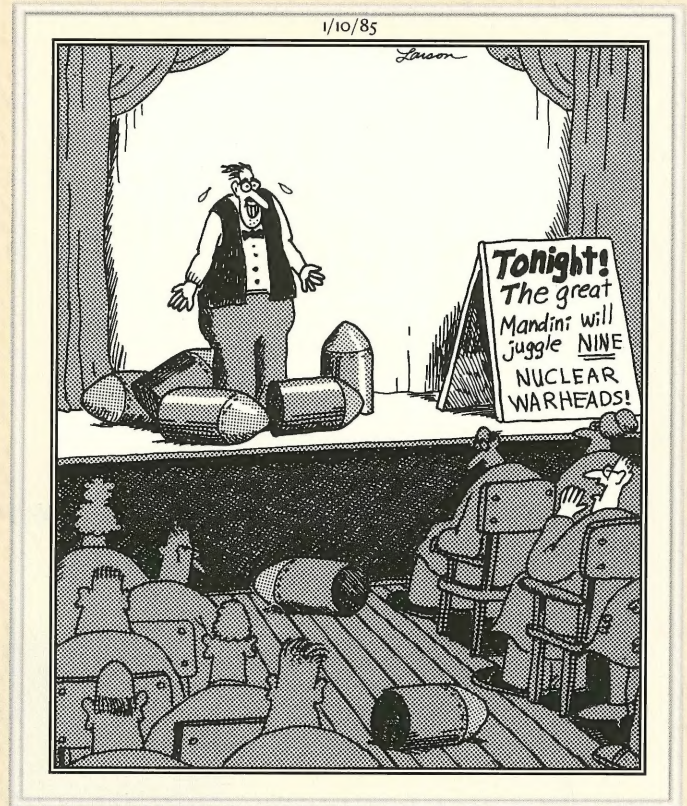
Left to right—Danny, Cathy, Janice, Gary, and Nelly (1954)

*Photo by Gary's dad*

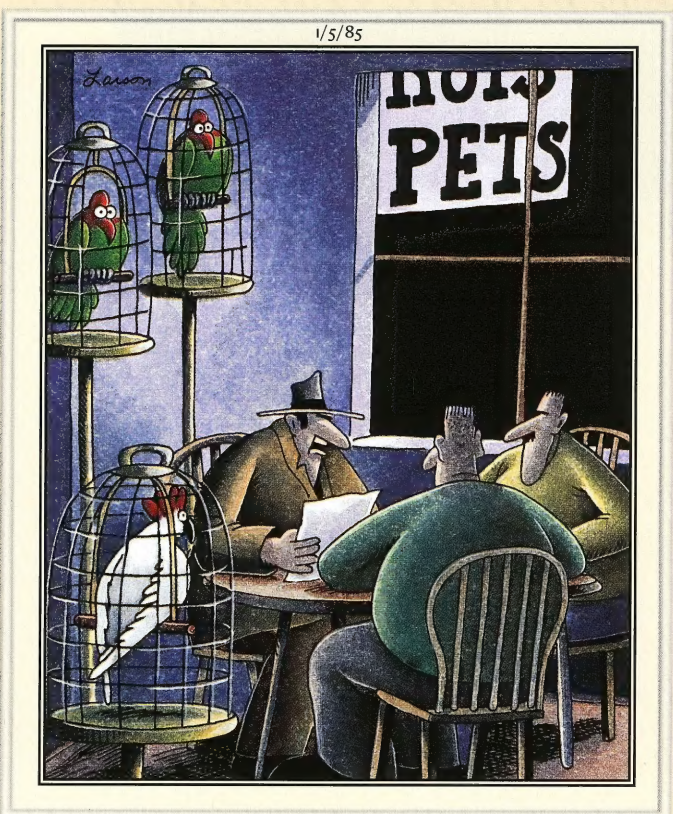




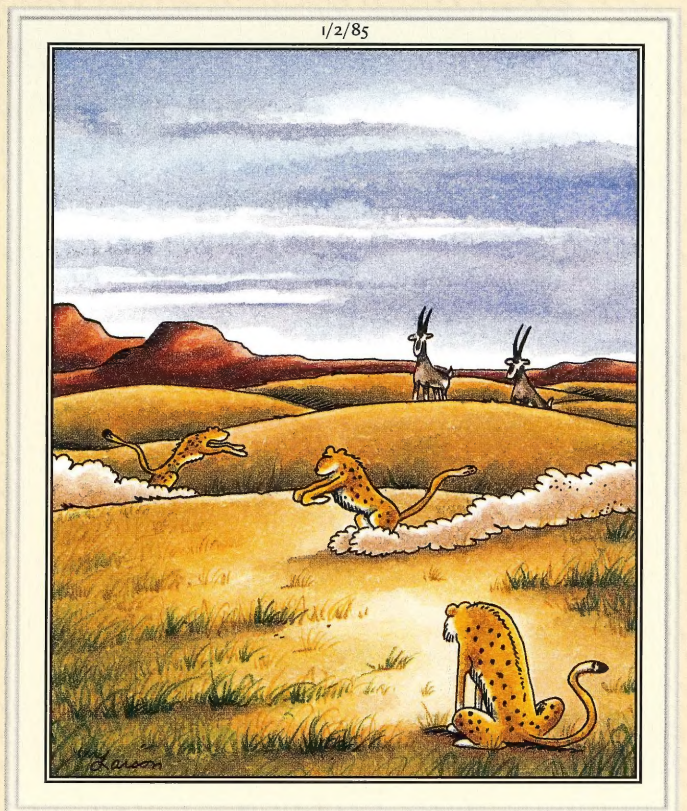
"Well, here's your problem, Mr. Schueler."



"Nuclear warheads, huh? ... More like *defused* nuclear warheads, if you ask me!"



"Okay, listen up! The cops are closing in on this place, so here's our new hideout: 455 Elm Street. ... Let's all say it together about a hundred times so there'll be no screw-ups."



Cheetah wheelies





January 3, 1985

Gary Larson  
The Seattle Times  
P.O. Box 70  
Seattle, Washington 98111

Dear Mr. Larson:

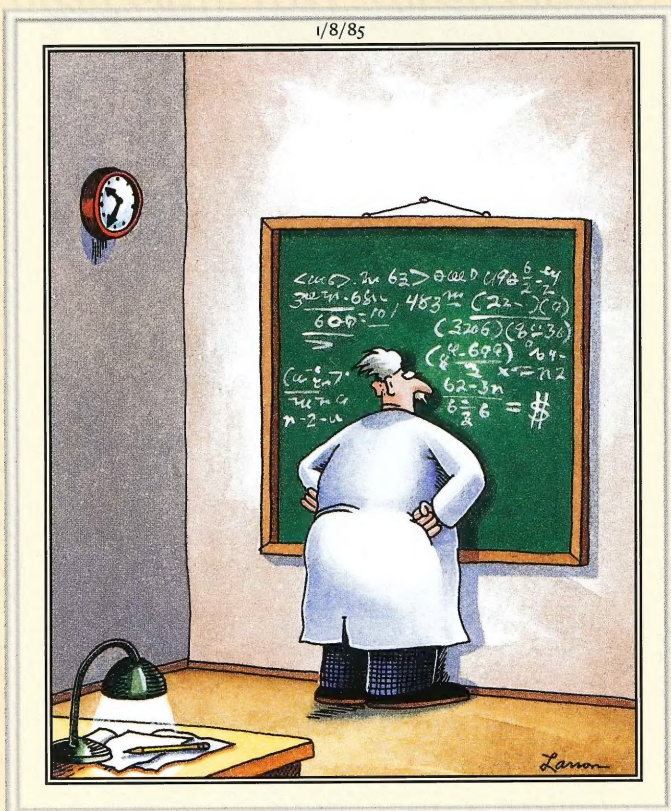
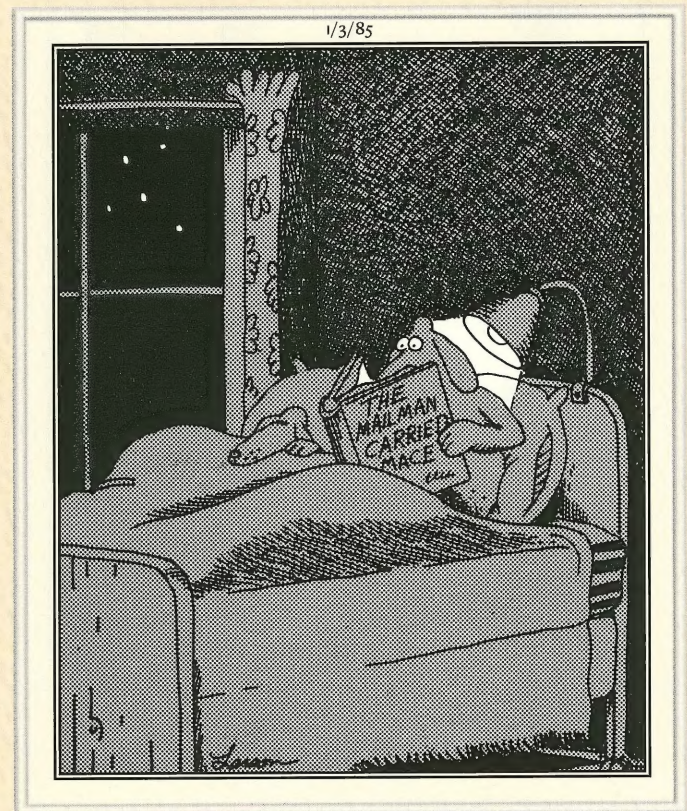
I am one of your most ardent fans who has probably never missed one of your published cartoons.

It is my sad duty, however, to share my professional expertise with you and thereby identify a technical error in today's Seattle Times - the wide-eyed dog reading "The Mailman Carried Mace". The fact is that Mace does not work on dogs but on the bright side most people do not know that. A caption like "The Mailman Carried a 10% Ammonia Solution in a Spray Bottle" probably would not have had much impact, of course, but the accuracy would have been unchallenged.

Well, keep them coming and if you ever need some more great advice like this, just call me.

Yours very truly,

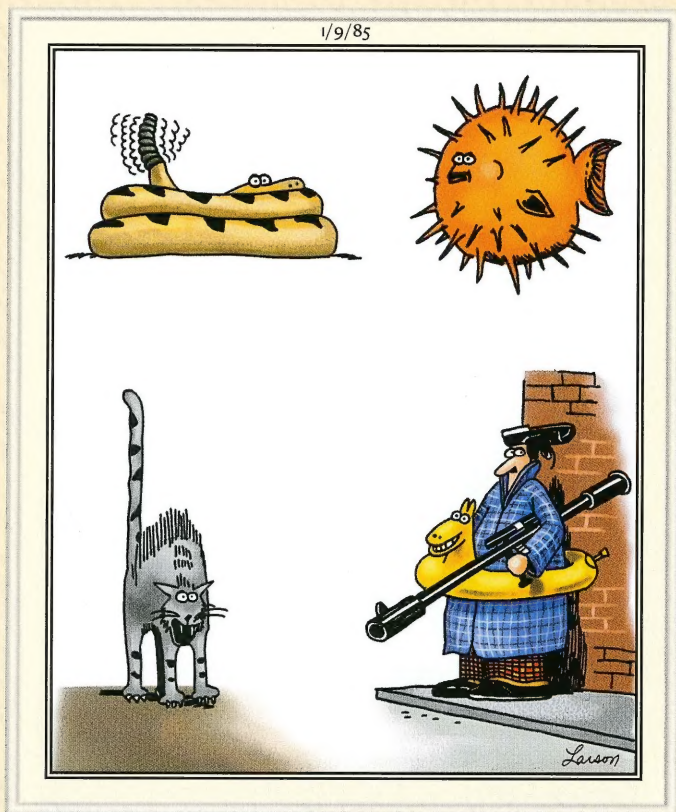
D. P. Van Blaricom  
Chief of Police



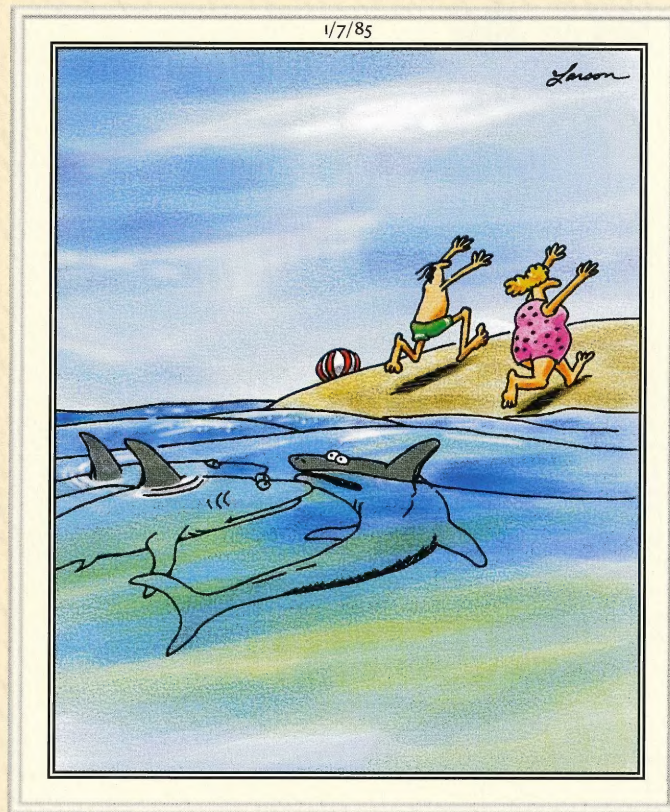
Einstein discovers that time is actually money.







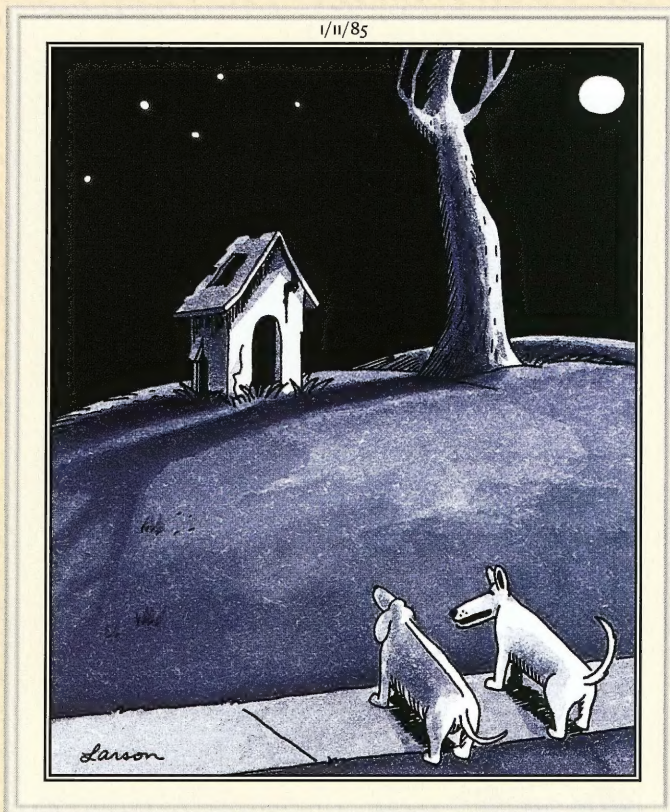
How Nature says, "Do not touch."



"Well, somehow they knew we were—whoa! Our dorsal fins are sticking out! I wonder how many times *that's* screwed things up?"

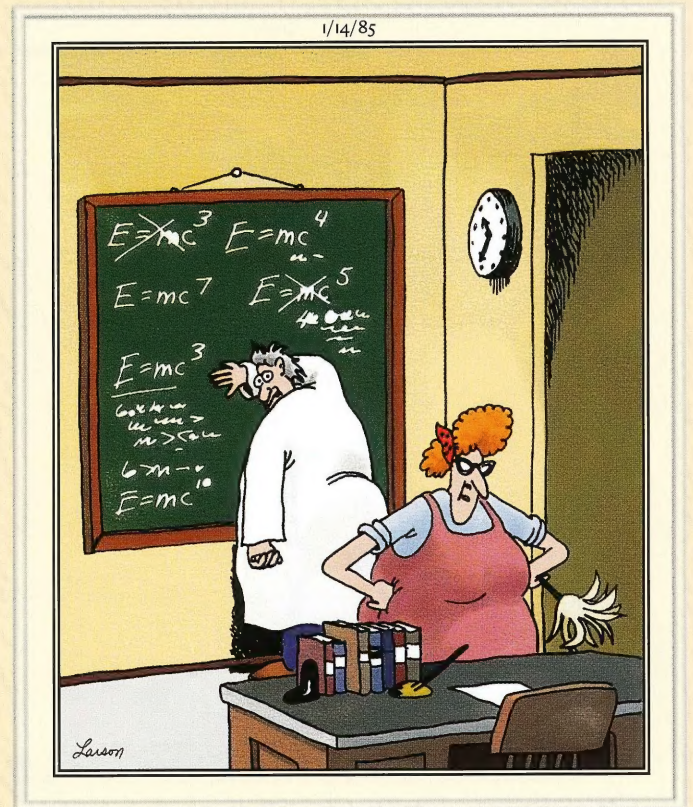
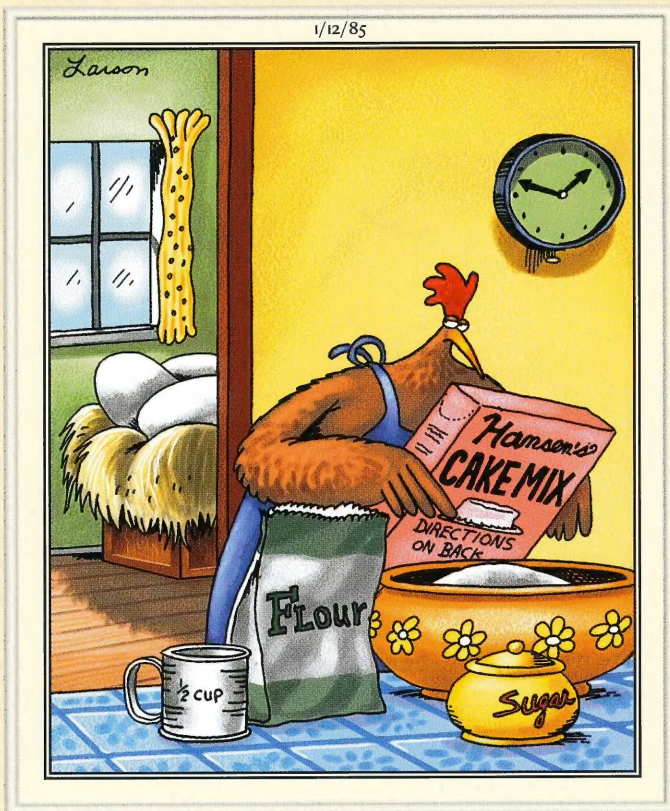


"I'm leaving you, Frank, because you're a shiftless, low-down, good-for-nothing imbecile ... and, might I finally add, you have the head of a chicken."

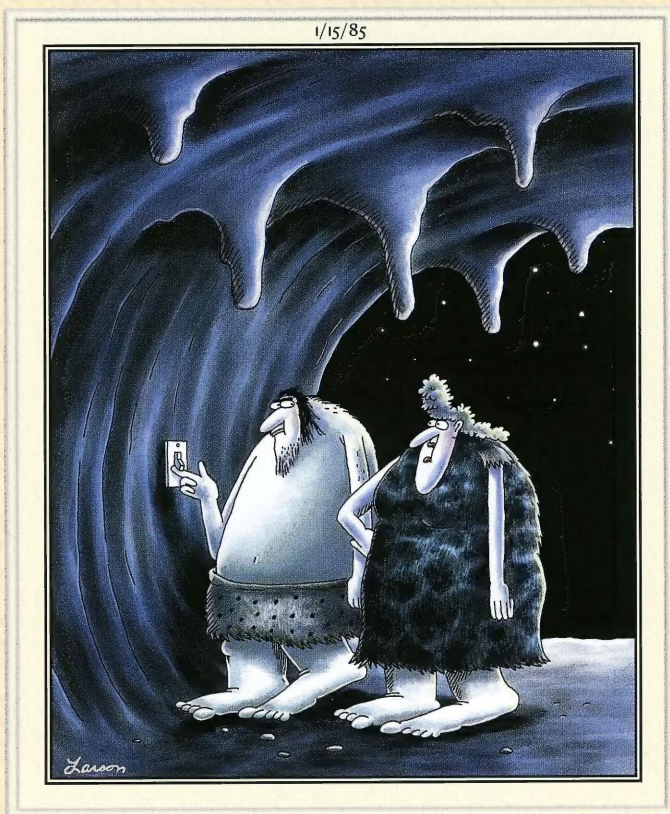


"There it is—the old Muffy place. They say on some nights, when the moon is full, you can still hear him dragging his chain over to the old oak and back."





"Now that desk looks better. Everything's squared away, yessir, squaaaaaaared away."

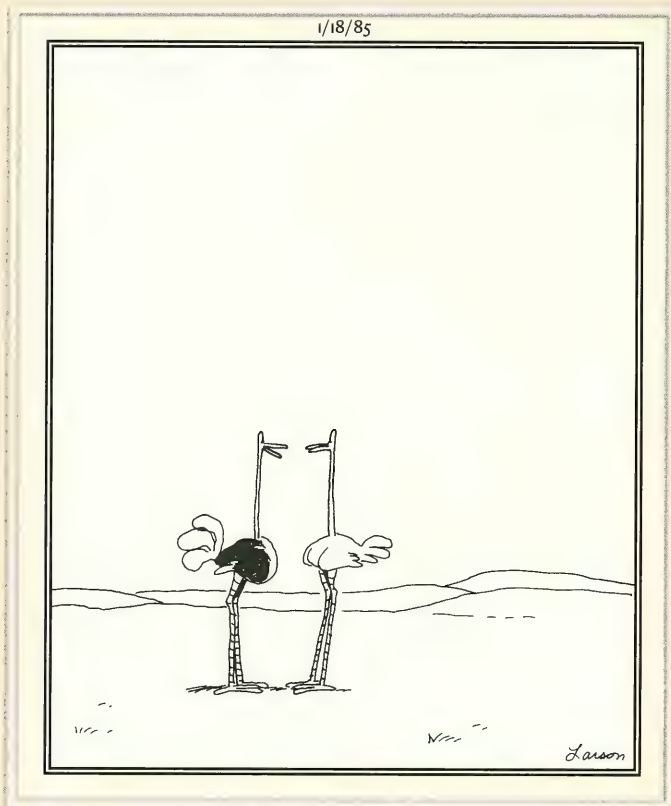


"I can't believe you. ... We go in and out of this cave a hundred times a day, but you always just *have* to try that thing!"

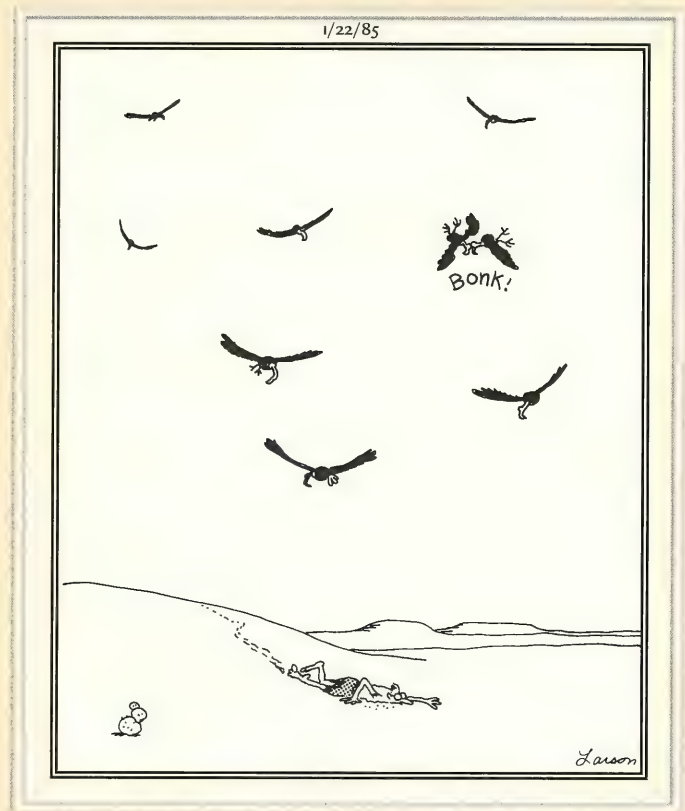


"Well, we might as well put it on board—although I'm not sure what use we'll have for a box of rusty nails, broken glass, and throwing darts."





"Oh, wow! How could you even *think* that, Wendy?  
Of *course* it's your mind I'm attracted to!"



The perils of improper circling

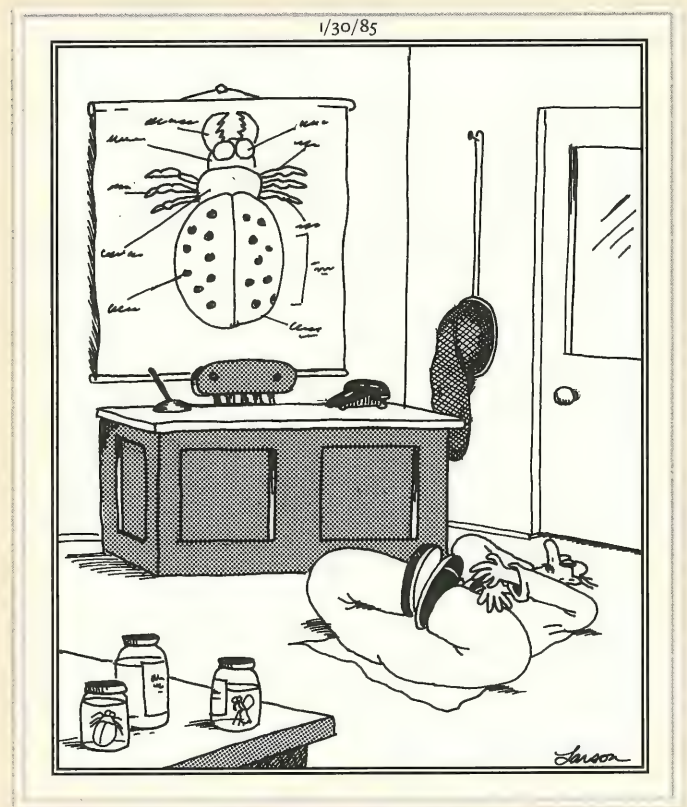
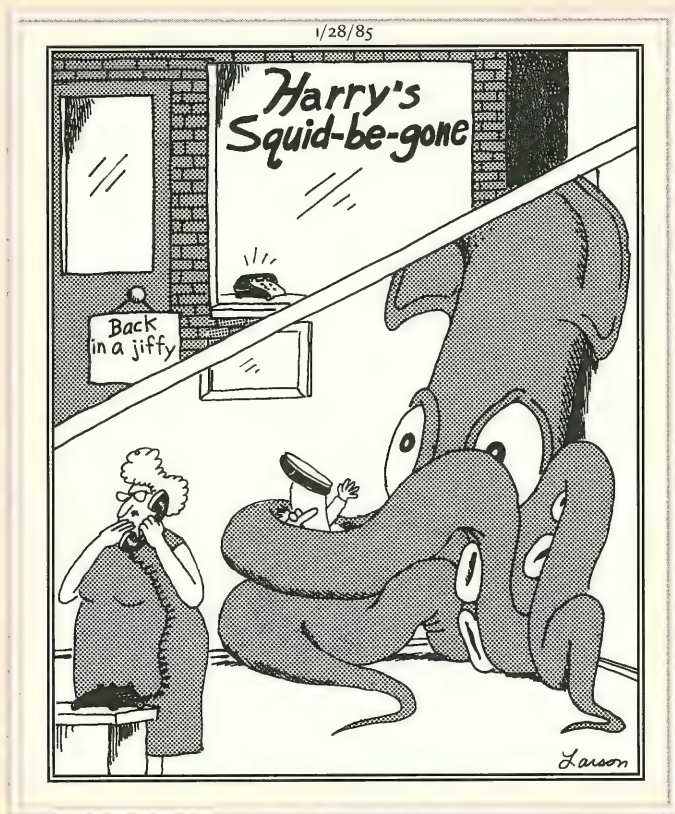


"Oh, for heaven's sake! Your father left in such a hurry this morning he's lost another antenna."

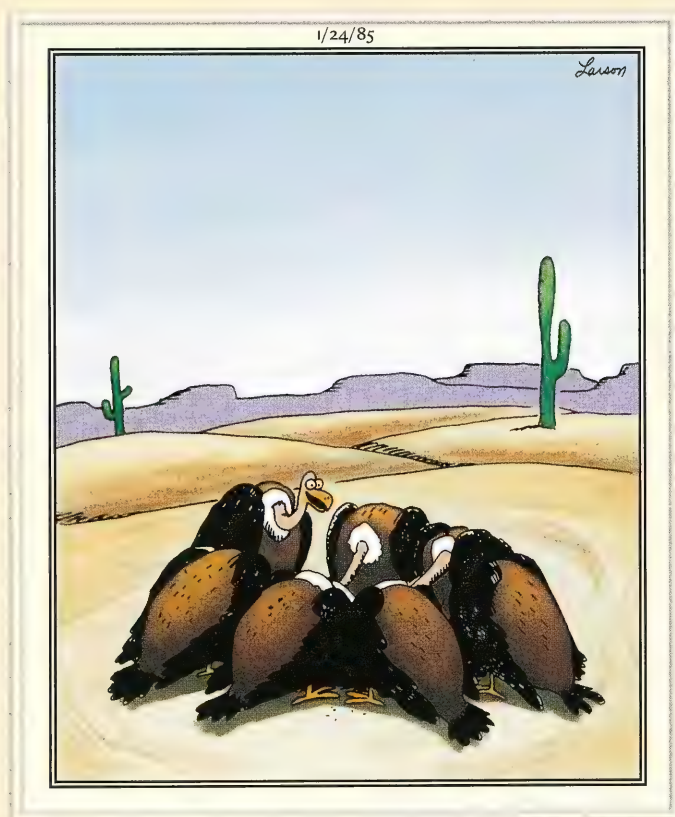


Although an unexplained phenomenon, there is a place on the outskirts of Mayfield, Nebraska, where the sun does not shine.





How entomologists pass away



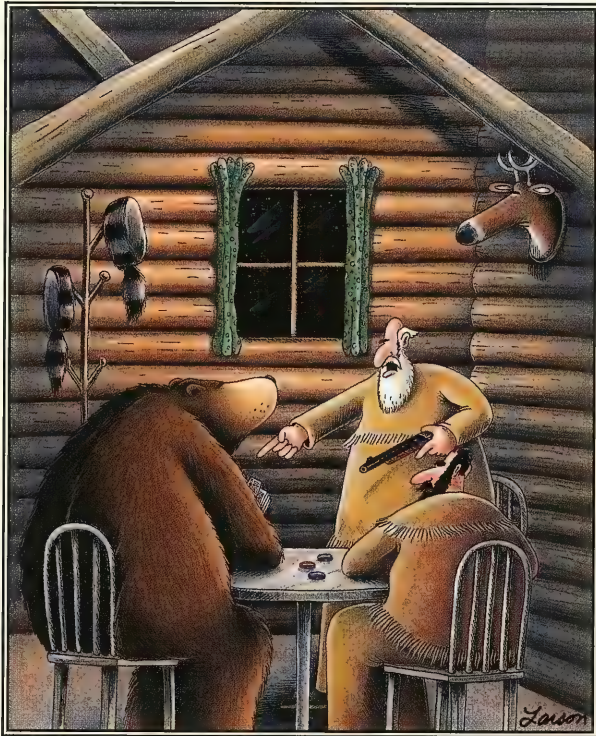
"Well, I suppose you're all wondering why I've asked you here today. ... Ha! I've always wanted to say that."



"Boy! I'm sooooo full, and this is the laaaaast slice of beef ... guess I'll finish it off, though."



1/23/85



"Wait just a gol dang minute here! He's been dealin' from the bottom of the deck, Jake! My pappy always said, 'Never trust a grizzly.'"

1/31/85



"Whoa, back off, Bobby Joe. ... That's just your reflection."

1/25/85



"Well, I laid four Wednesday, three yesterday, and two more today ... of course, George keeps saying we shouldn't count them until they hatch."

1/29/85



"Well, sorry about this, Mrs. Murdoch, but old Roy and I got to arguin' politics, and dang if he didn't say some things that got my adrenaline flowin'."

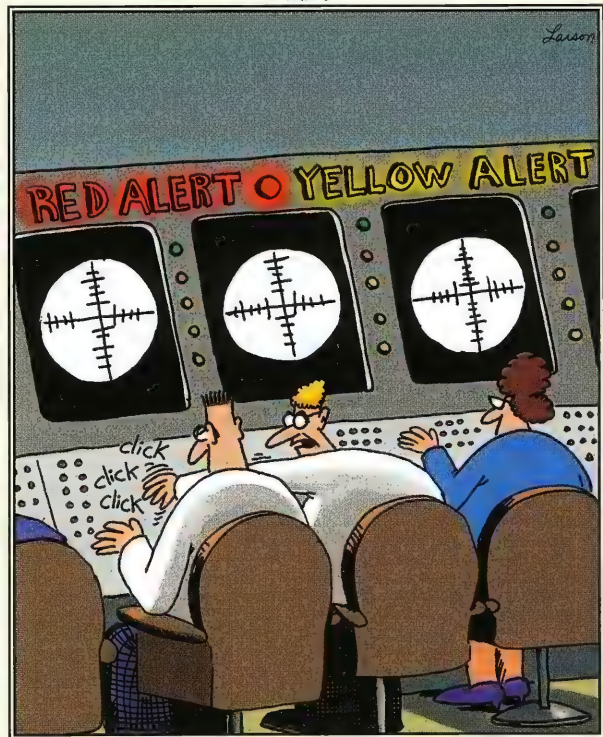


2/1/85



"And what is *this*, Nurse Wilkens? I distinctly asked for the *big* scalpel! ... Big scalpel! Big scalpel!"

2/4/85



"Okay, Baxter, if that's your game, I'll just reach over and push a few of *your* buttons."

2/5/85

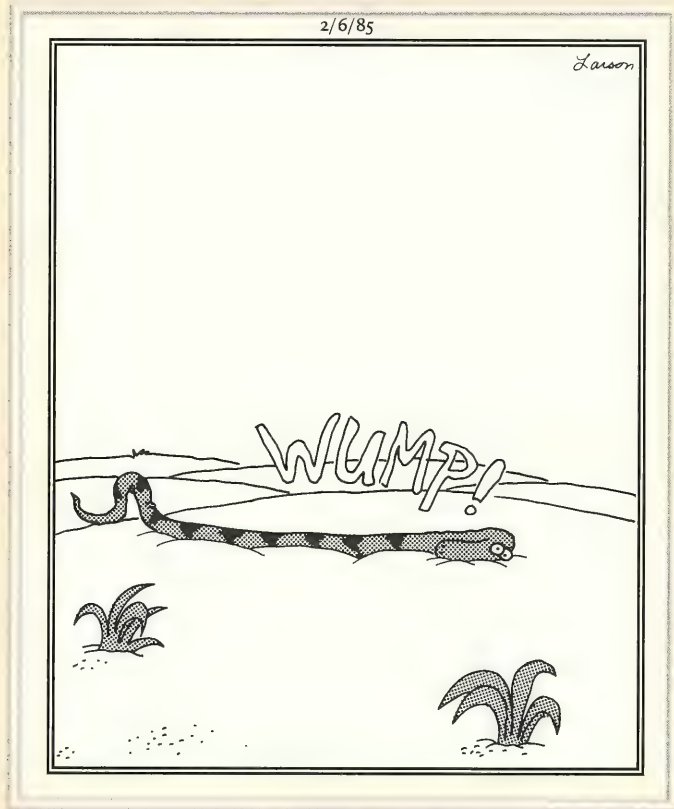


2/8/85

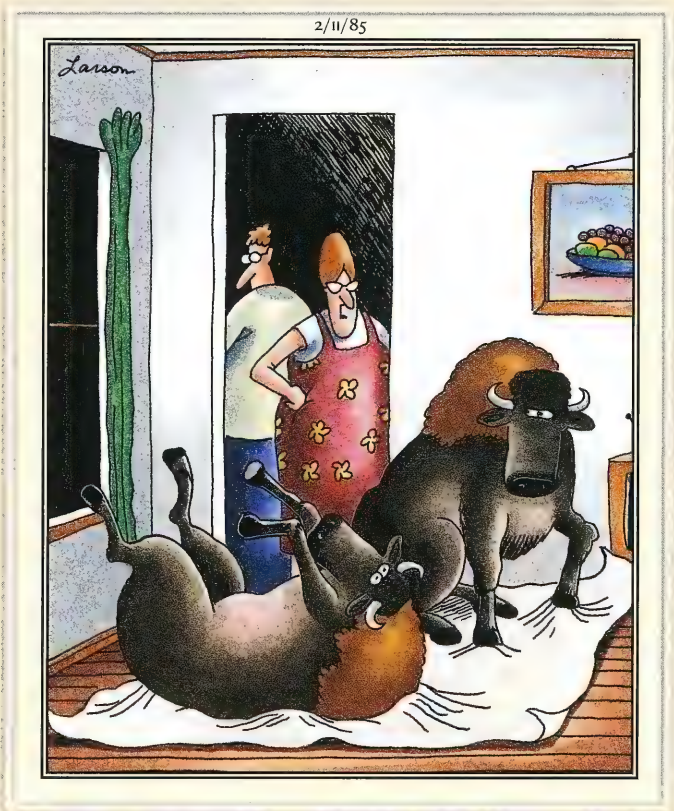
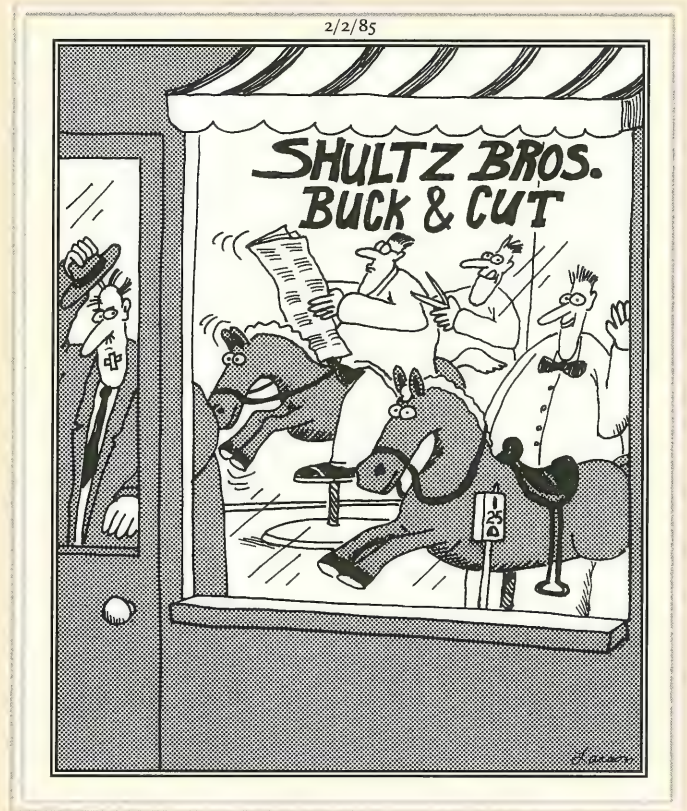


"Well, so that's it. ... I thought he was coming up awfully easy."

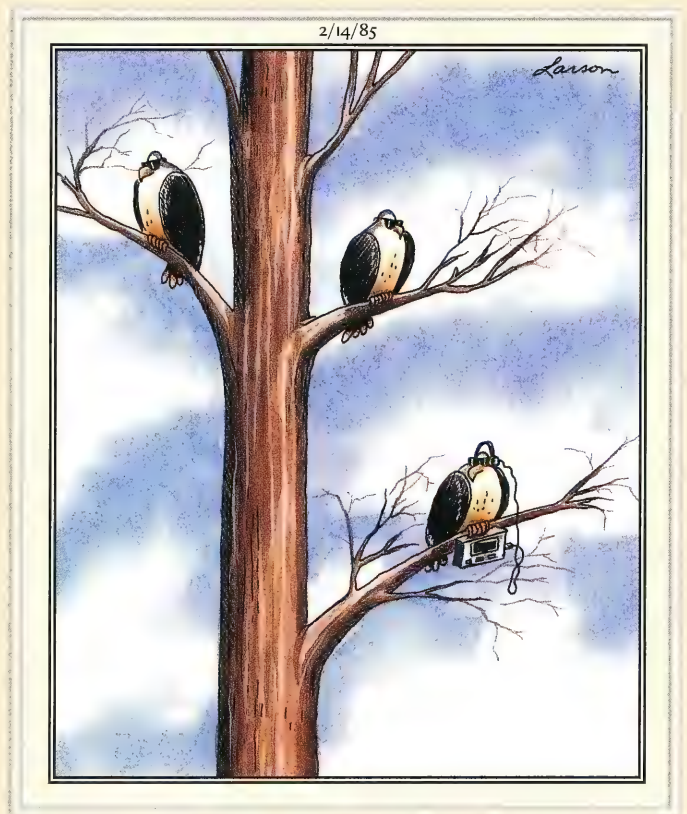




When snakes trip



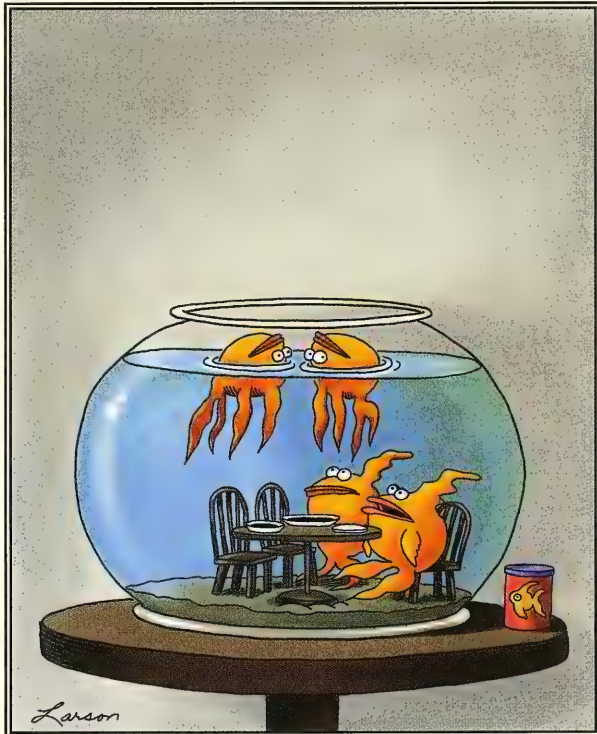
"Well, Vern, looks like that buffalo paper you set out this morning is doing the trick."



Birds of prey know they're cool.



2/18/85



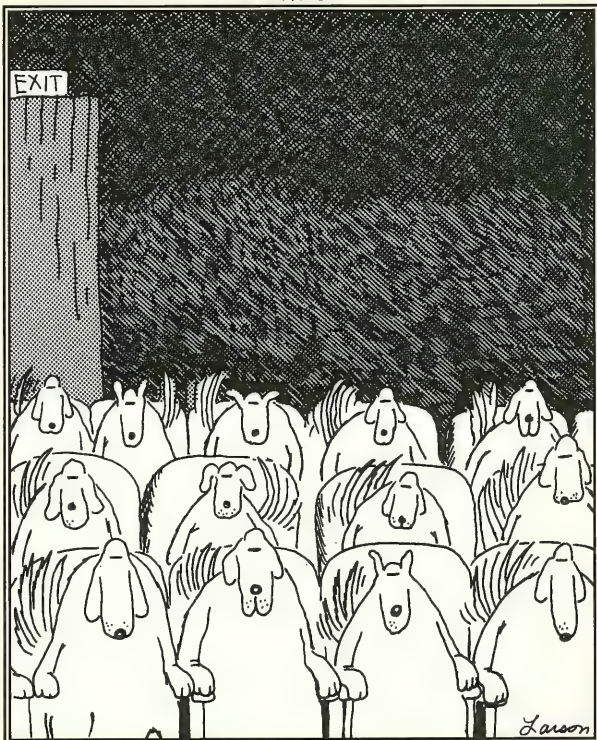
"Well, the Parkers are dead. ... You had to encourage them to take thirds, didn't you?"

2/13/85



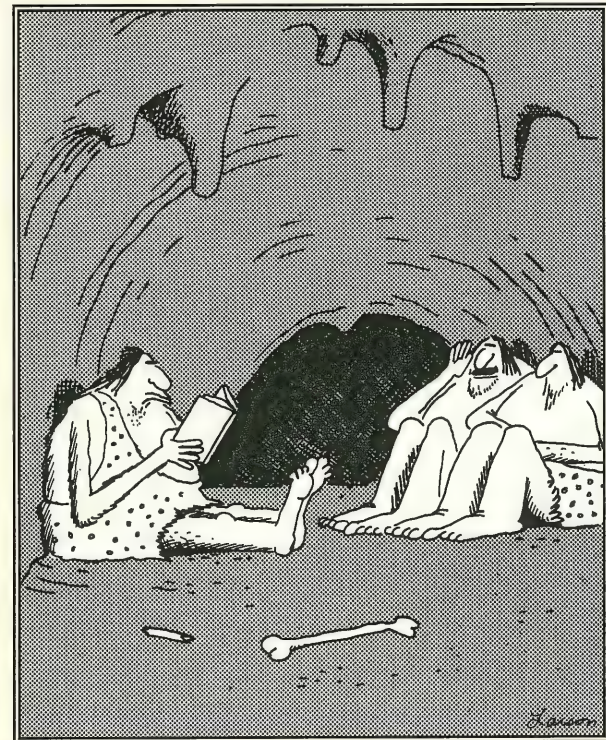
"Hey, Sid! Remember that time last summer we were all gathered around the kill like this, someone told a leopard joke, and you laughed so hard an antler came out your nose?"

2/7/85



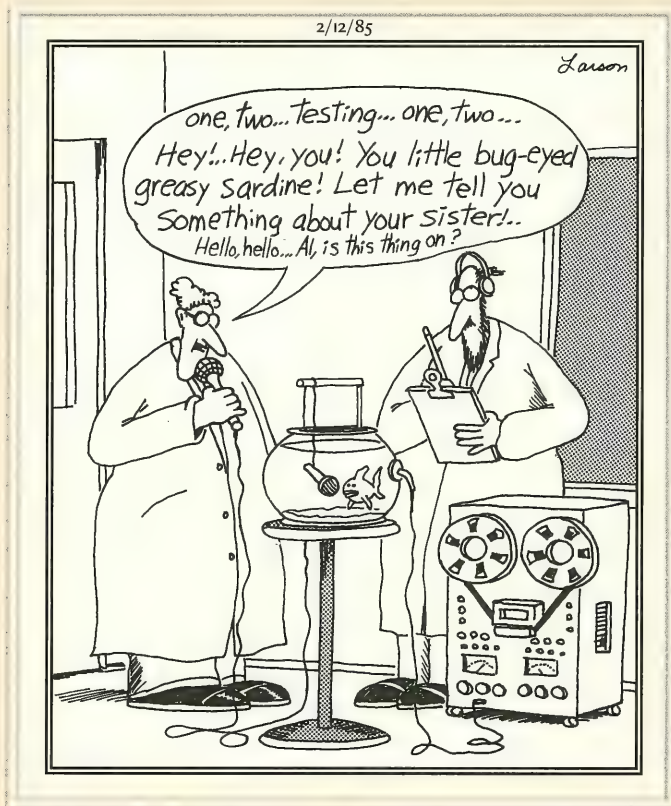
At the Dog Comedy Film Festival

2/9/85

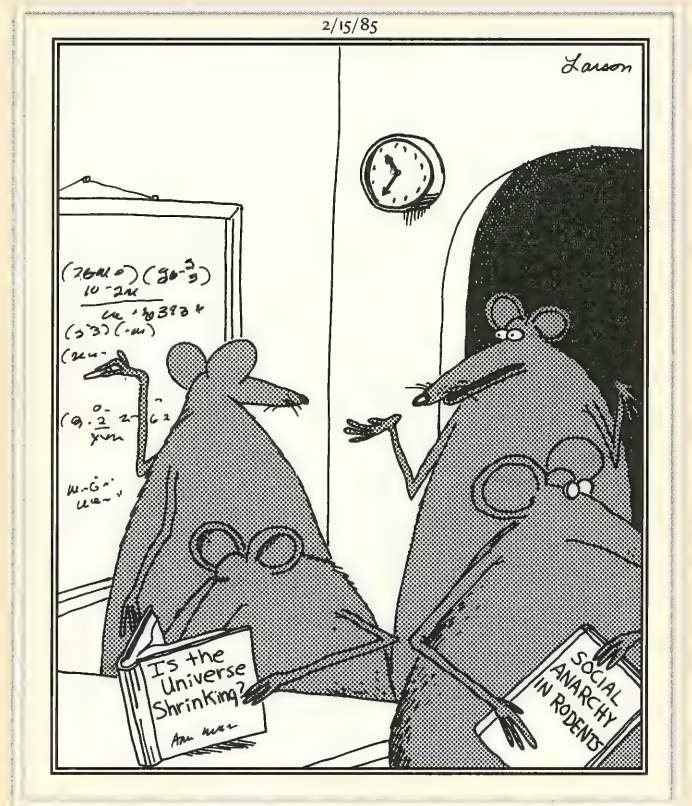


"Hey, Thak. ... You know you move lips when you look at pictures?"

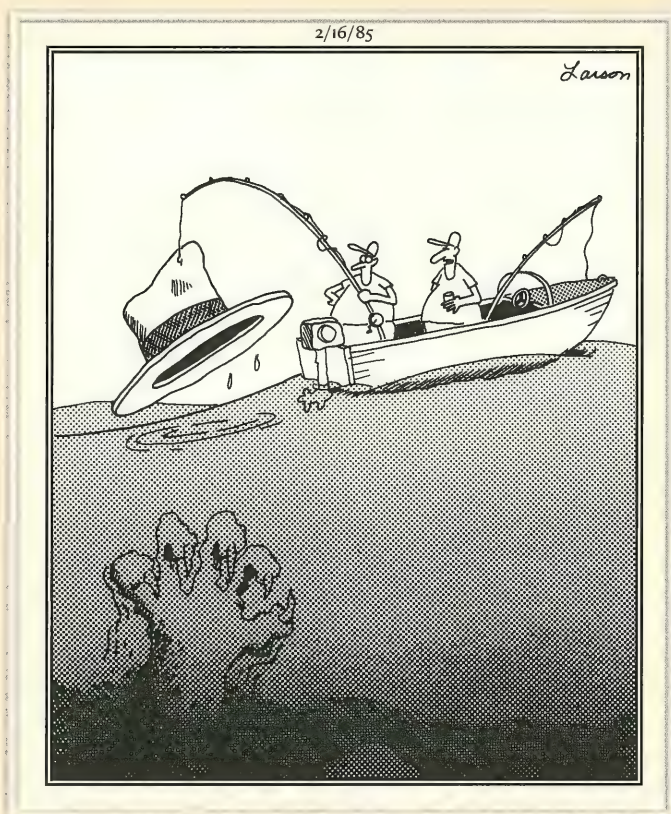




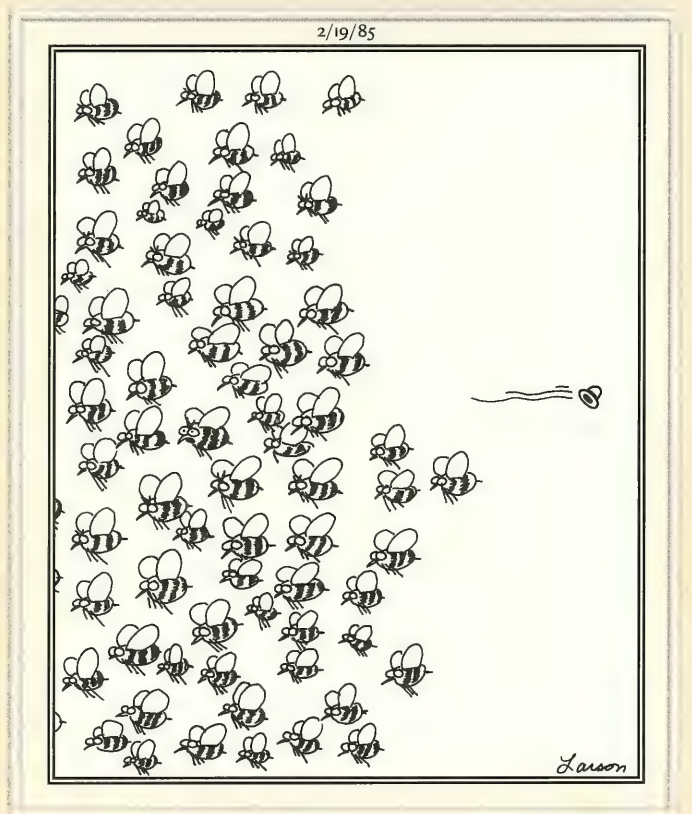
Testing whether fish have feelings



"Aw, c'mon, you guys—the cat's away and everyone's so dead serious."

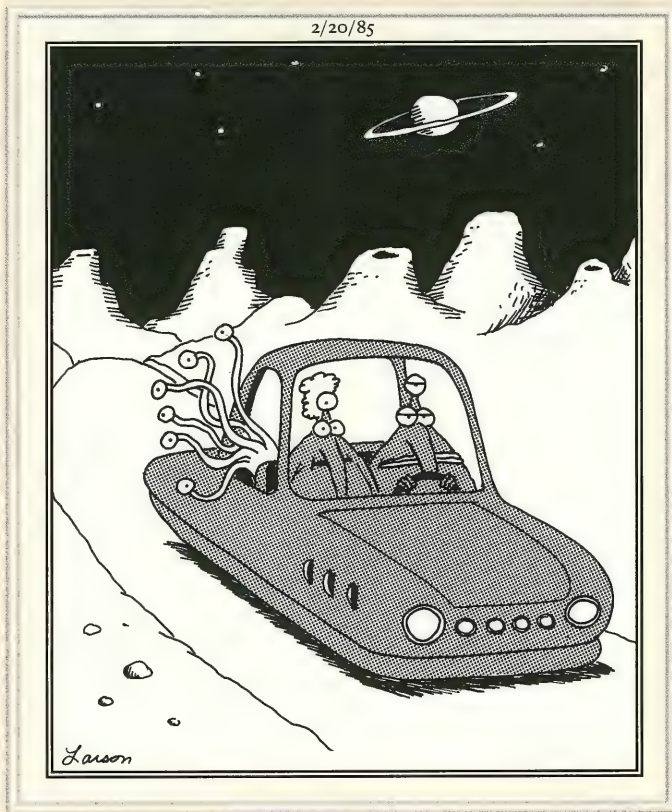


"Well, I'll be. You've snagged some humongous hat, Frank. ... HAHAAHAHAHA!"



"Dang! My hat!"

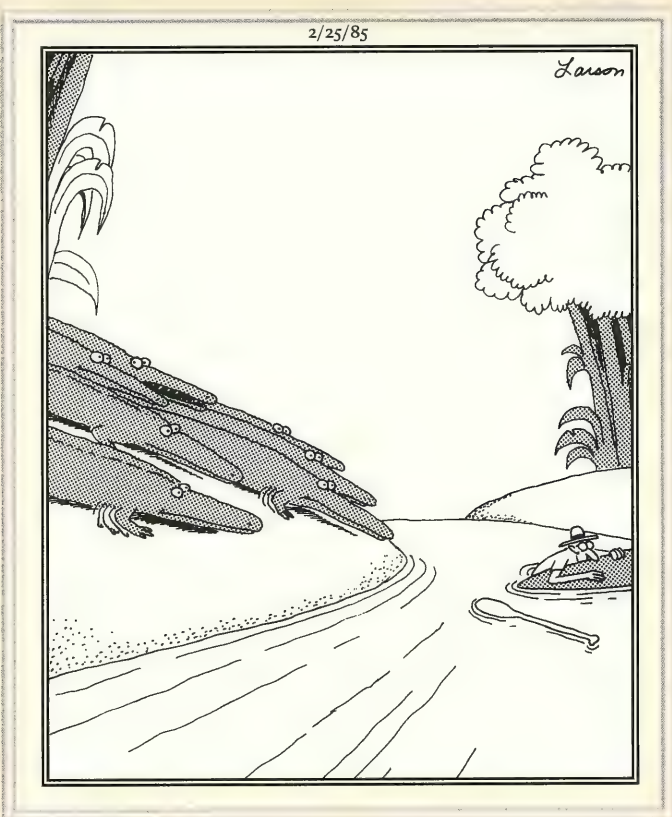




Taking the family pet for a ride.



"Well, I've got your final grades ready, although I'm afraid not everyone here will be moving up."

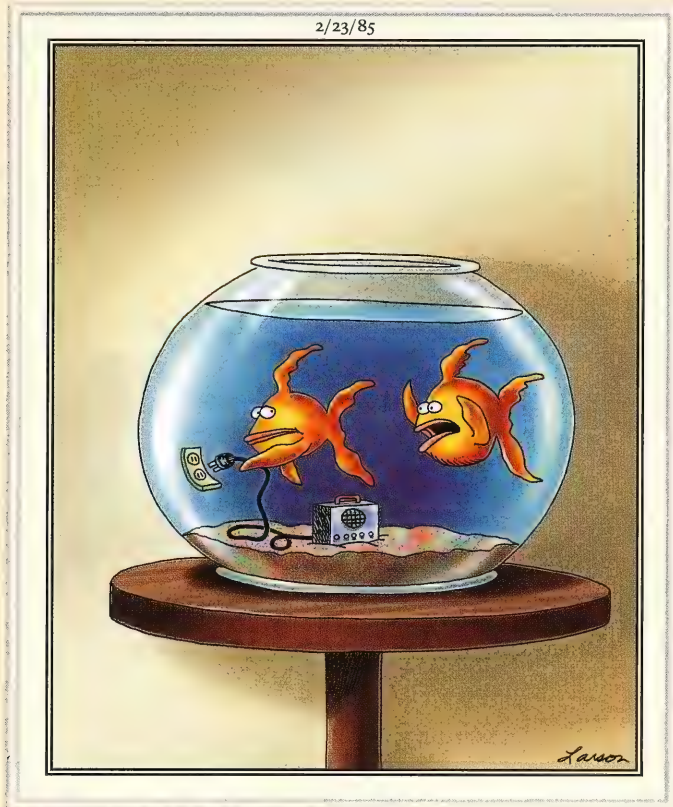


"Look at this mob. ... We'll be lucky if there's even a seat cushion left."

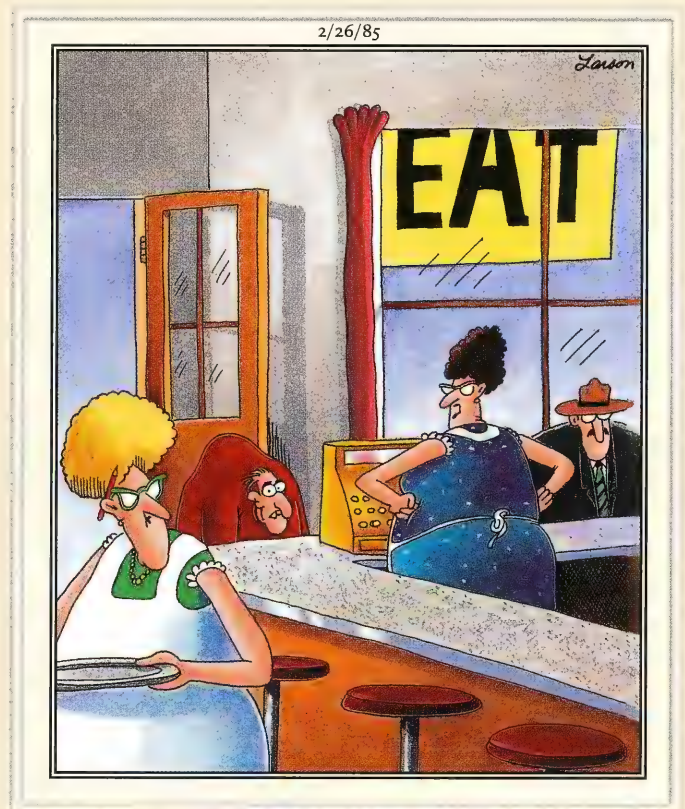


"Hey! I think you've hit on something there! Sheep's clothing! Sheep's clothing! ... Let's get out of these gorilla suits!"

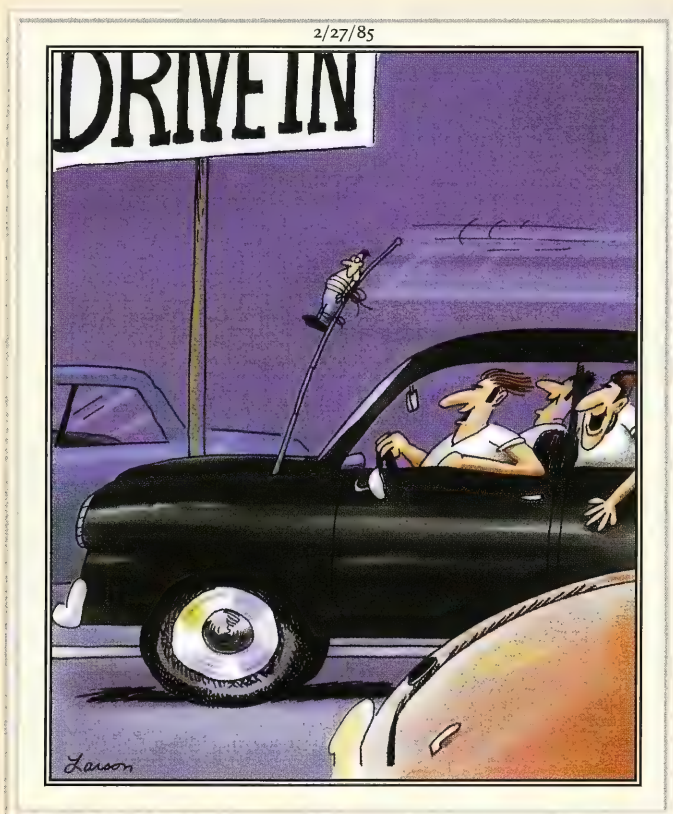




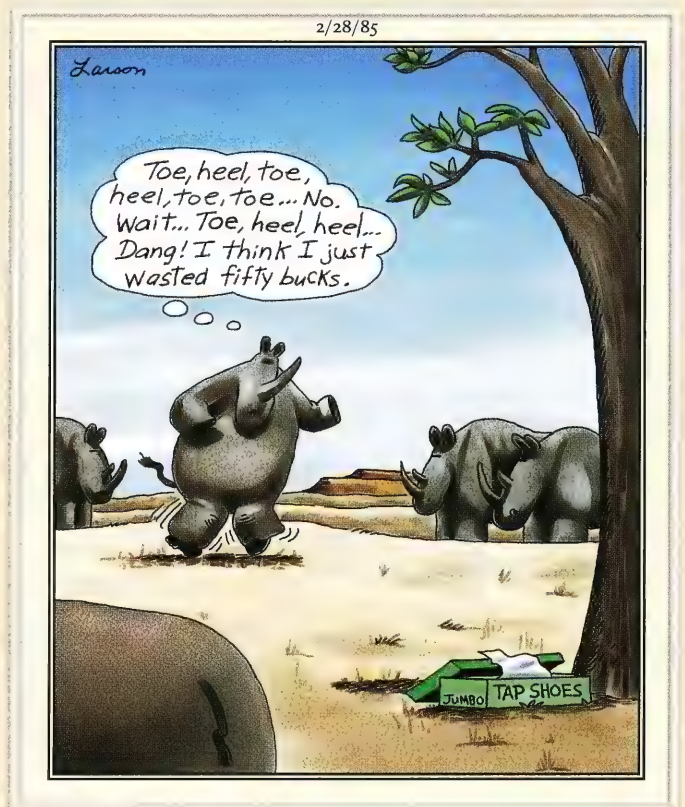
"Bob! You fool! Don't plug that thing in!"



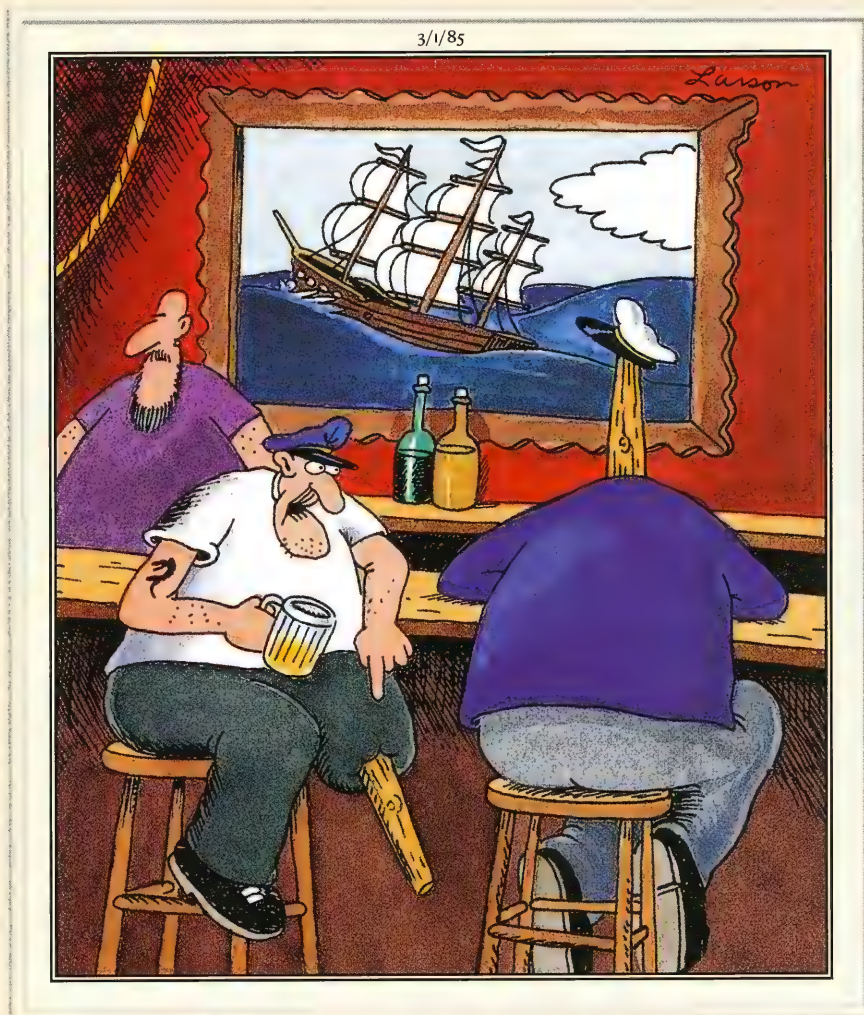
"Well, I don't think so, but I'll ask. Hey, Arlene! Anyone turn in a human brain left here yesterday? ... He says it was medium-sized, sort of bluish-gray."



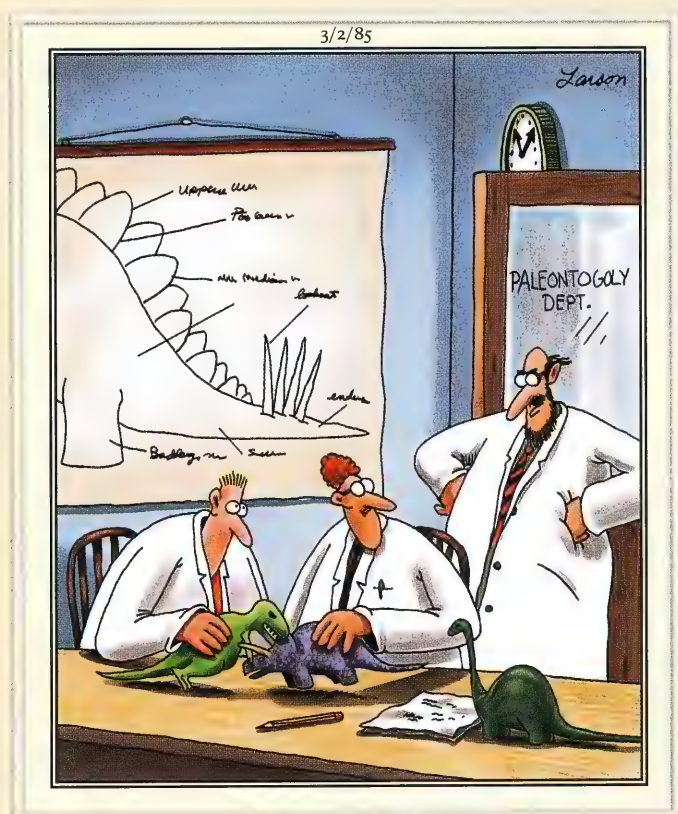
As the smallest member of the gang, Wendell was used as an attention-getter while cruising for girls.







"Well, I guess that ain't a bad story—but let me tell you about the time I lost *this*!"

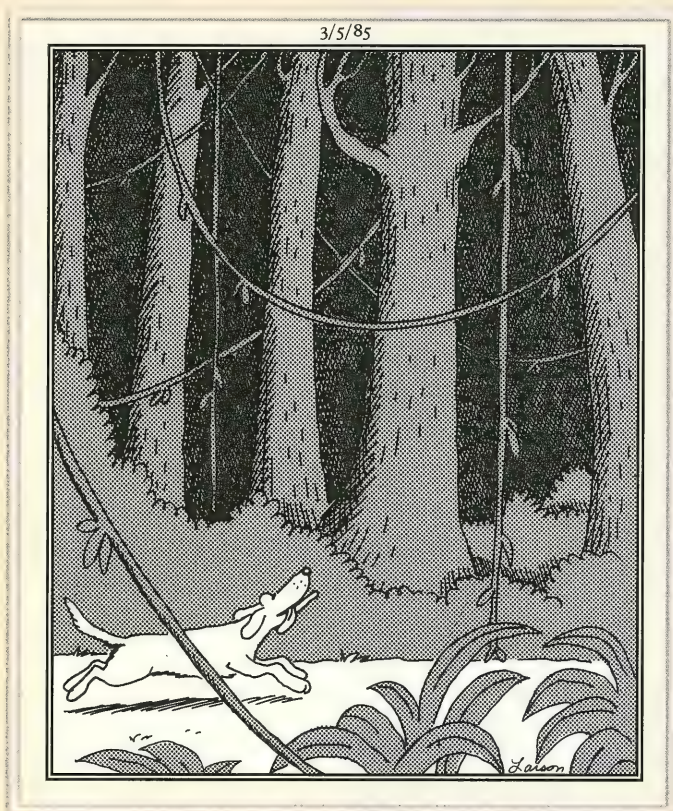


"Cummings! Schneider! You've got plenty of research to work on ... and for the last time, stop playing with those plastic models!"

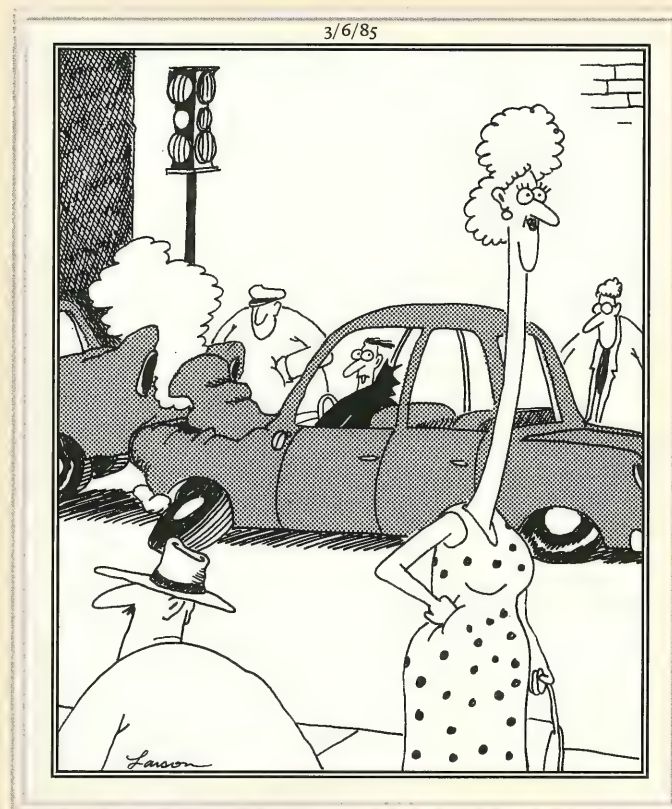


"Well, I warned your father we shouldn't have had that glass window installed."

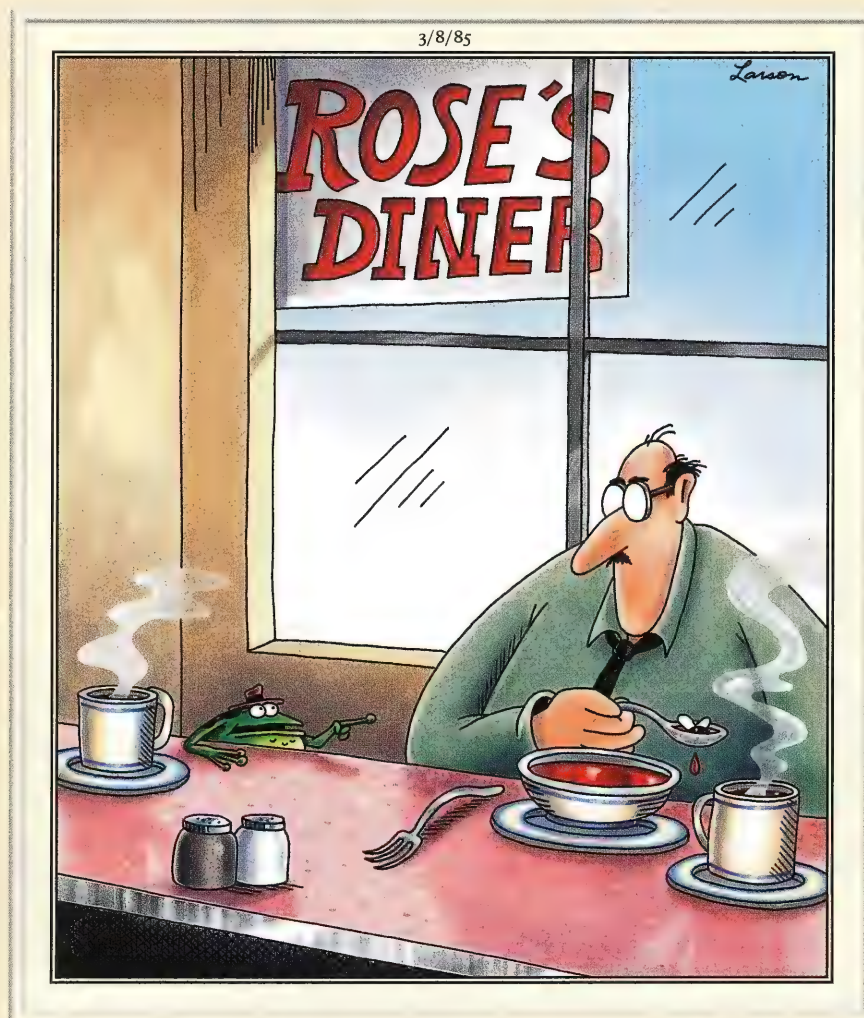




Going out for the evening, Tarzan and Jane forget to tie up the dog.



How vampires have accidents



"I beg your pardon, but you're not planning to just throw that fly away, are you?"

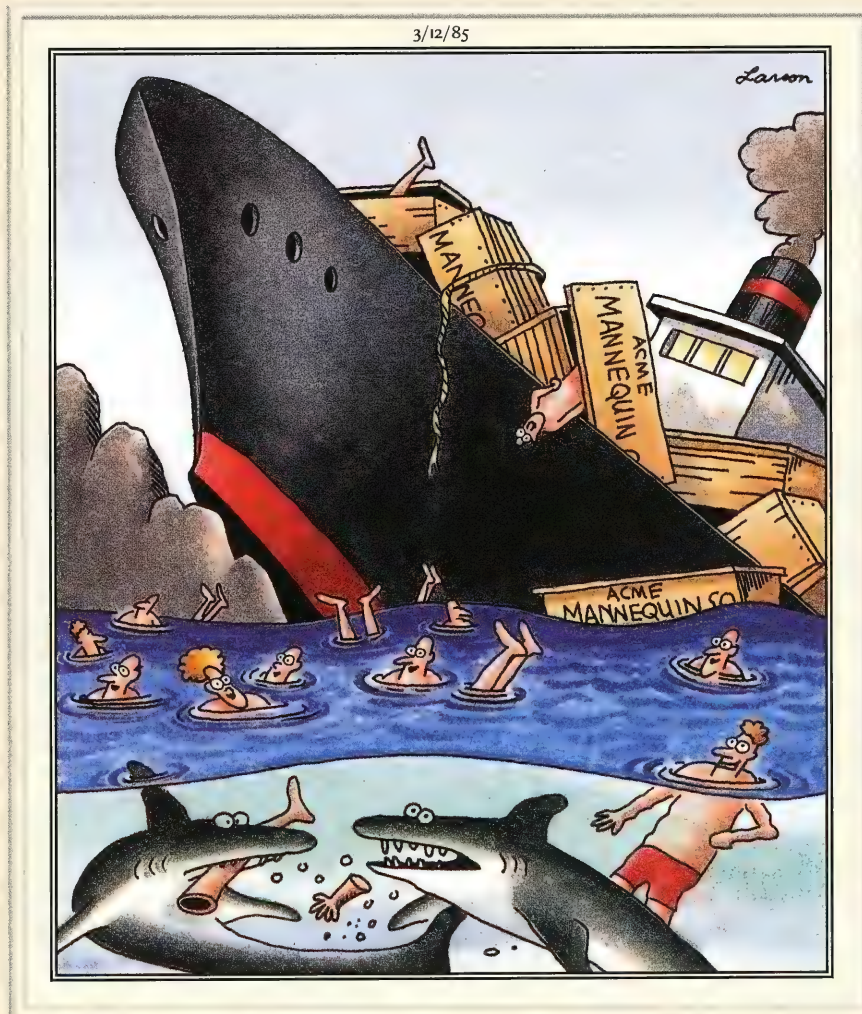




"Gad, it gives me the creeps when he does that. I swear that goldfish is possessed or something."

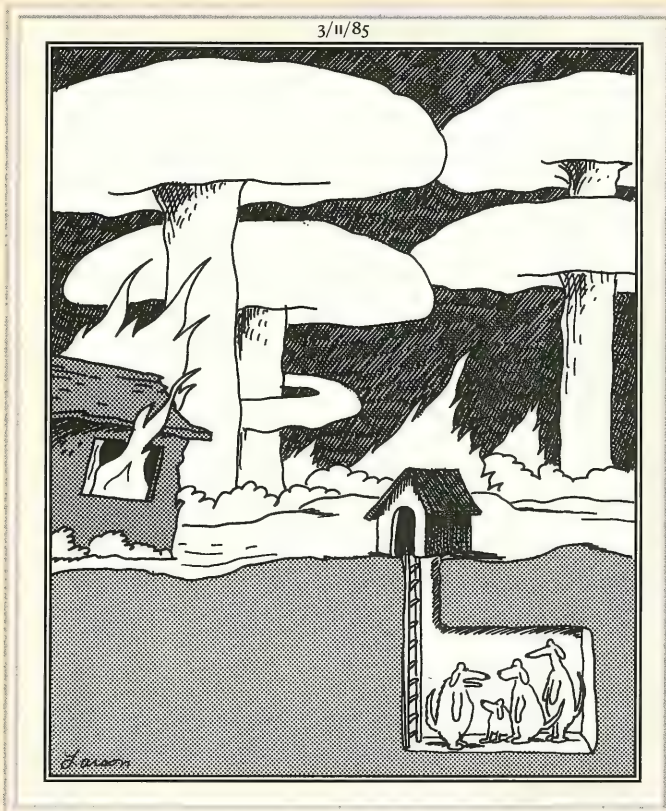
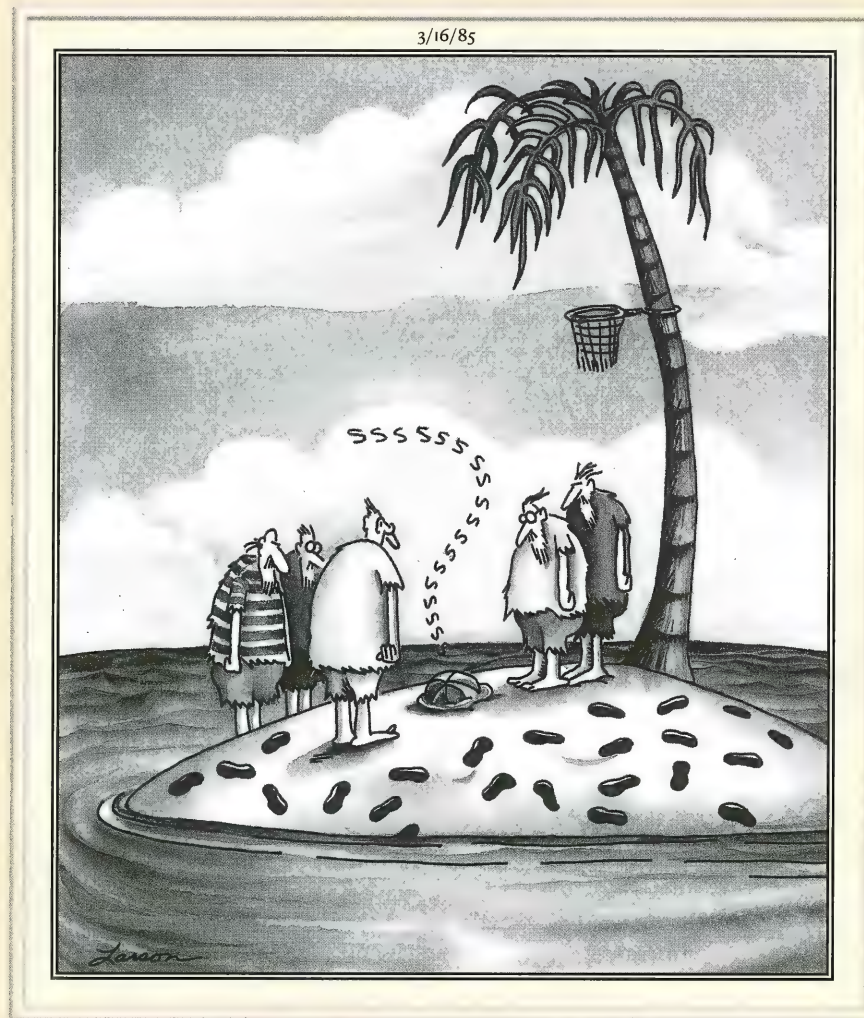


Neanderthal creativity

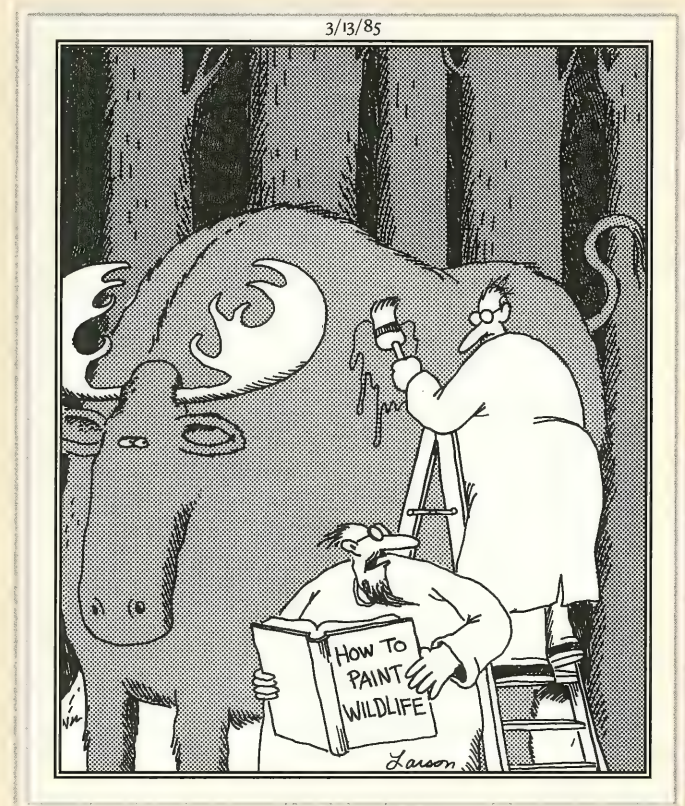


"What is this? ... Some kind of cruel hoax?"



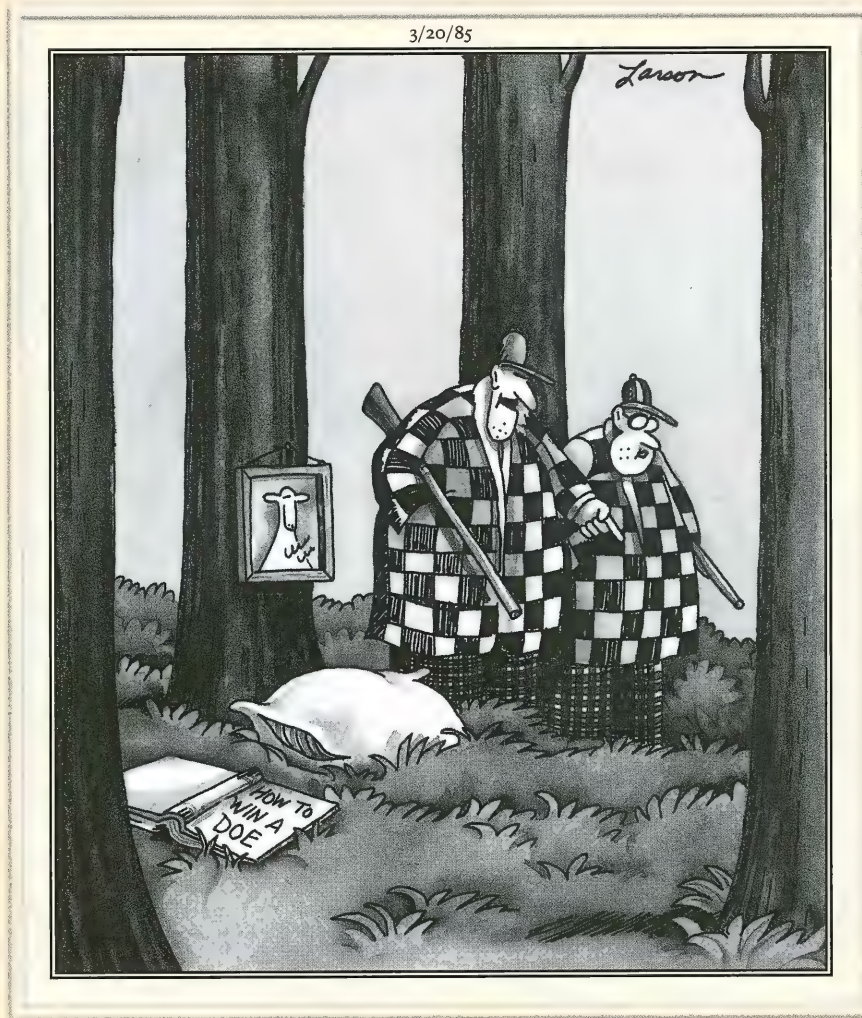


"Well, we must face a new reality. No more carefree days of chasing squirrels, running through the park, or howling at the moon. On the other hand, no more 'Fetch the stick, boy, fetch the stick.'"

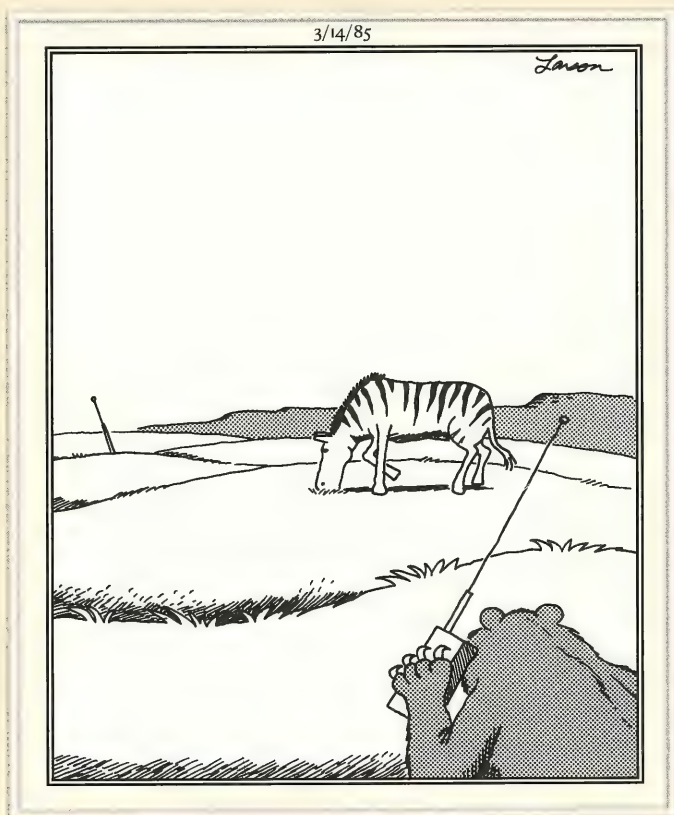


"Hold on there, Dale. It says we should sand between coats."

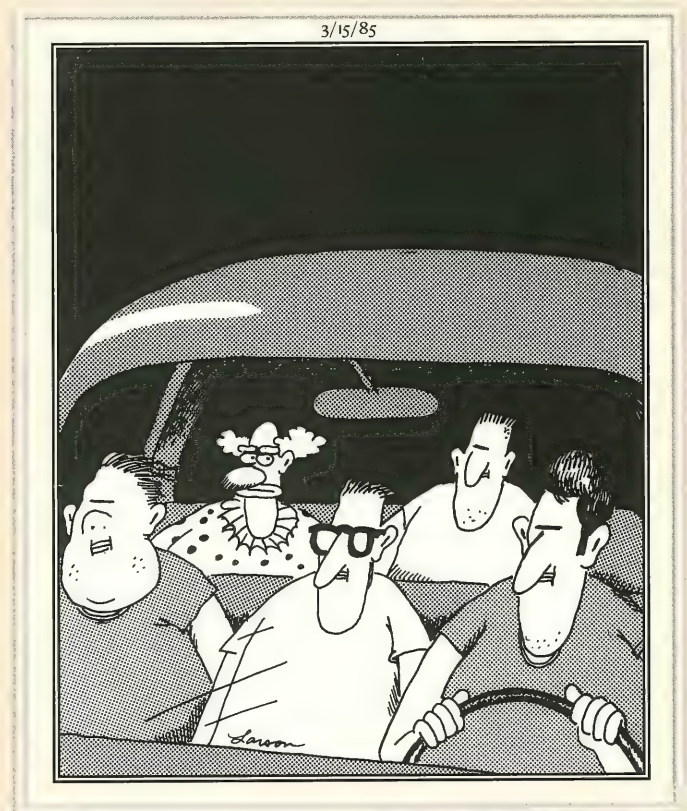




"See how the vegetation has been trampled flat here, Jimmy? That tells me where a deer bedded down for the night. After a while, you'll develop an eye for these things yourself."

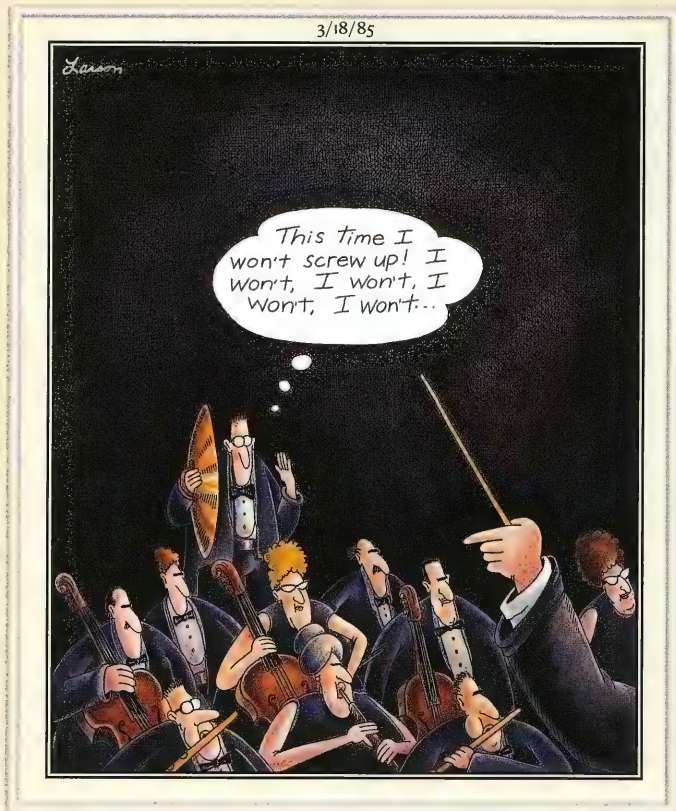


The modern lion



Deep inside, Brian wondered if the other guys really listened to his ideas or regarded him only as comic relief.





Roger screws up.



"The fuel light's on, Frank! We're all going to die! ... Wait, wait. ... Oh, my mistake—that's the intercom light."

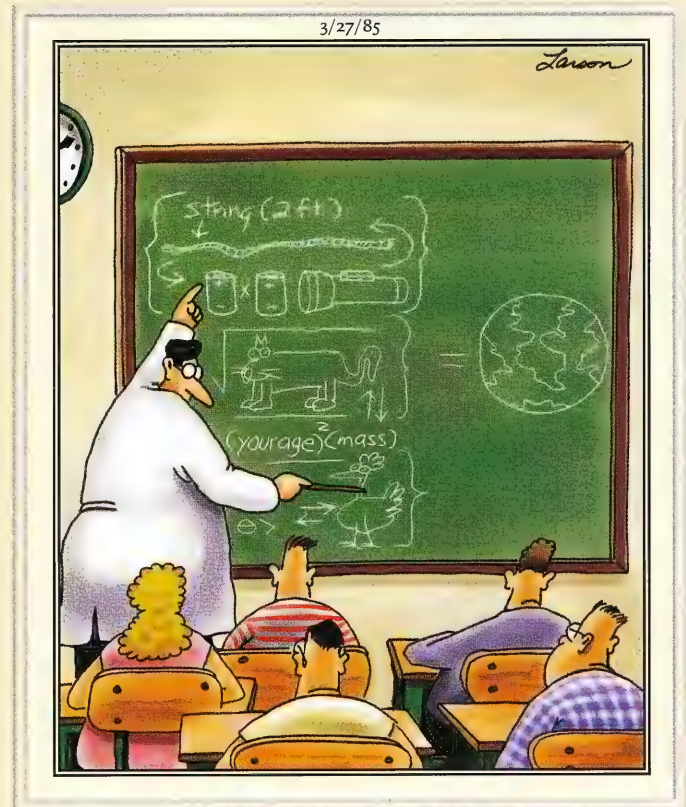


"Now you listen to me, Miss Billings! You have not seen a thing here—do you understand? I'm not kidding about this, Miss Billings."

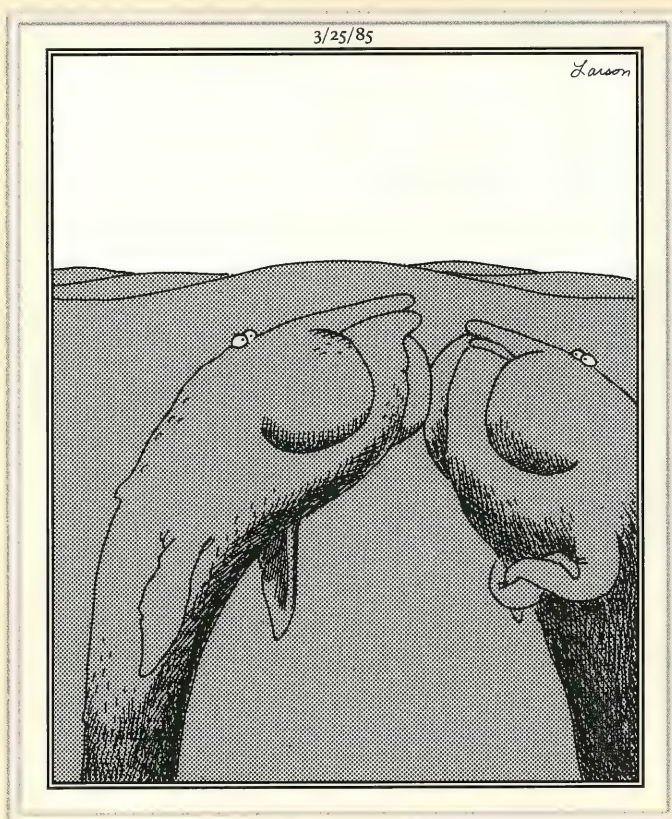


Ed and Barbara are visited by the insects of the Amazon Basin.

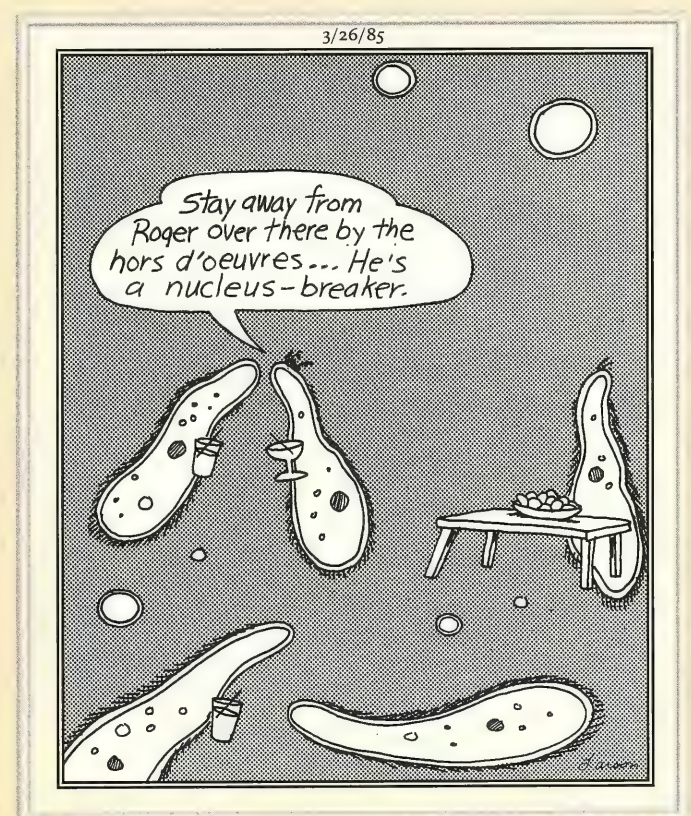




Creationism explained



Whale breath-holding contests



Protozoan gossip

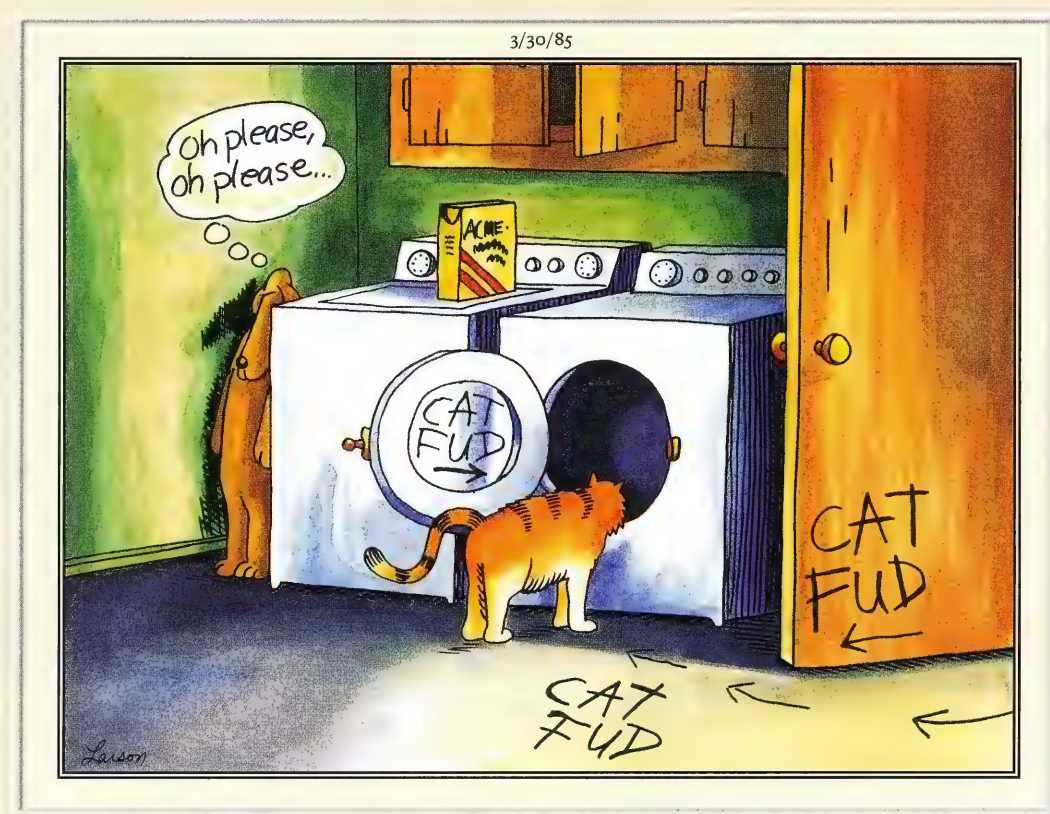




The termite queen in her egg chamber



Disaster befalls Professor Schnabel's cleaning lady when she mistakes his time machine for a new dryer.





4/1/85



"Get, you rascal! Get! ... Heaven knows how he keeps getting in here, Betty, but you better count 'em."

4/2/85



"No way. I'll put my magazine down when you put yours down."

Journal Tribune, Biddeford, Maine, 11/17/86

### He's definitely not a fan of 'The Far Side'

I have never written to a newspaper before to complain but I feel compelled. The "Far Side" cartoon is anything but a cartoon and is purely "sick" in its presentation. Never in any paper have I seen such poor taste. I would suggest you discontinue same. We have enjoyed the paper since we moved here eight years ago. The contents

are informative and entertaining — that is why I was somewhat surprised that you would degenerate same with "The Far Side". Thank you for the privilege of expressing myself.

Mervin Sedlar  
Old Orchard Beach

### Misses the 'Menace'

Why has the Journal Tribune discarded excellent art-work, all the interesting and family-oriented people, delightful humor and the impish "Dennis the Menace"? Is it possible that the ugly and sloppy drawing, the insensitive characters, and the

pseudo-sophisticated "humor" of "The Far Side" are now your standards for your readers? Is "The Far Side" just another prime example of far from art, beauty and intelligence — and do we need it?

Pauline Whitcomb Hess  
Ogunquit

Herald Statesman, Yonkers, N.Y.  
11/12/86

### Distasteful comics

I am disappointed that you have replaced some good, old-fashioned and humorous cartoons with distasteful ones. For example, "The Far Side" by Larson is not funny, just lacking in good taste. "Calvin and Hobbes" by Watterson could be more acceptable if made less offensive (at times). "Doonesbury" and "Bloom County," I suppose, reflect our times. Far better for our newspaper to be working to change what is so unacceptable to us all in these times. Many other cartoons are funny, likable and reflective of the real and good in our country.

MARY KOHLER  
Yonkers

Argus Leader, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.  
10/21/86

### 'Far Side' not welcome here

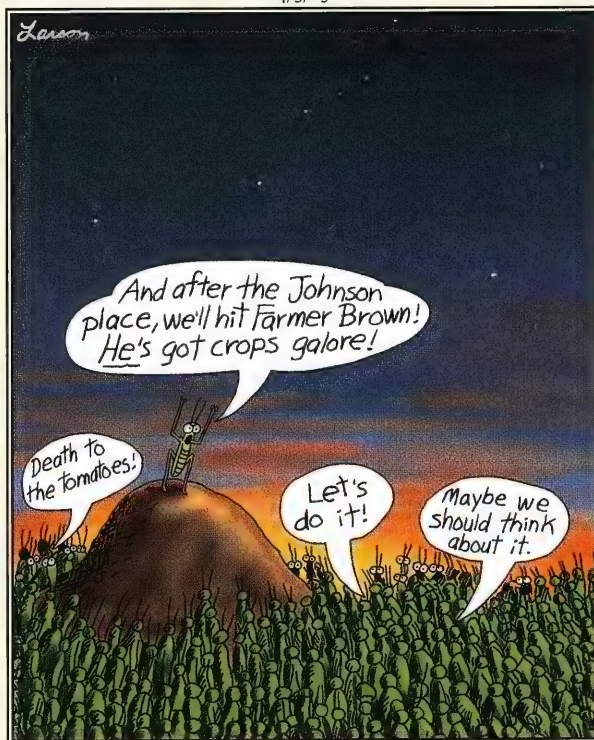
To the editor:

I have enjoyed reading the *Argus Leader* for several years, and as a general rule, have been pleased with most aspects of your coverage and layout. Prior to this time, I have not felt a need to address you personally about any differences or dislikes regarding your paper.

I am writing at this time to tell you that I feel that it was very bad judgment, or worse than that, to incorporate the comic, *The Far Side* into your paper. For an area of the country that prides itself in its clean, wholesome, country, family-oriented atmosphere, an item such as this which is so totally morally and religiously degrading should not, and cannot, be tolerated. I do hope that this item will soon be eliminated from our paper, and thank you for your consideration in this matter.

— Pete Hoogendoorn  
Inwood, Iowa

4/3/85

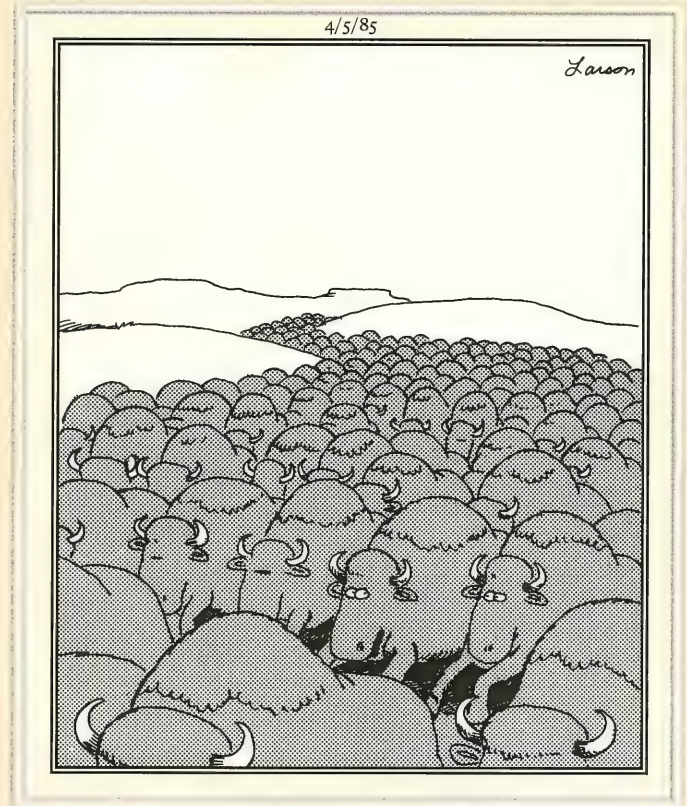


How locusts are incited to swarm

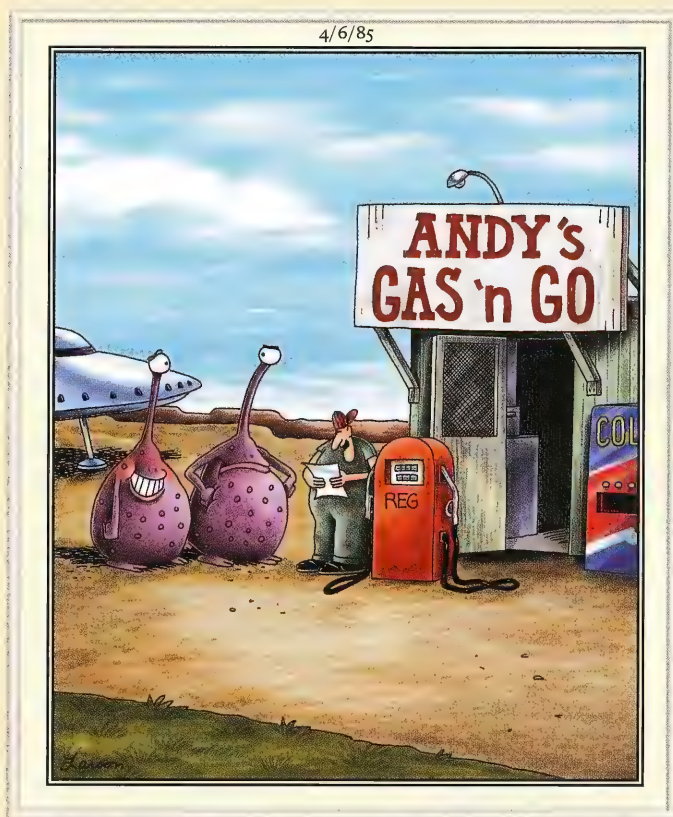




At the Porcupine Ball



"As if we all knew where we're going."



"Shoot! You not only got the wrong planet, you got the wrong *solar* system! ... I mean, a wrong planet I can understand—but a whole solar system?"

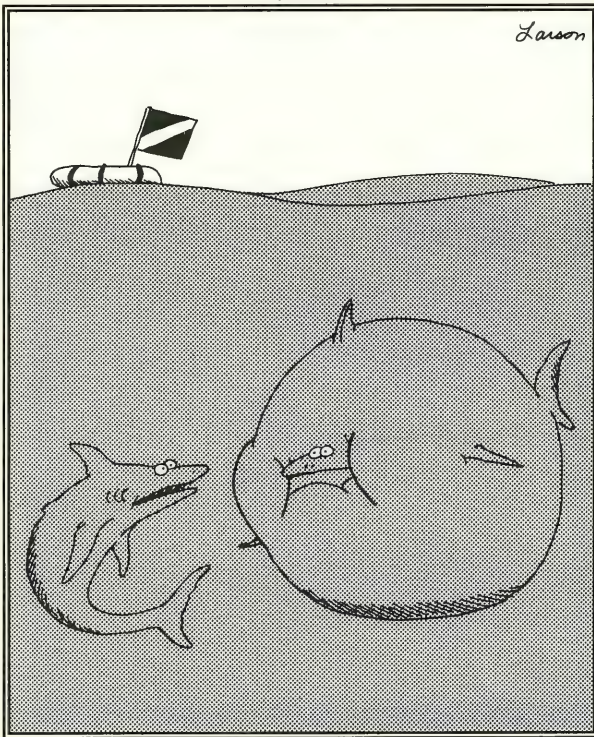


"It's the Websters. They say there's some pitiful thing dying of thirst out their way, and would we like to come over?"



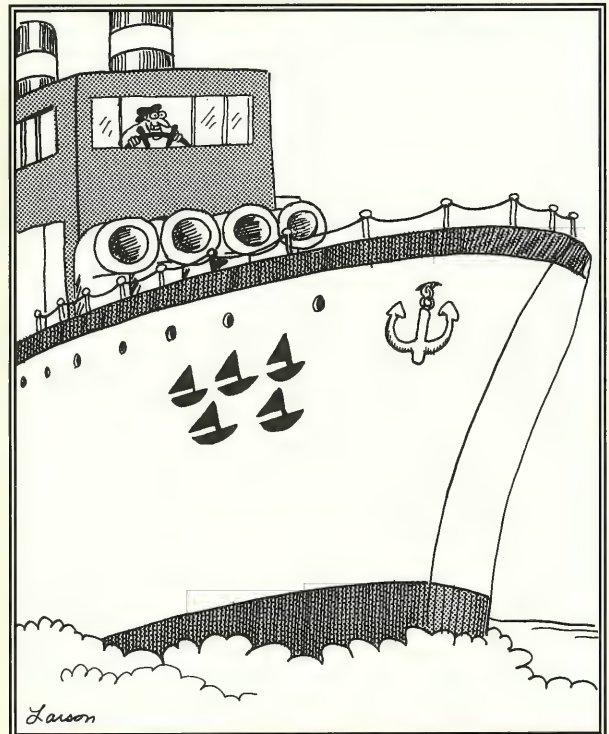
4/11/85

Larson



"Well, Vinnie, that's one of the inherent risks of ingesting scuba gear."

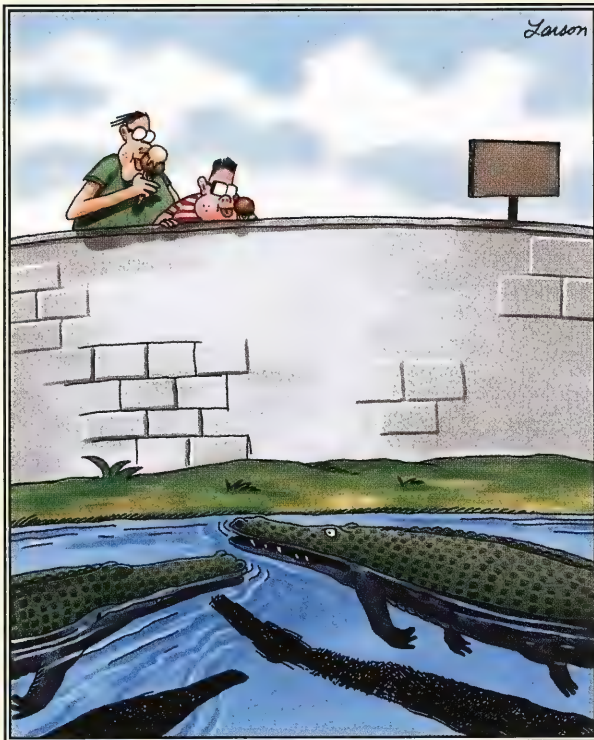
4/10/85



Larson

4/12/85

Larson



"Great. ... Just great, you imbecile! I've been floating here for hours like a harmless log and you come up and start talking to me!"

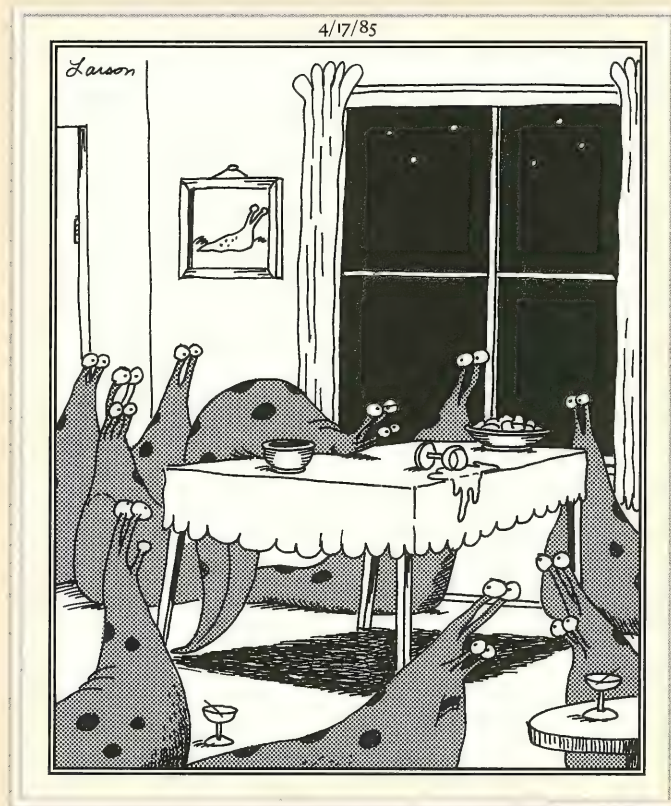
4/9/85

Larson

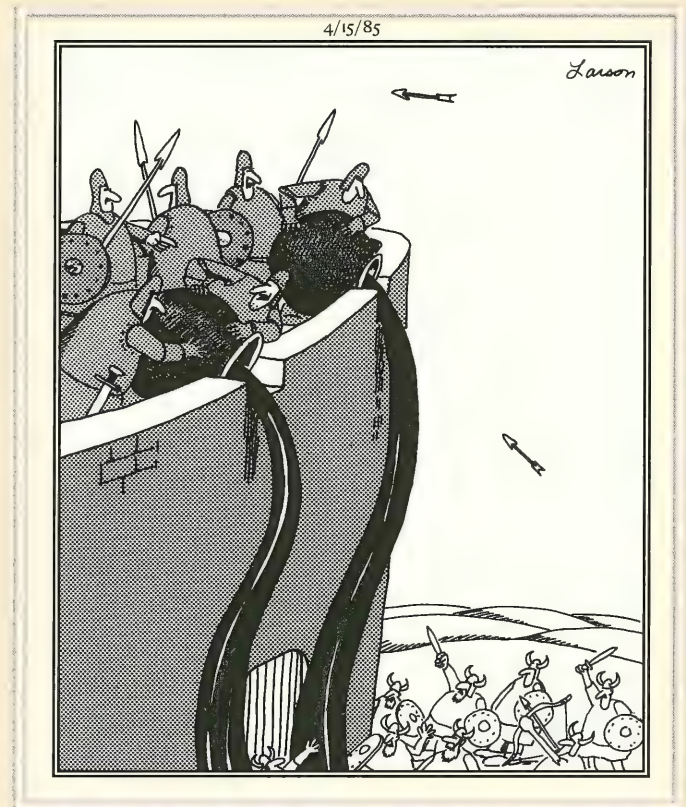


"Doreen! There's a spider on you! One of those big, hairy, brown ones with the long legs that can move like the wind itself!"





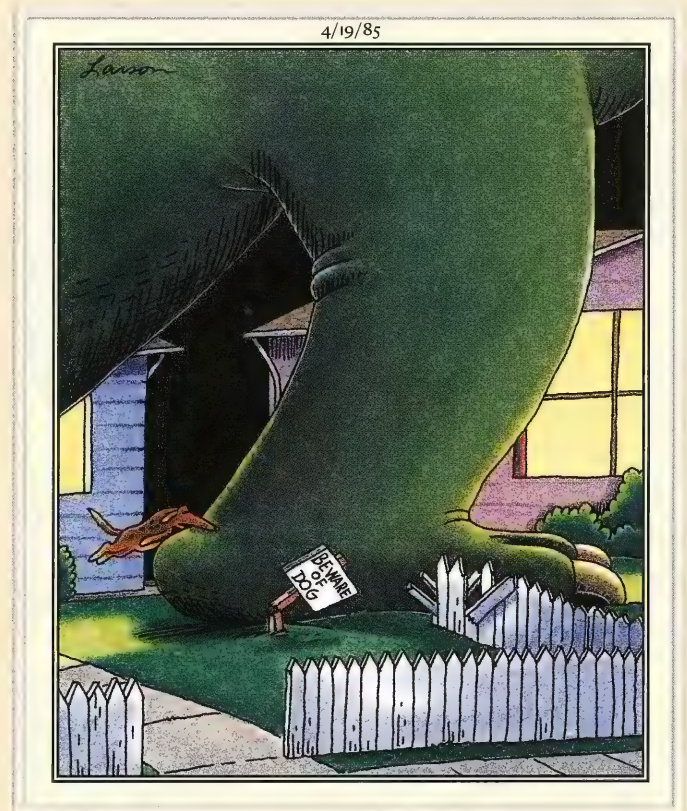
"Crimony! Kevin's oozing his way up onto the table. ... Some slugs have a few drinks and just go nuts!"



"You know, I have a confession to make, Bernie. Win or lose, I love doing this."

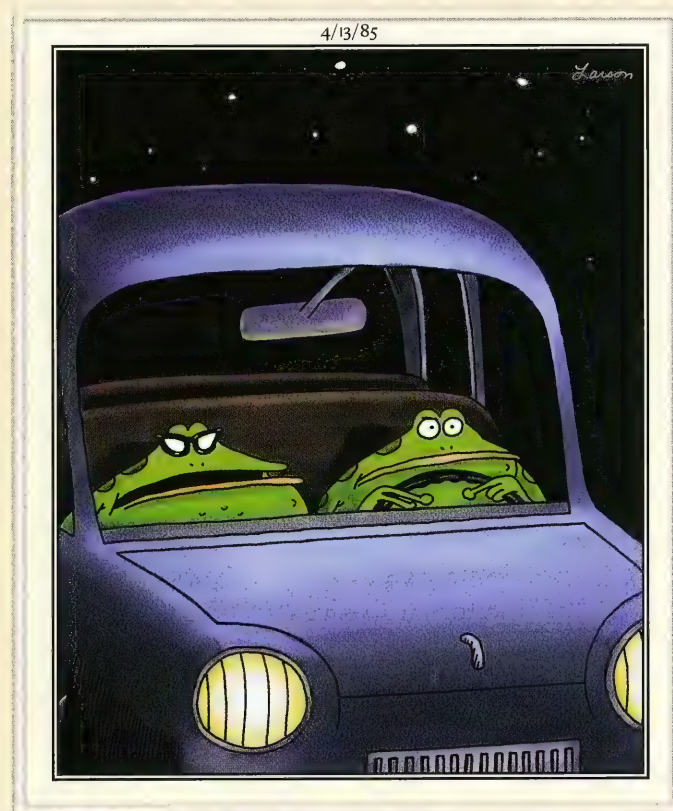
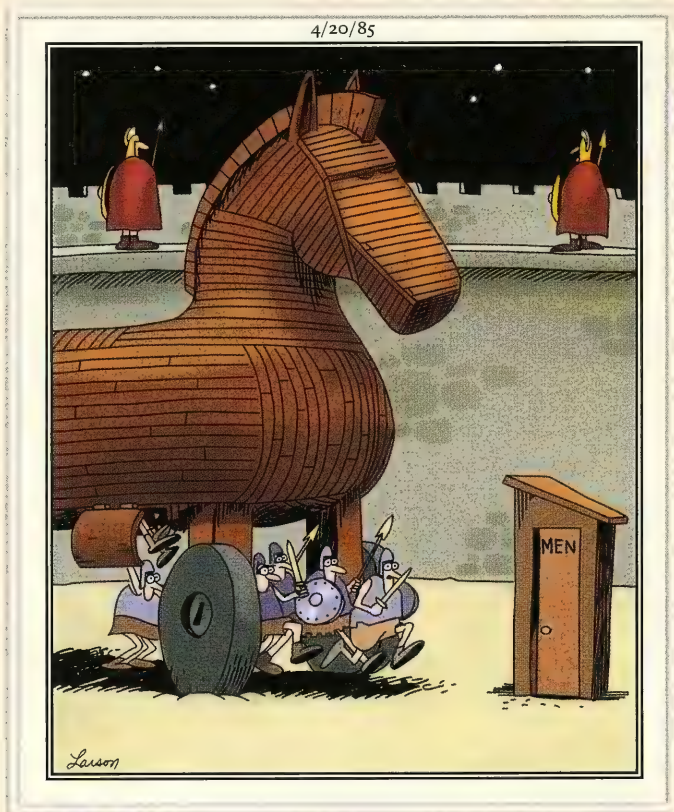


"Listen! The authorities are helpless! If the city's to be saved, I'm afraid it's up to us!  
*This is our hour!*"



Toby vs. Godzilla

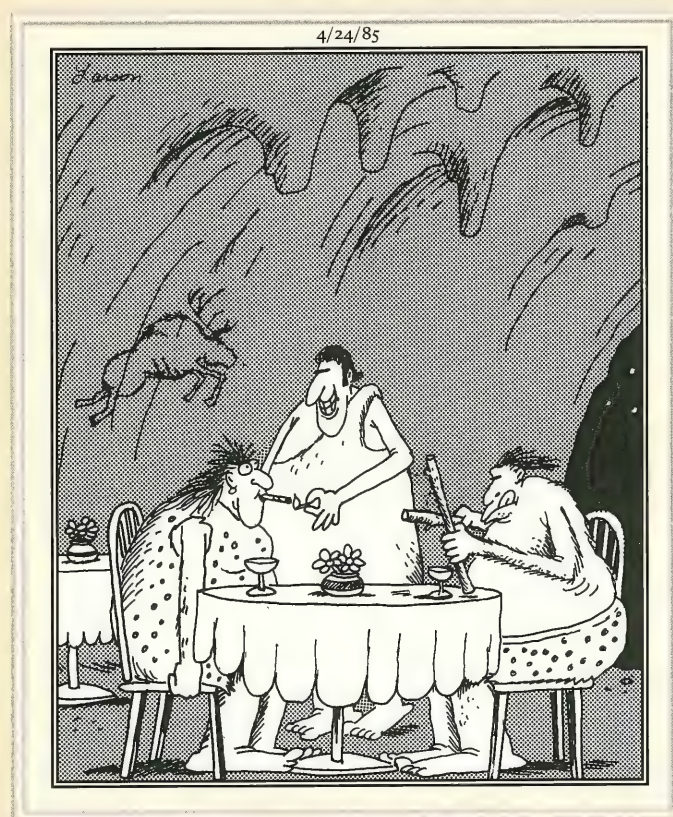




"Watch out for that tree, you idiot! ... And now you're on the wrong side of the road. Crimony! You're driving like you've been pithed or something."



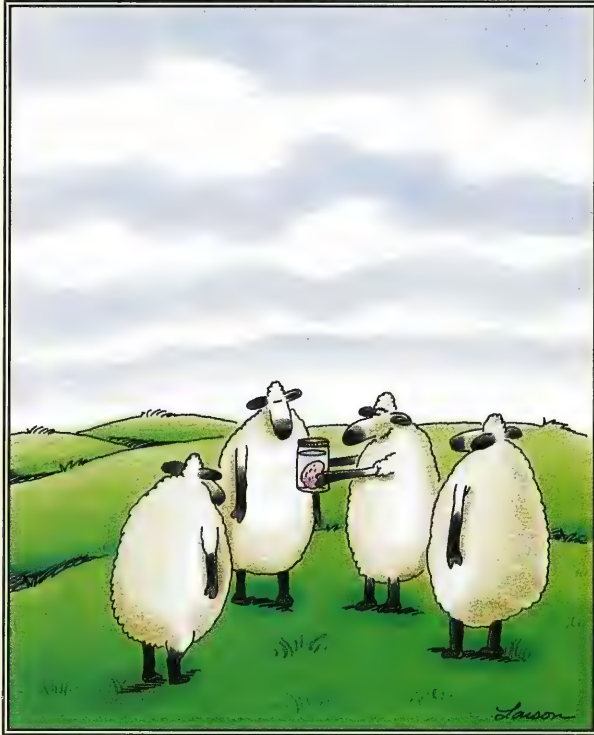
"And don't give me that 'I'm only bird-watching' line."



As Thak worked frantically to start a fire, a Cro-Magnon man, walking erect, approached the table and simply gave Theena a light.



4/22/85



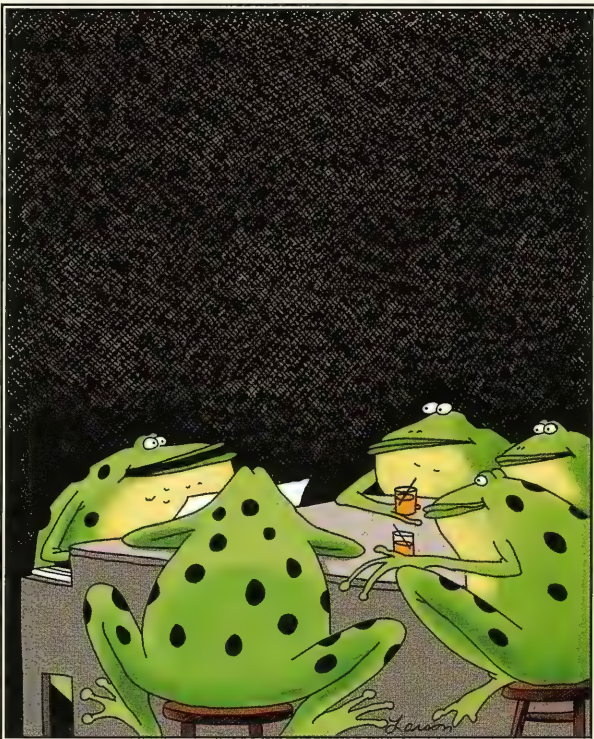
Danny shows off his sheep's brain.

4/23/85



"Hey, Barry—in the back row—new kid."

4/25/85



"Okay. Here's another little ditty we can all sing. ... Of course, as always, the only words are 'ribbit, ribbit, ribbit.'"

4/26/85

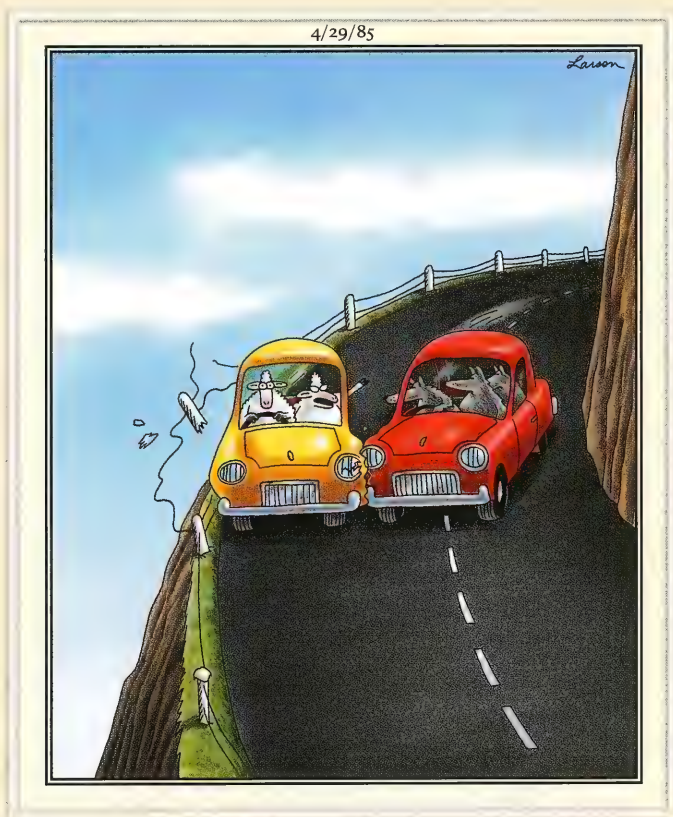


"Well, here comes Roy again. ... He sure does think he's Hell on Wheels."





"You idiot! I said get the room freshener! That's the insecticide!"



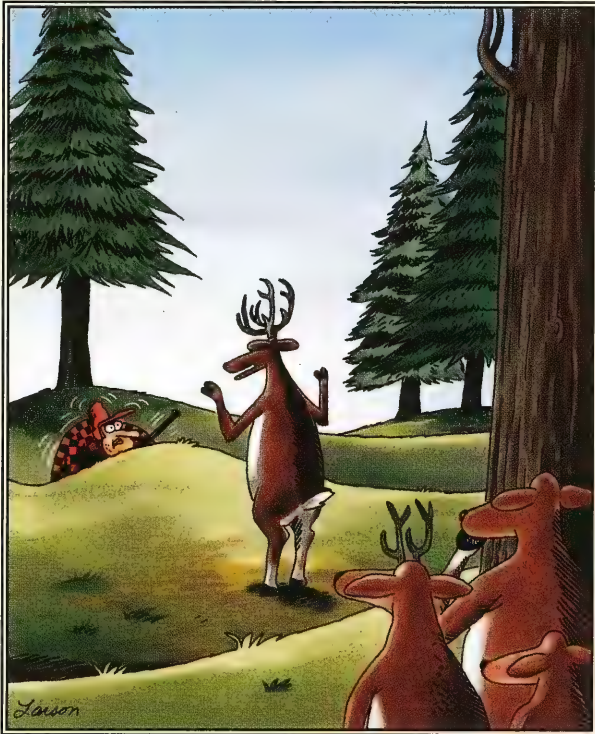
"Aaaaaa! Here they come again, Edgar! ... Crazy carnivores!"



How snakes say goodbye



5/1/85



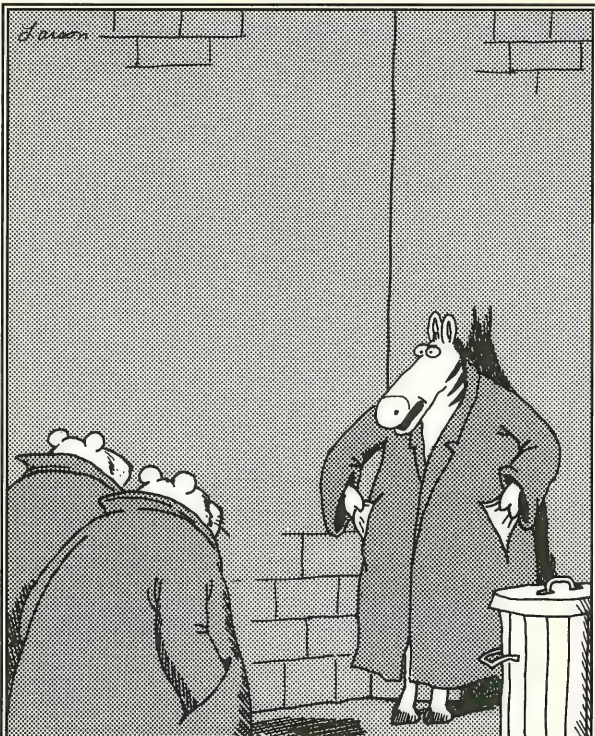
"Look, just relax, son ... relaaaaaaaax ... I'm gonna come over there now and you can just hand me your gun. ... Everything's gonna be reeeal cool, son."

5/2/85



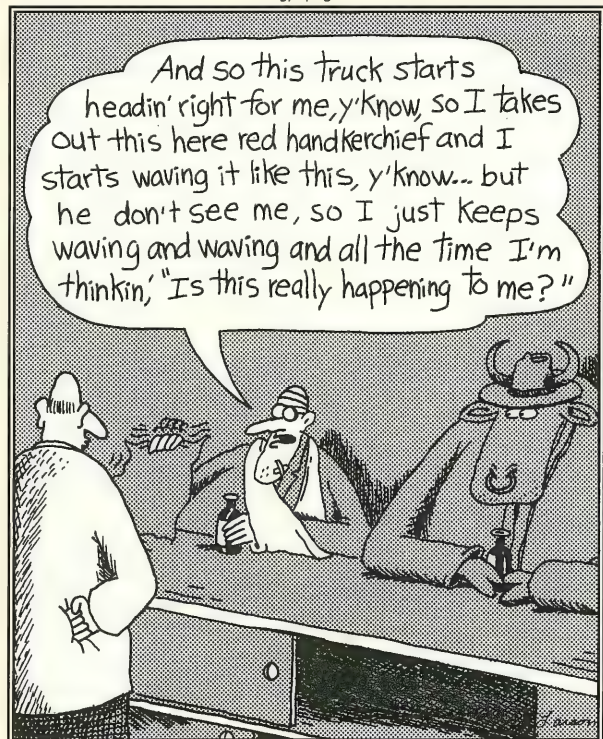
"Now, in this slide we can see how the cornered cat has seemed to suddenly grow bigger. ... Trickery! Trickery! Trickery!"

5/4/85



"So what do you guys want? My watch? Money? ... I got *nothin'*!"

5/11/85



And so this truck starts headin' right for me, y'know, so I takes out this here red handkerchief and I starts waving it like this, y'know... but he don't see me, so I just keeps waving and waving and all the time I'm thinkin', "Is this really happening to me?"

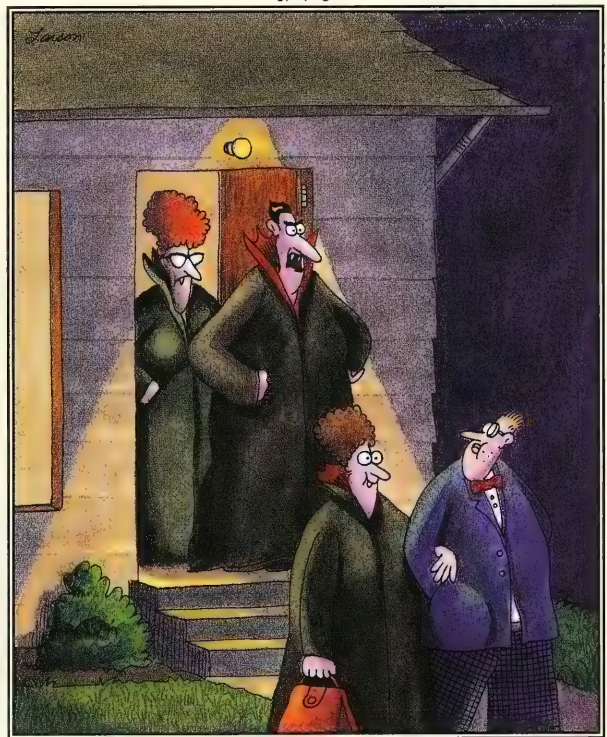


5/3/85



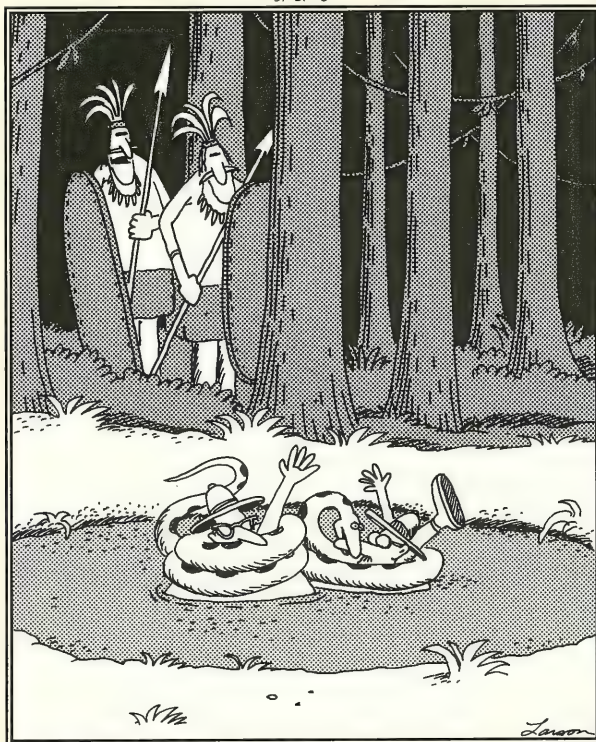
"... four ... five ... six ... Oh, heck—just turn and shoot."

5/6/85



"One more thing, young man. You get my daughter home before sunrise—I don't want you coming back here with a pile of dried bones!"

5/13/85



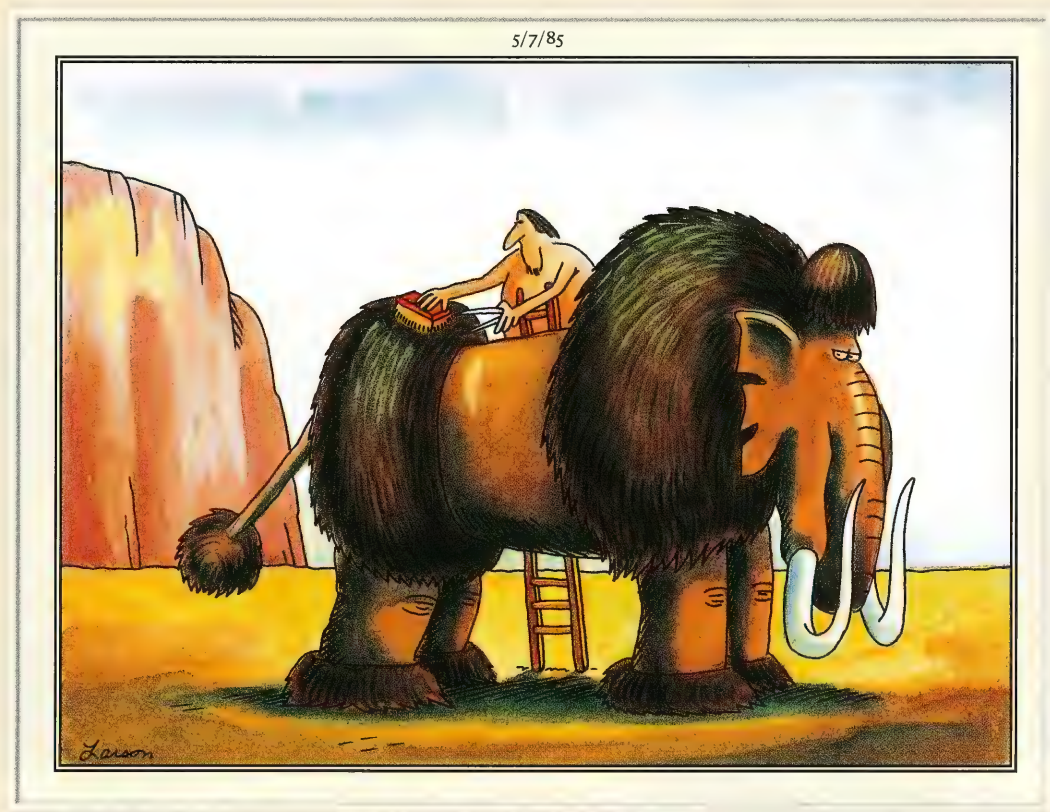
"Civilization-slickers."

5/14/85

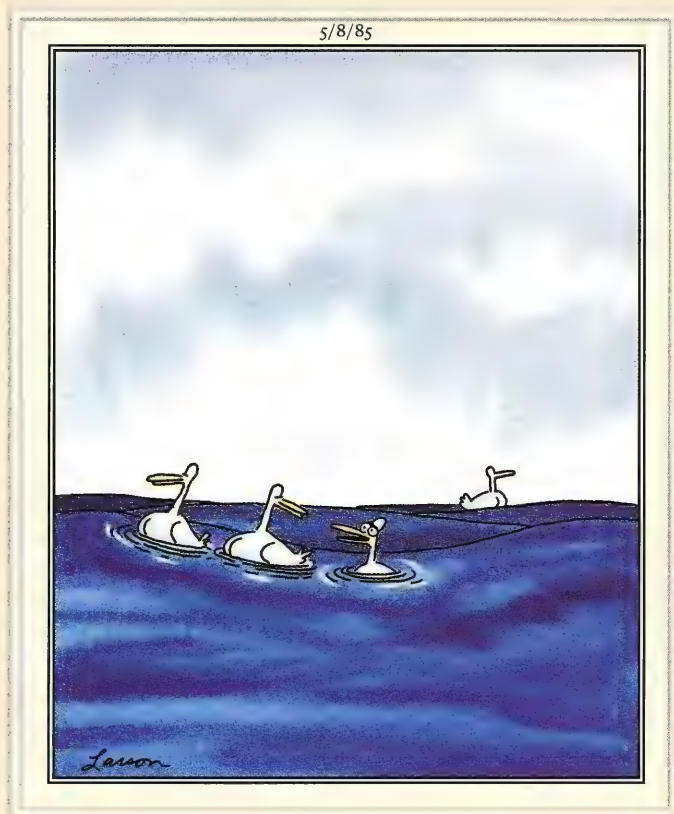


God loses a contact lens.

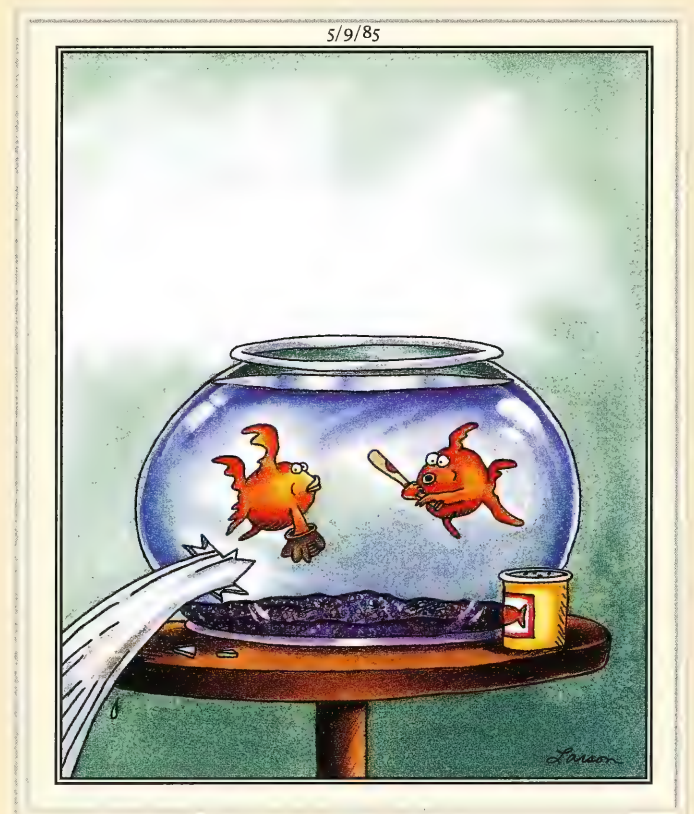




French mammoth



"Bob, do you think I'm sinking? ... Be honest."



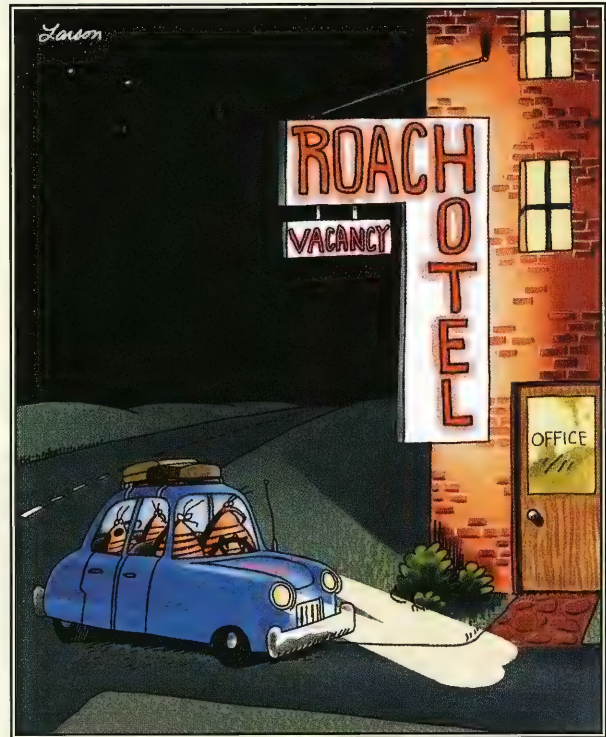


5/10/85



"And as the net sloooooowly lifted him from the water, the voice kept whispering, 'I want your legs. ... I waaaaant your legs.'"

5/16/85



"Dad! Find out if they have cable!"

5/15/85



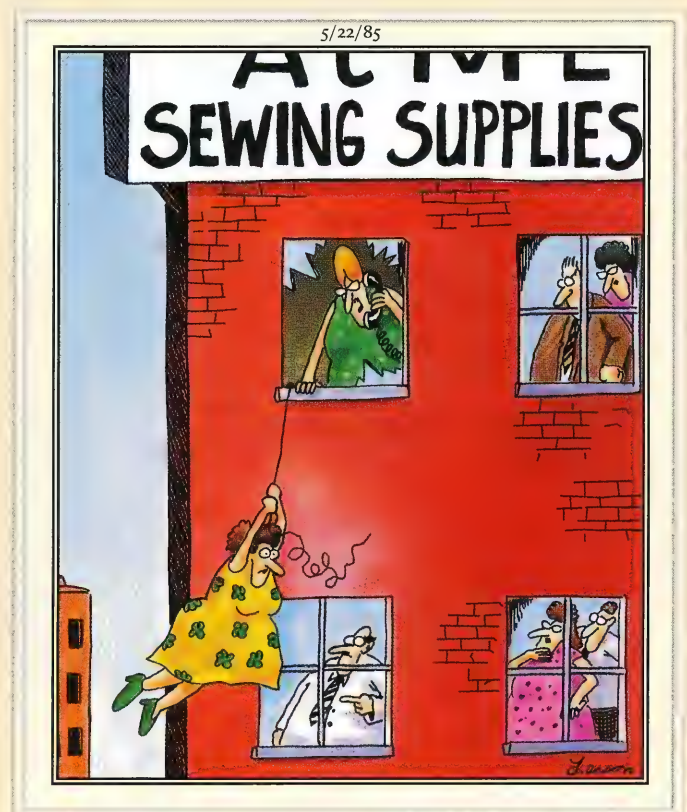




“Hey, hey, hey! Are you folks nuts? I’m telling you, *this* is the car for you!”

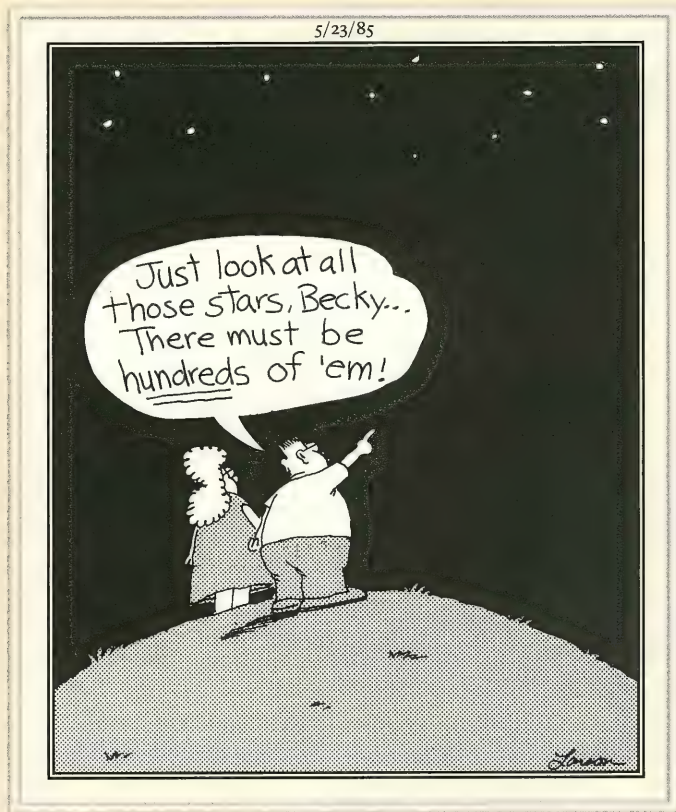


“For crying out loud, gentlemen! That’s us! Someone’s installed the one-way mirror in backwards!”

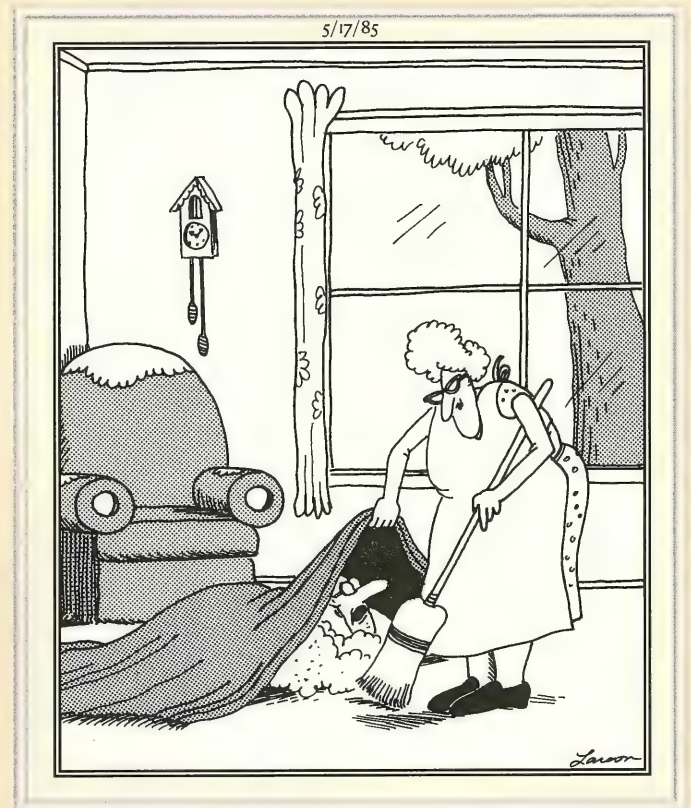


“That’s right, the 49th floor! ... And you better hurry—she’s hanging by a thread!”

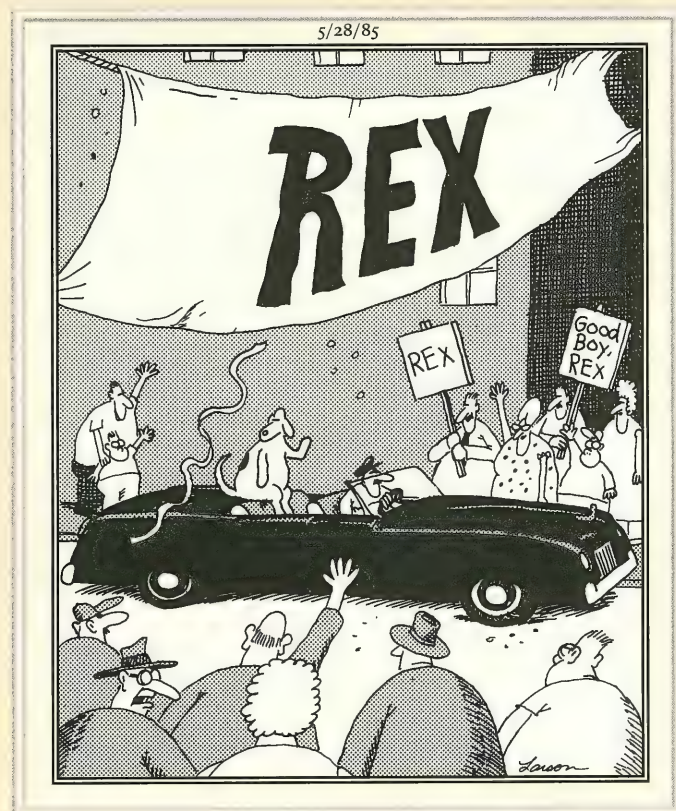




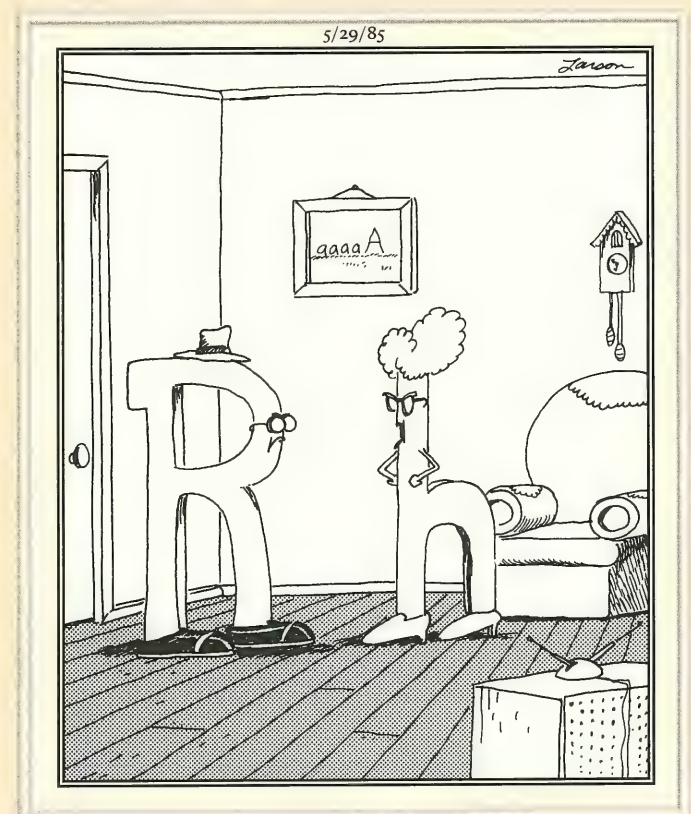
Carl Sagan as a kid



"Go ahead, Vera ... treat me like dirt."



"Well, every dog has his day."

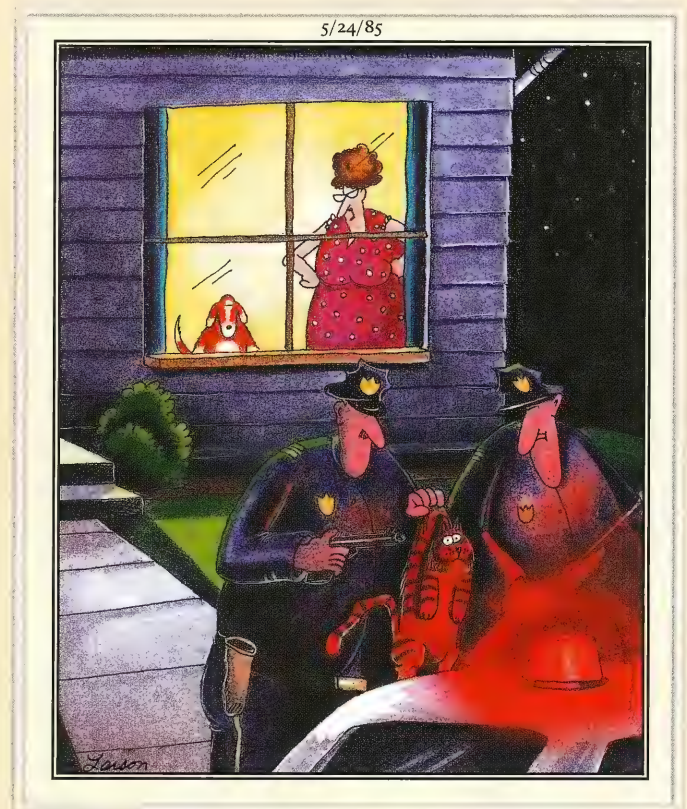


"All right! All right! If you want the truth, off and on I've been seeing *all* the vowels— a, e, i, o, u. ... Oh, yes! And *sometimes* y!"





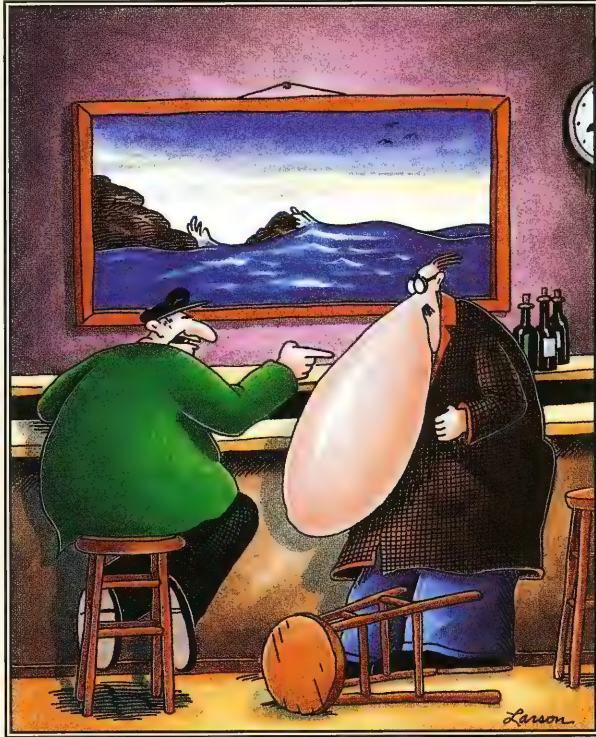
"You're on. Ten to one if I start howling I'll have everyone here howling inside five minutes."



"And I suppose you think this is a dream come true."



5/31/85



"Just back off, buddy ... unless you want a fat lip."

5/30/85



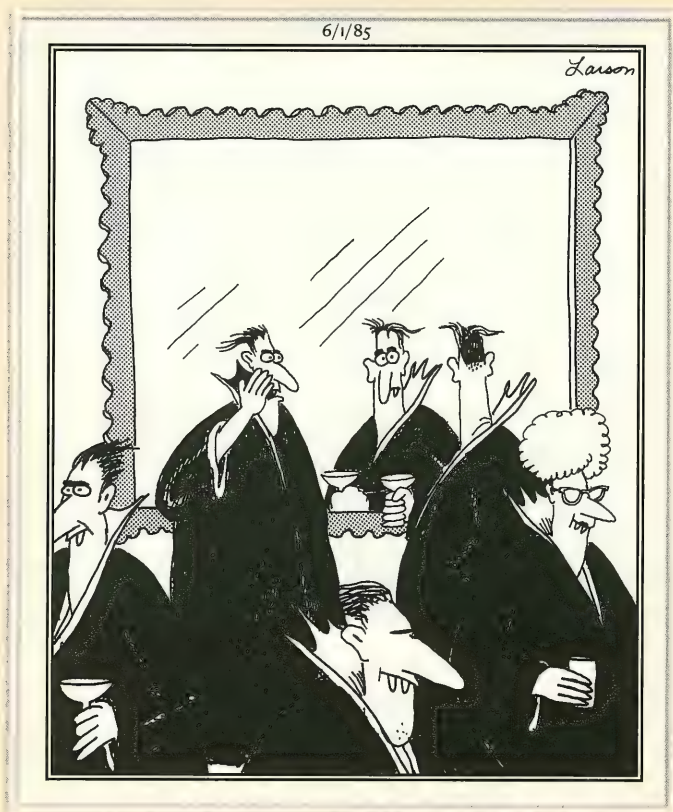
"Shh. Listen! There's more: 'I've named the male with the big ears Bozo, and he is surely the nerd of the social group—a primate bimbo, if you will.'"

5/25/85



"Ha ha ha, Biff. Guess what? After we go to the drugstore and the post office, I'm going to the vet's to get tutored."

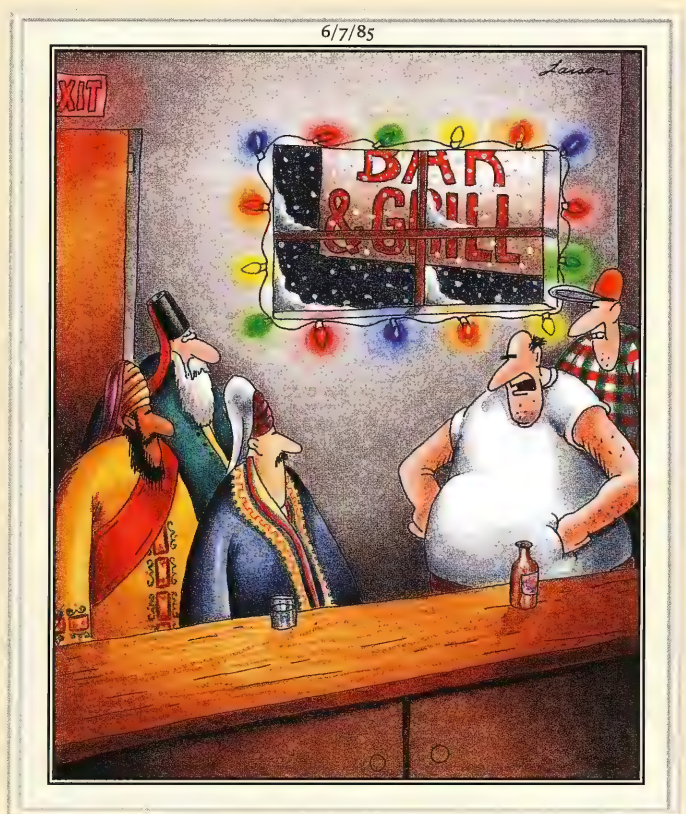
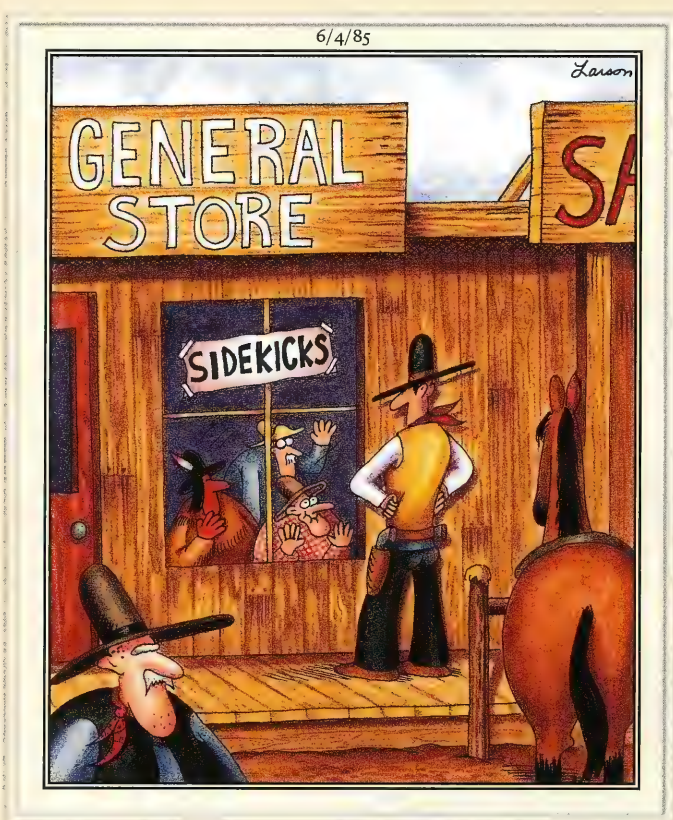




"Hank! You're reflecting!"



The third most common cause of forest fires.

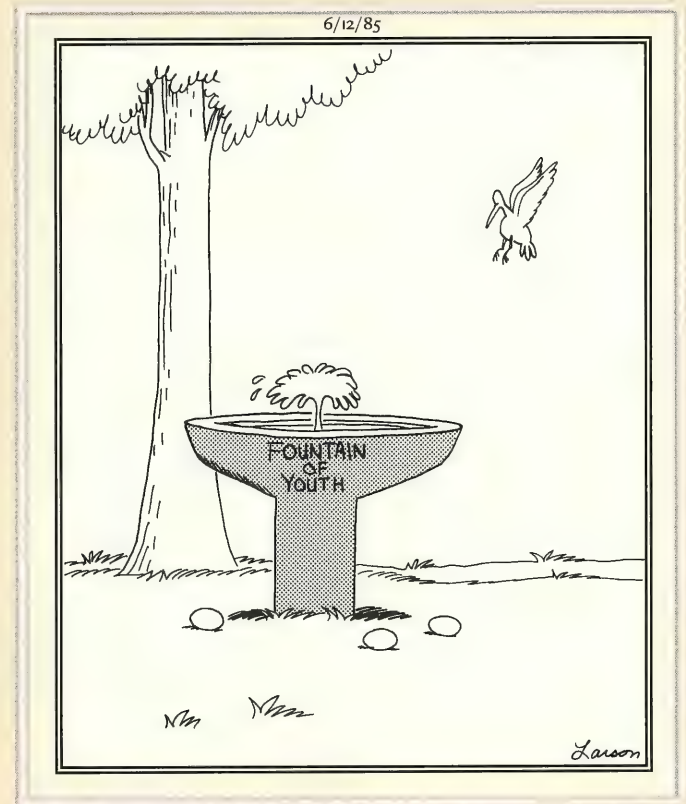


"Oh yeah? More like the three wise guys, I'd say."

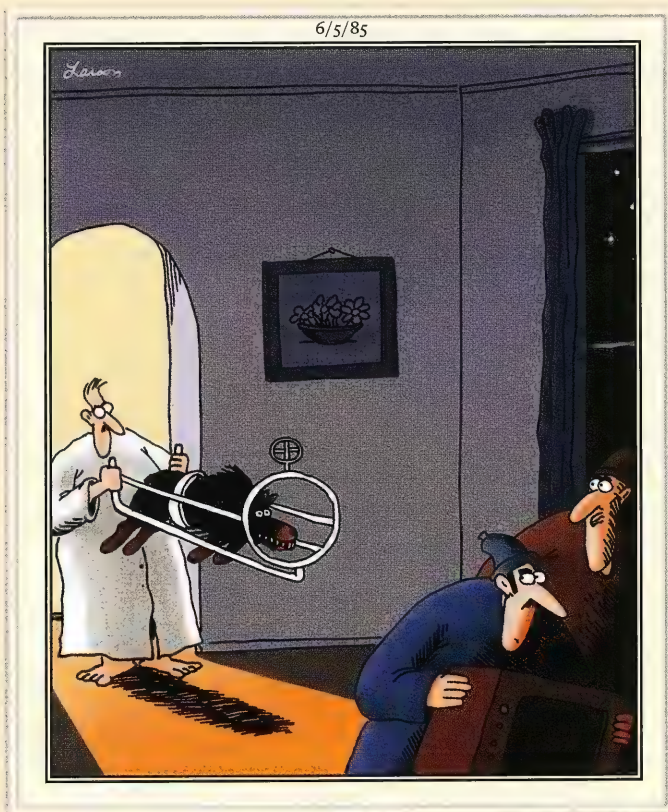




"You're a hard man, Bud."



When birds don't read



Suddenly the burglars found themselves looking down the barrel of Andy's Dobie-o-matic.

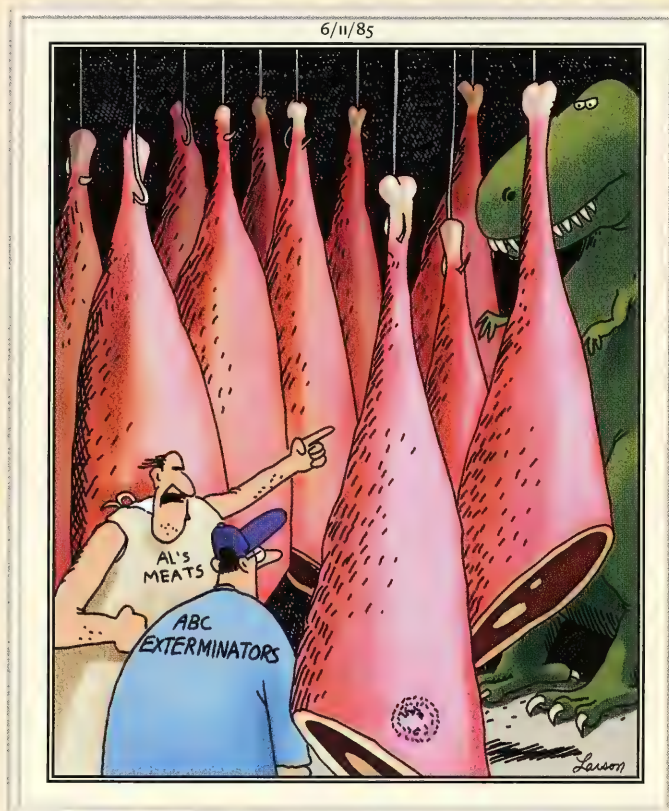


"Details are still sketchy, but we think the name of the bird sucked into the jet's engines was Harold Meeker."





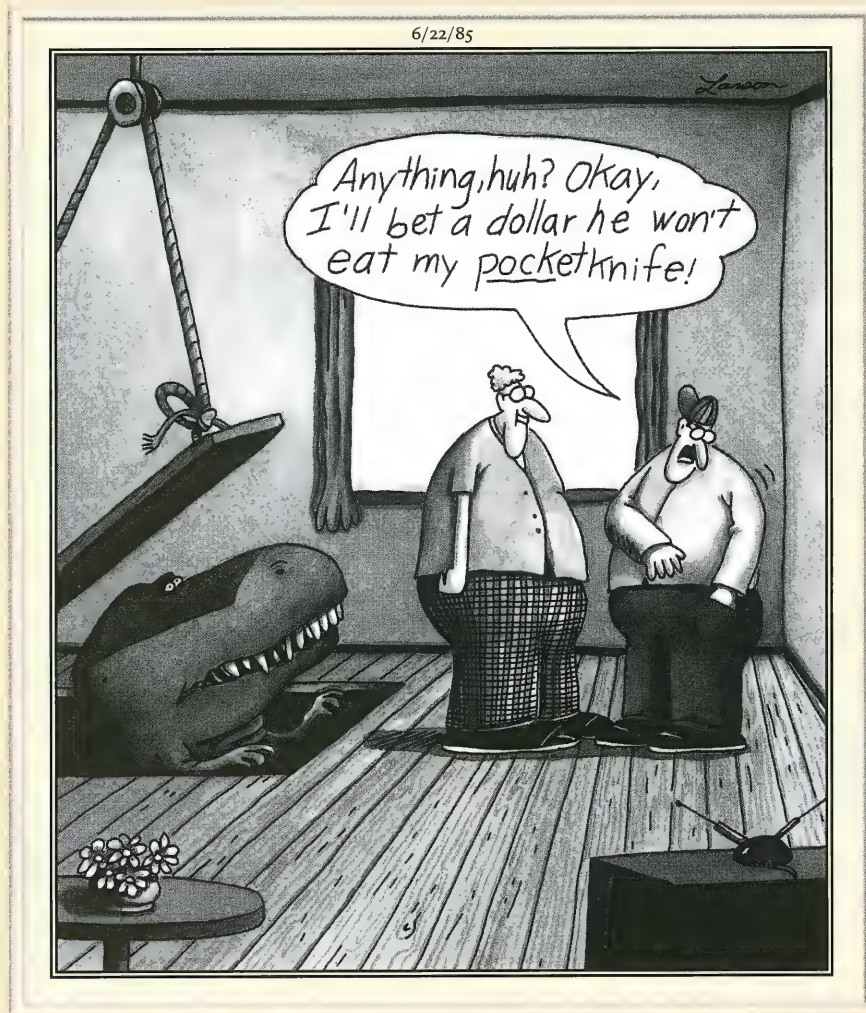
Ginger decides to take out Mrs. Talbot's flower bed once and for all.



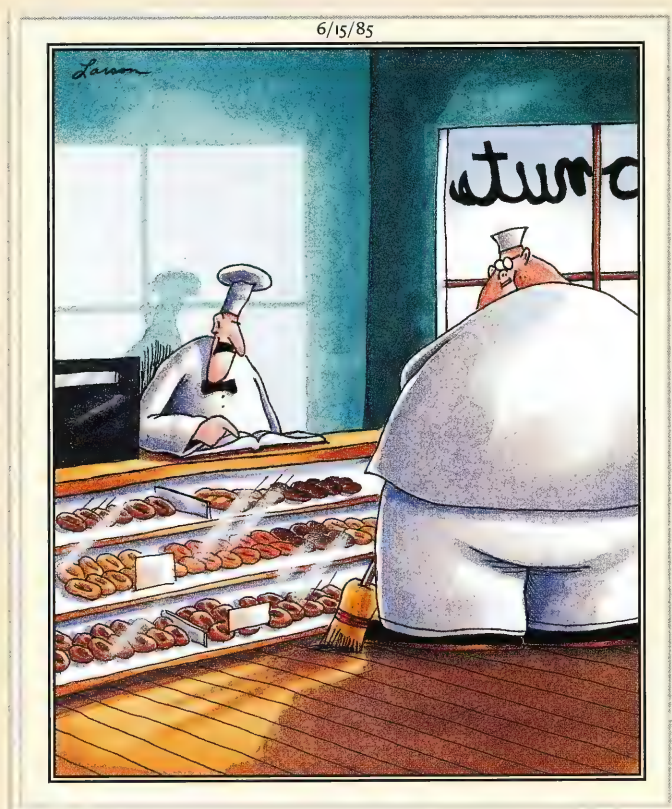
"There's one of 'em! ... And I think there're at least three or four more runnin' around in here!"







Mitch loses a dollar.

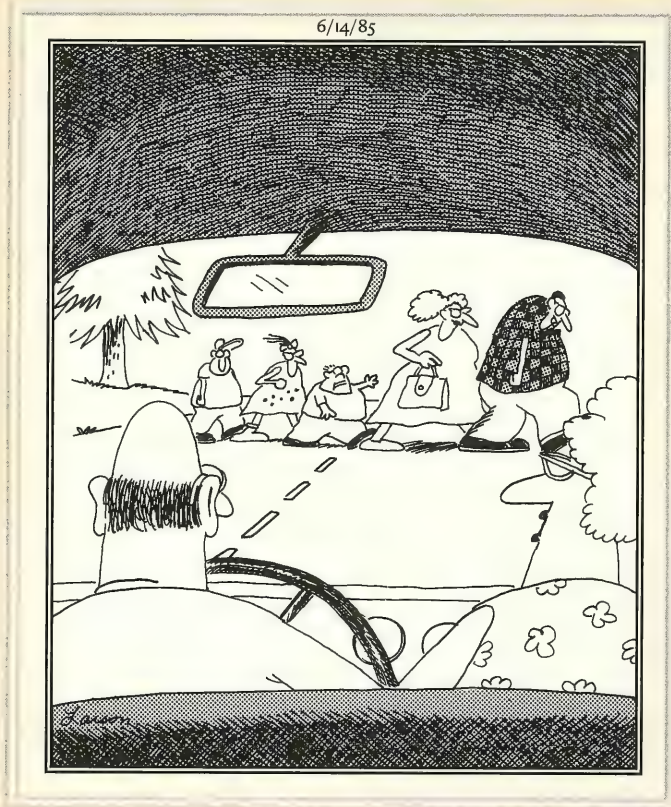


"Well, shoot. I just can't figure it out. ... I'm movin' over 500 doughnuts a day, but I'm still just barely squeakin' by."



When vultures dream

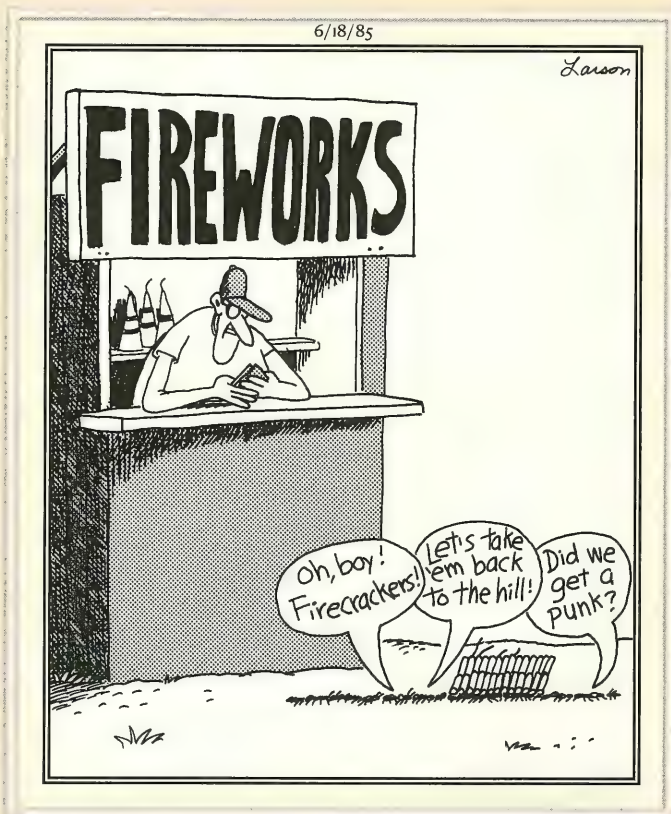




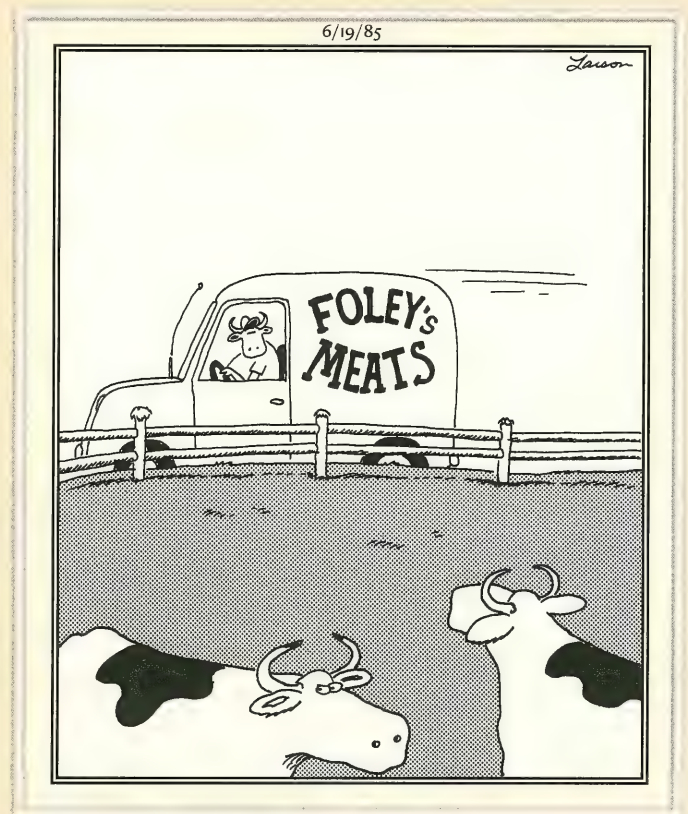
"Oh, look, Roger! Nerds! ...  
And some little nerdlings!"



Fly whimsy



In his heart, Willy knew the ants were  
being very foolish.

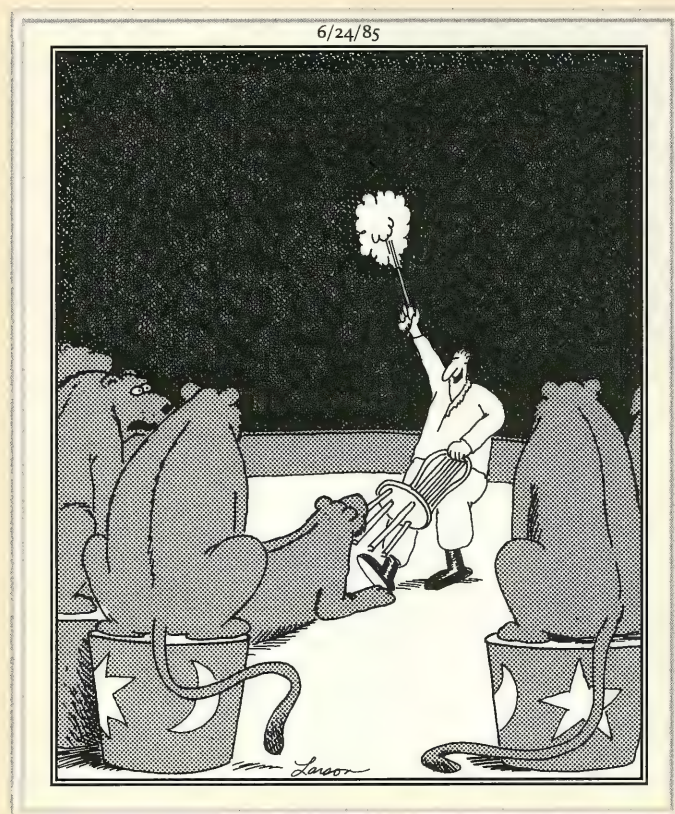


Eventually, Murray took the job—but his  
friends never did speak to him again.

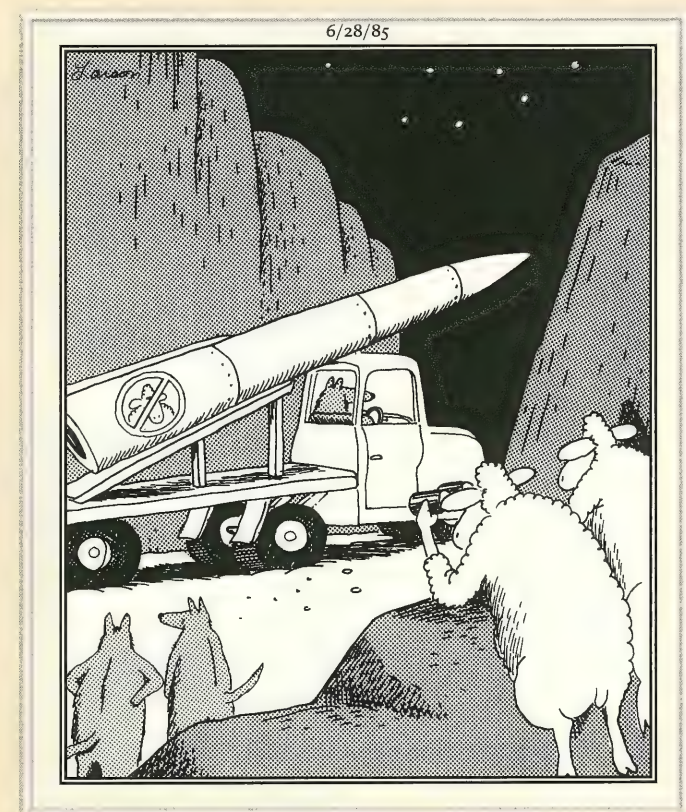




"I dunno. We're just so far up, I think this would be better on the tube."

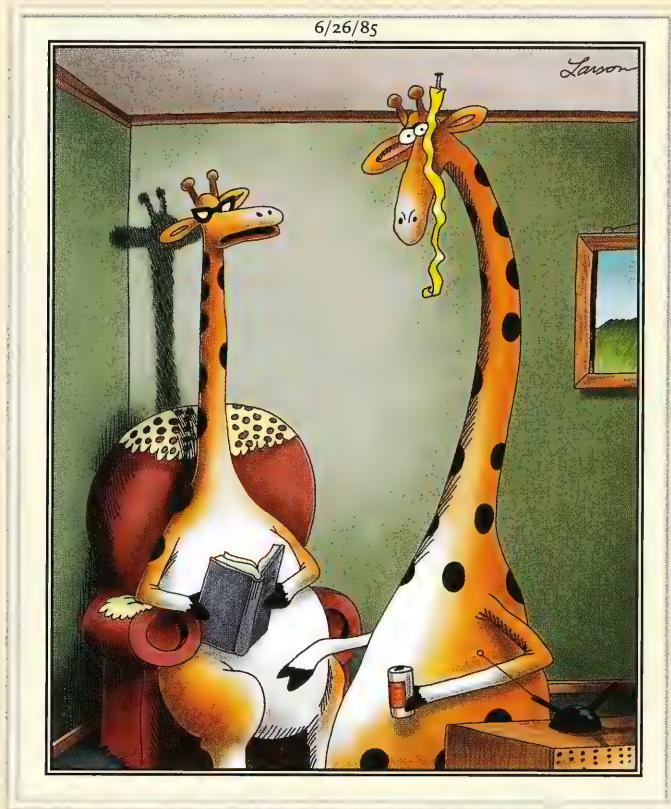


"He's using blanks—pass it on."



Randy and Mark were beginning to sense the wolves were up to no good.





"Oh, that's so disgusting—I guess a fly strip and you in the same house just aren't going to work out."

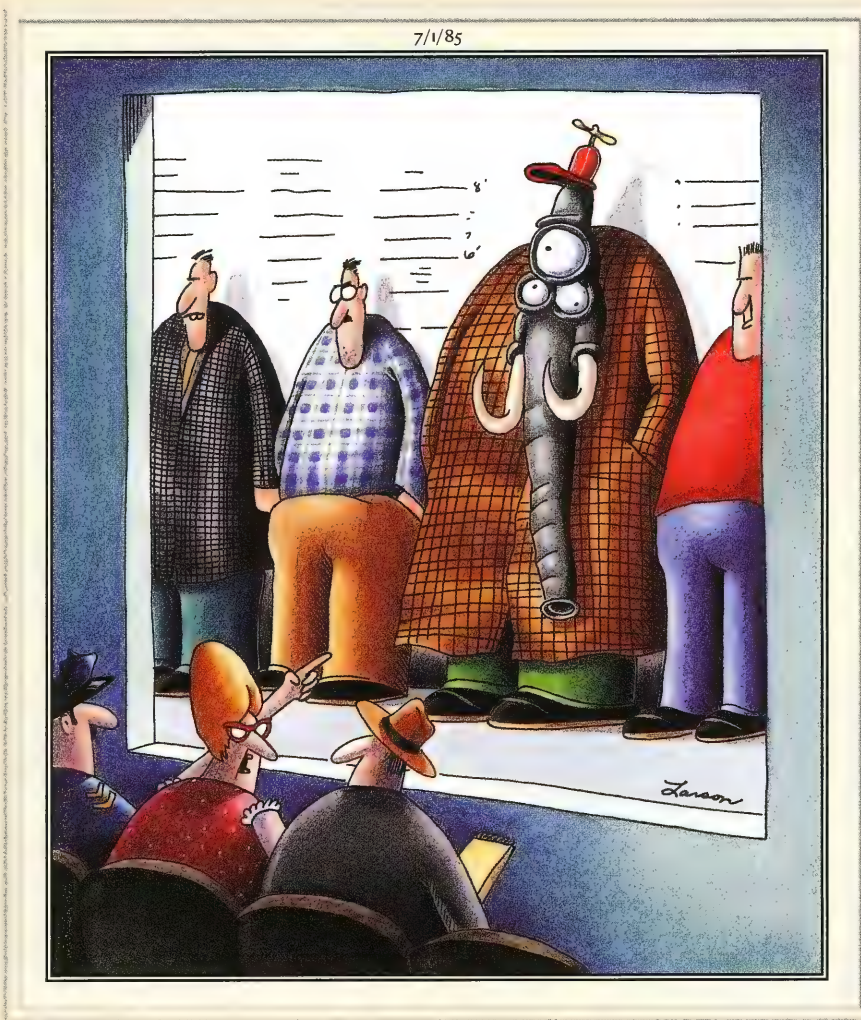


"C'mon, Gordy. ... Are you *really* choking, or just turning green?"

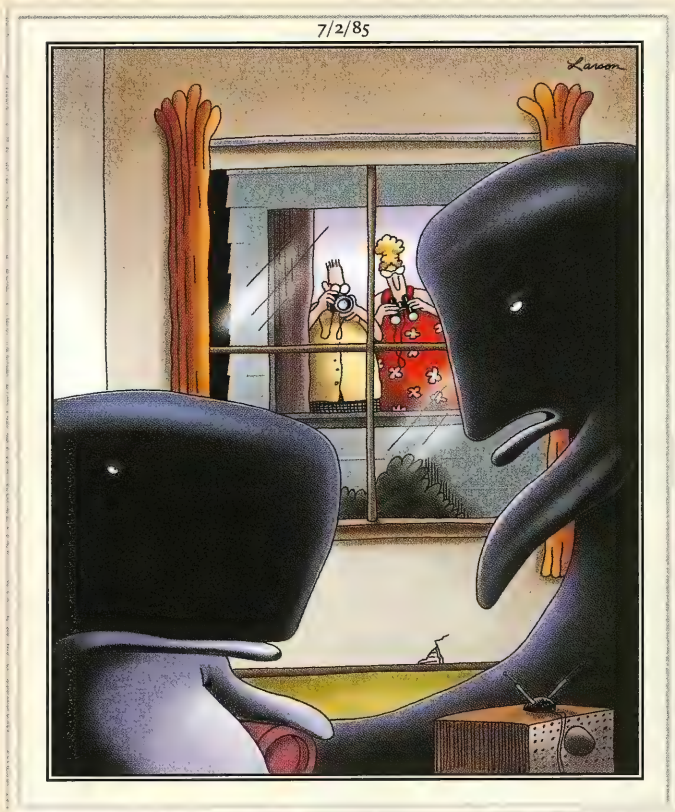


"Rise and shine, everyone! ... It's a beautiful day and we're all going to the windowsill."

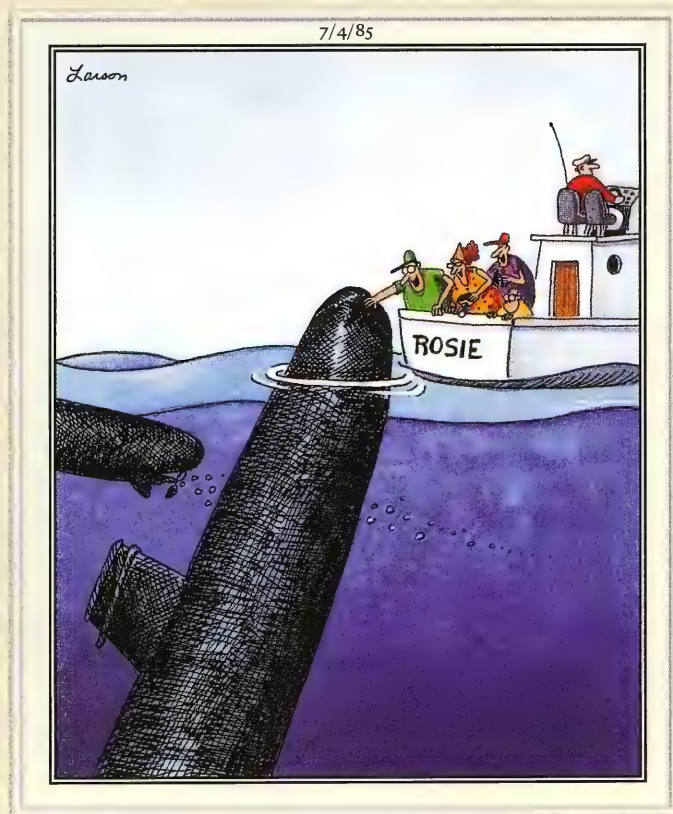




*"That's him! That's the one! ... I'd recognize that silly little hat anywhere!"*

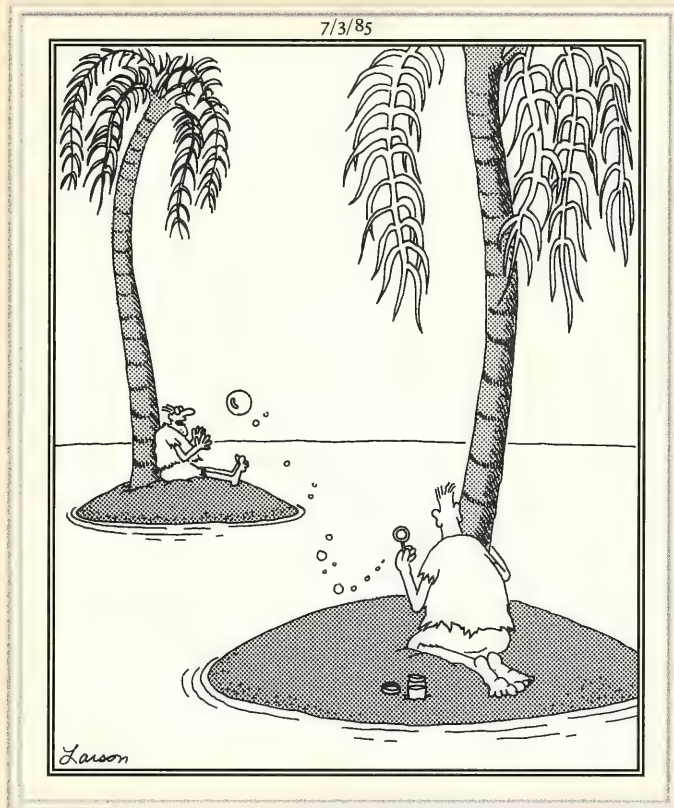


"Uh-oh, Norm. Across the street—  
whale watchers."

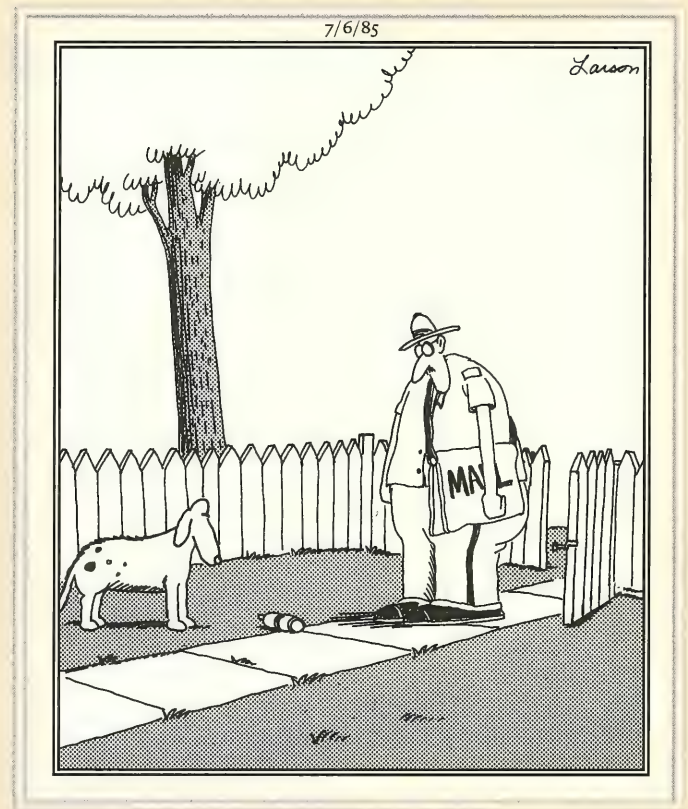


Occasionally—and especially thrilling for the visitors from the Midwest—a sub would come close enough to have its nose scratched.

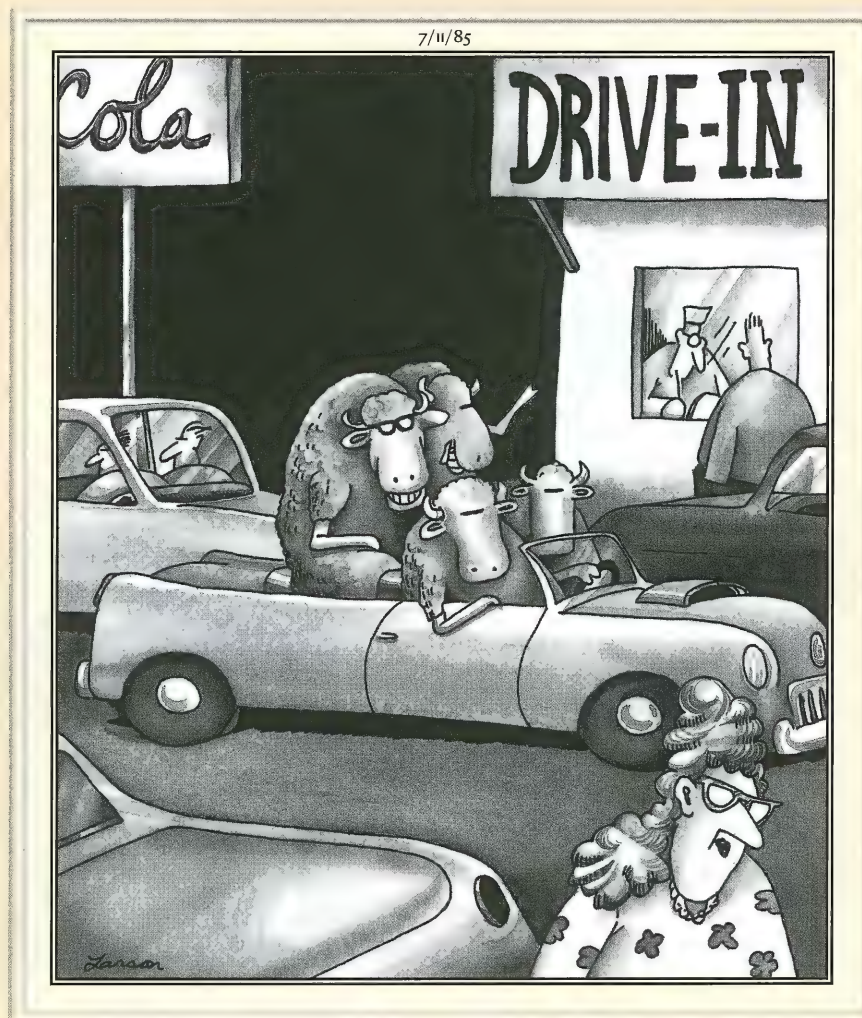




"Oooooo! Oooooo! ... Are you a good witch or a bad witch?"

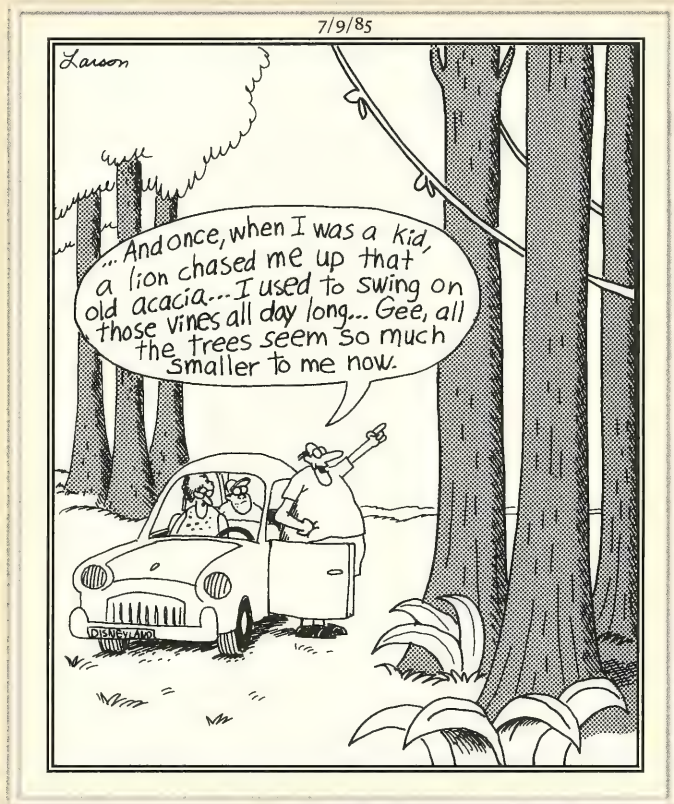


The can of Mace lay where it had fallen from Bill's hand, and, for a moment, time froze, as each pondered the significance of this new development.



Where the buffalo cruise

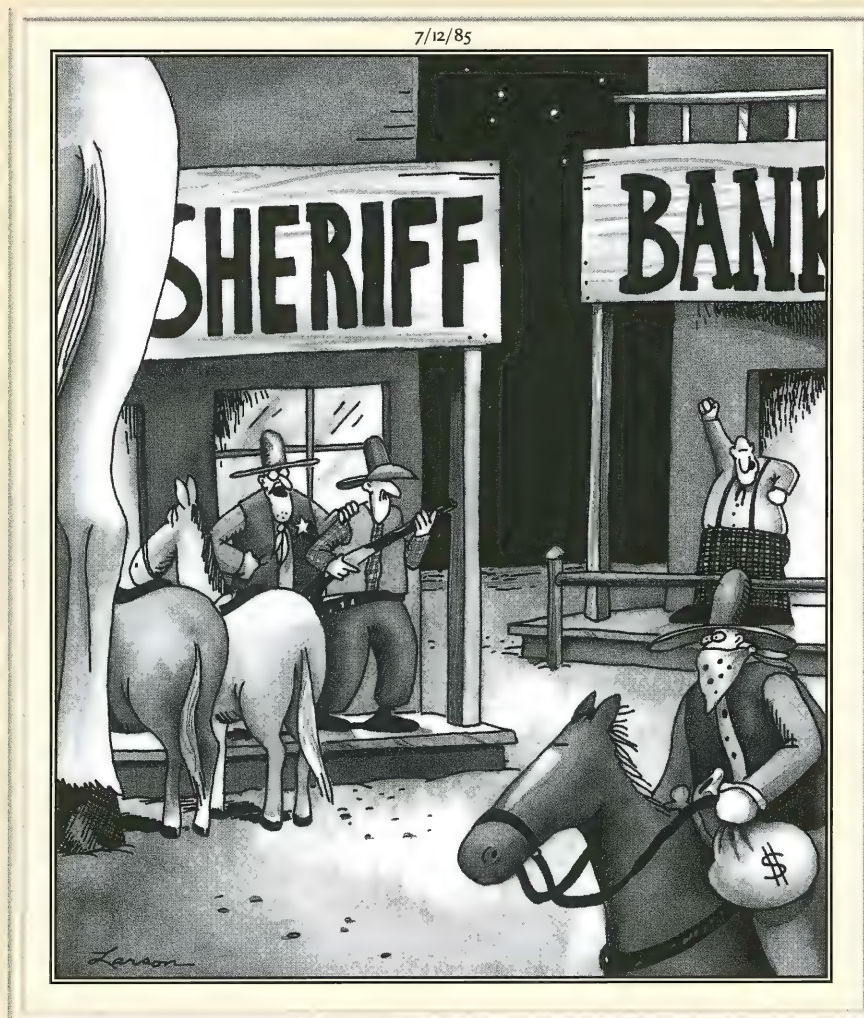




Tarzan visits his childhood home.



When a tree falls in the forest and no one is around.

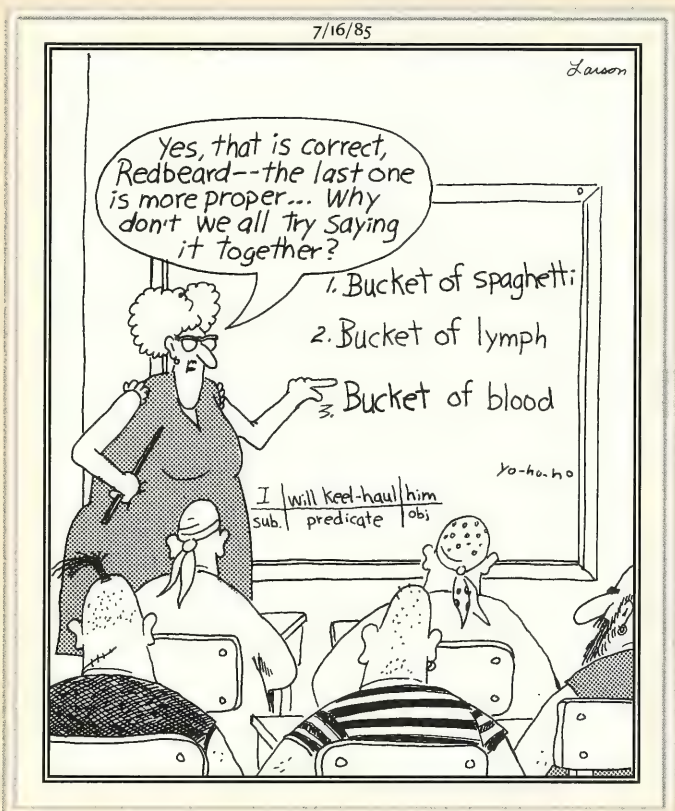


"Looks like the bank's been hit again. Well, no hurry—we'll take the big horse."

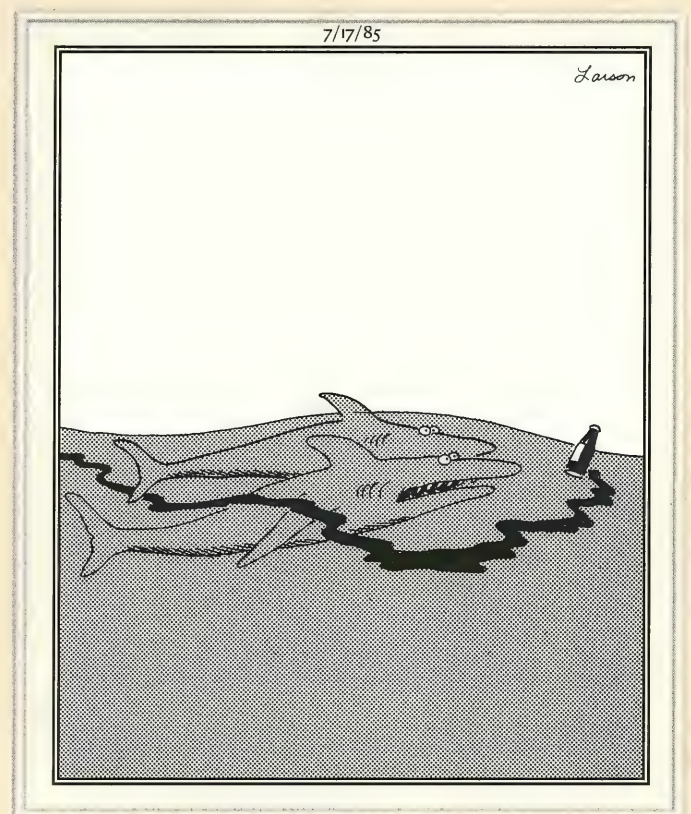




"Are you serious? Look at our arms! If anything, I'm twice as tan as you are."



Pirate school

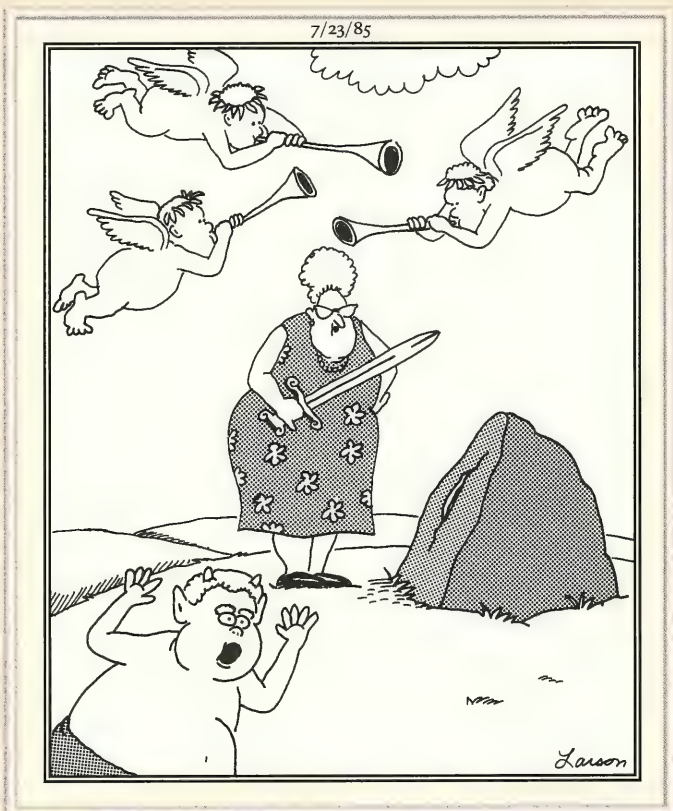
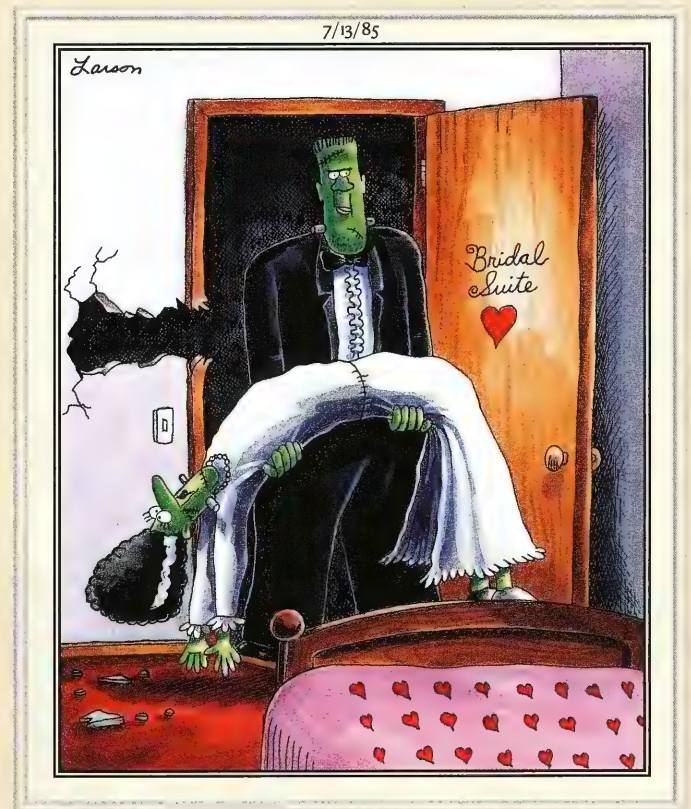


"What the--? Ketchup? We followed a ketchup trail for three miles?"

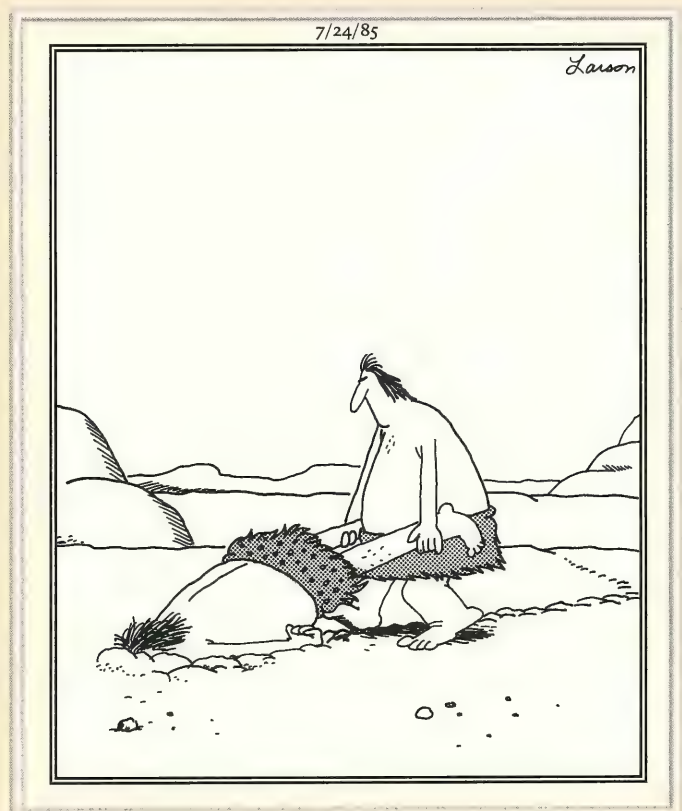




"C'mon, c'mon—it's either one or the other."



"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Stop the music! ... Something's wrong here!"

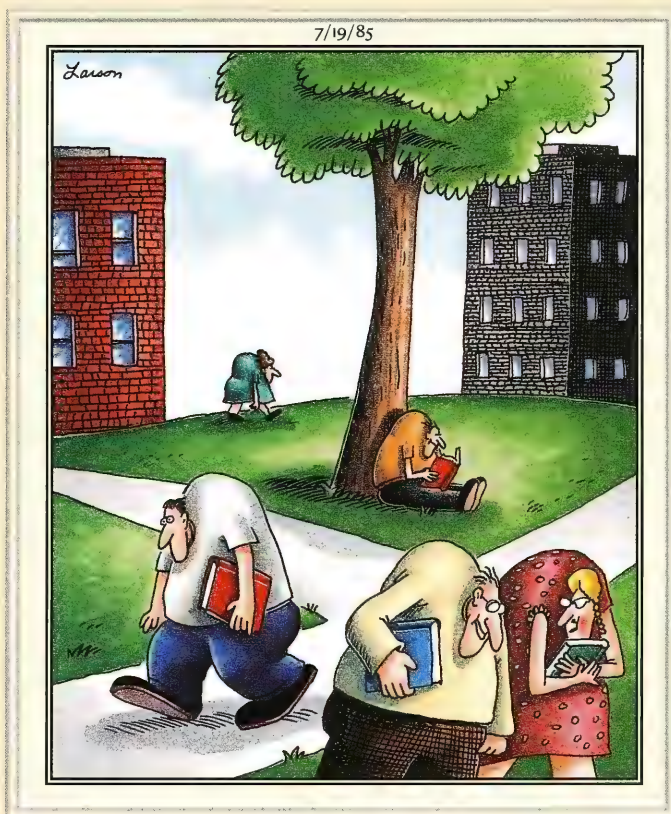


"Barrow"—precursor to the game of "wheelbarrow."





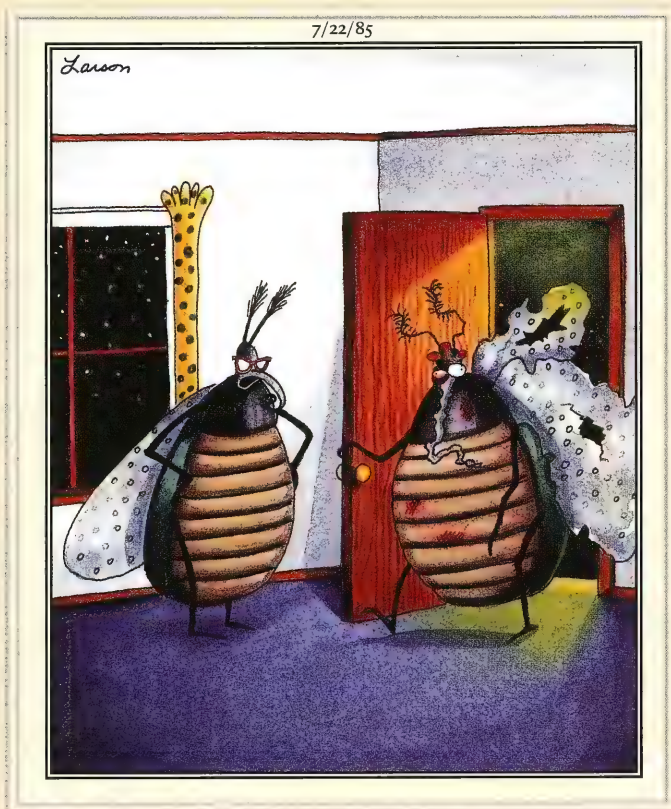
"Hold up, Niles. It says here, 'These little fish have been known to skeletonize a cow in less than two minutes.'... Now *there's* a vivid thought!"



Between classes at the College of  
Laboratory Assistants







"Good heavens—just *look* at you! You've been down at the Fergusons' porch light, haven't you?"

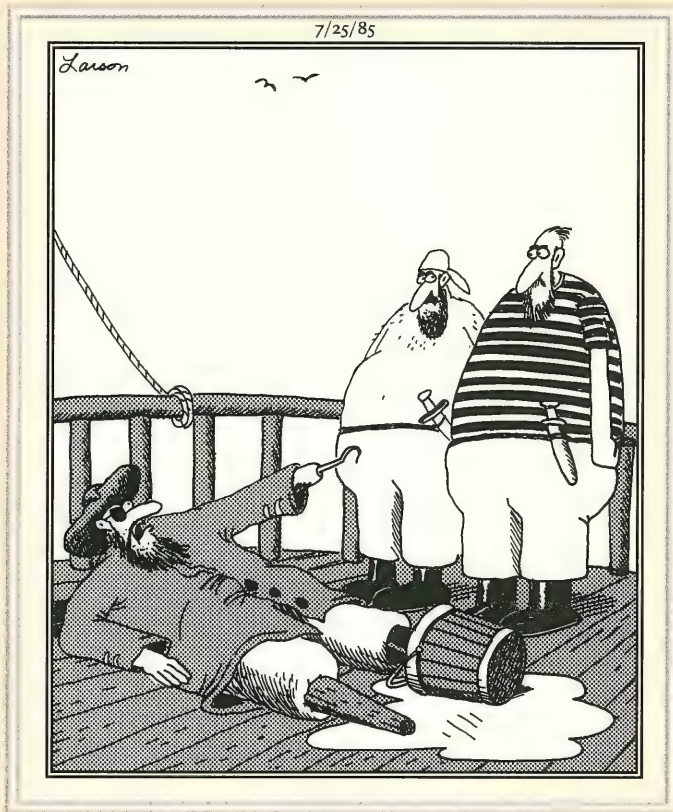


"Mom! He's doing it again!"

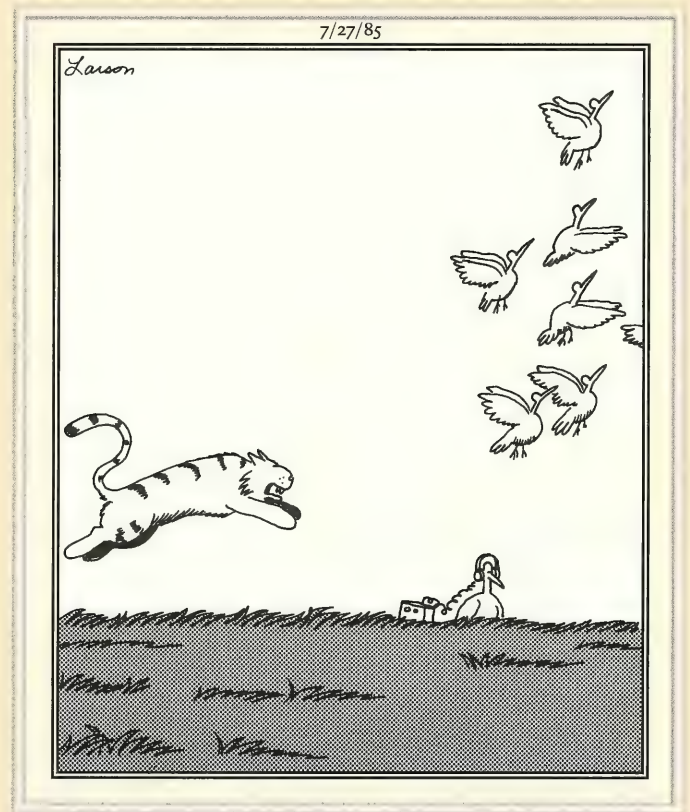


Carrots of the evening





"Well, somebody 'yo ho hoed!'"



Channel 42—your vampire station.

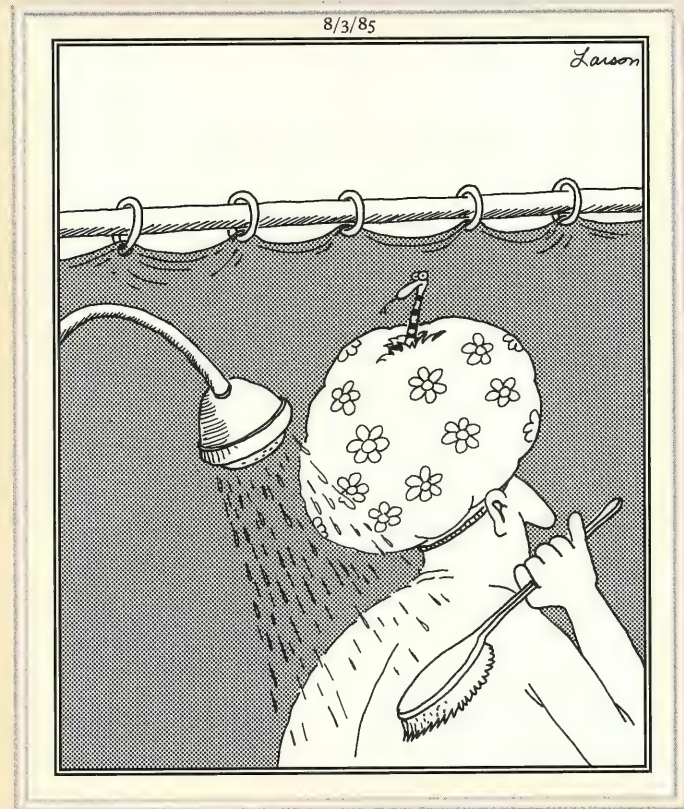


Life on cloud eight

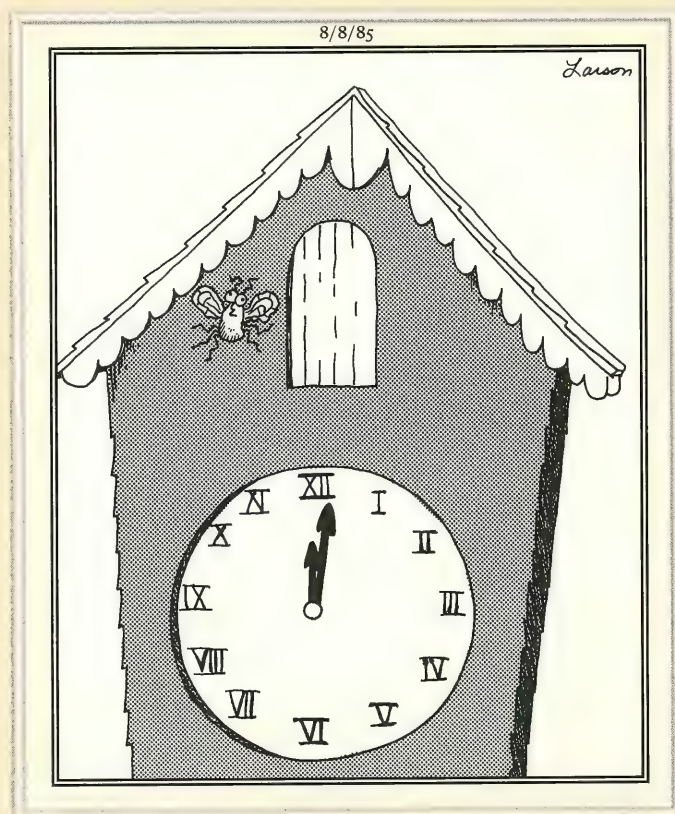




"Staaaaaanleeeeeeeey!"

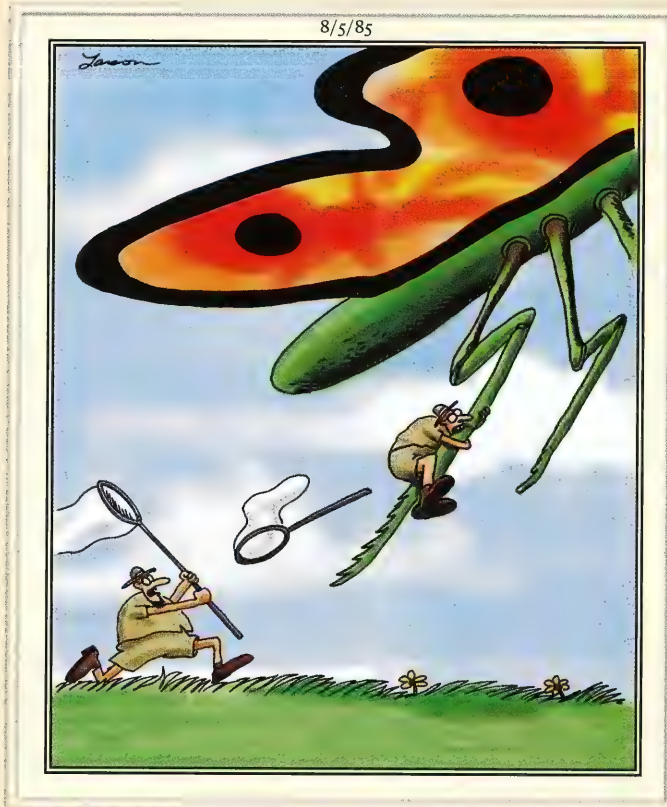


Medusa starts her day.

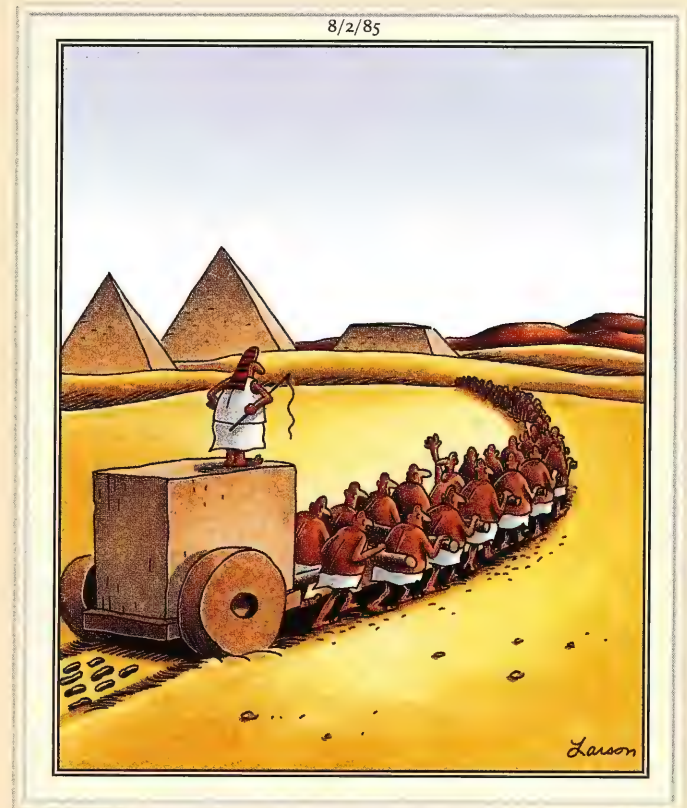


"Look out, Thak! It's a ... a ... Dang! Never can pronounce those things!"

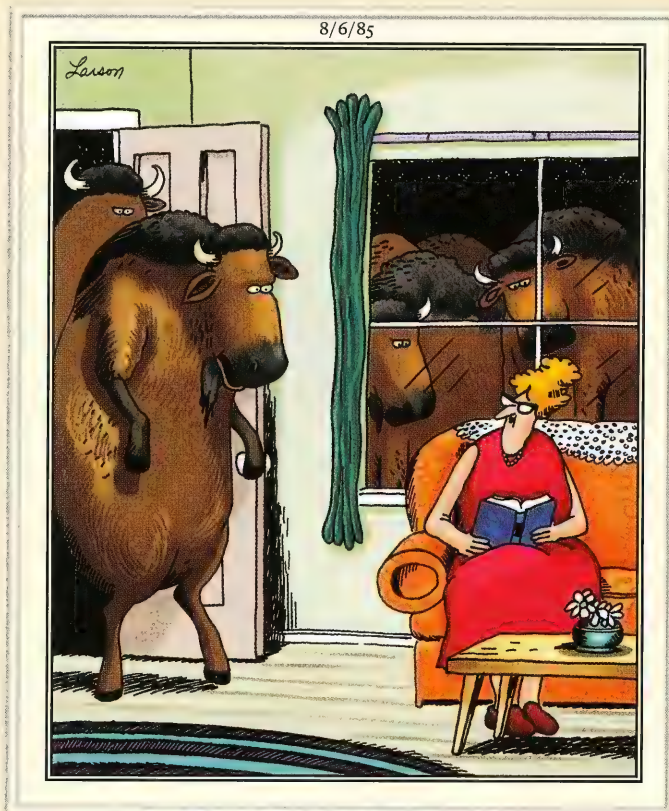




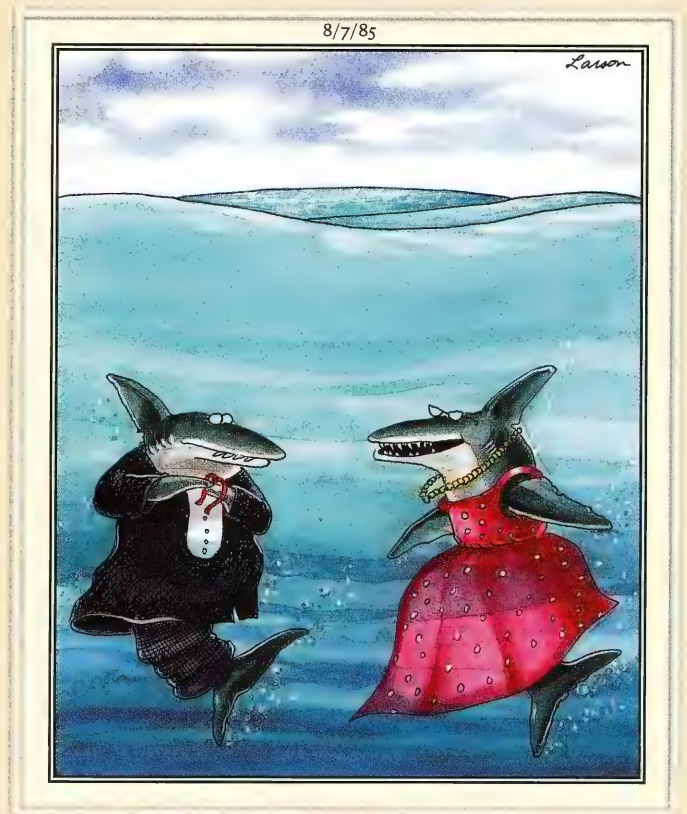
"To the death, Carlson! Hang on to the death!"



"Excuse me, sir, but Shinkowsky keeps stepping on the back of my sandal."



"Sorry to intrude, ma'am, but we thought we'd come in and just sort of roam around for a few minutes."



"Well, if you're almost ready, I'm dressed to kill."





Down at the Eat and Slither

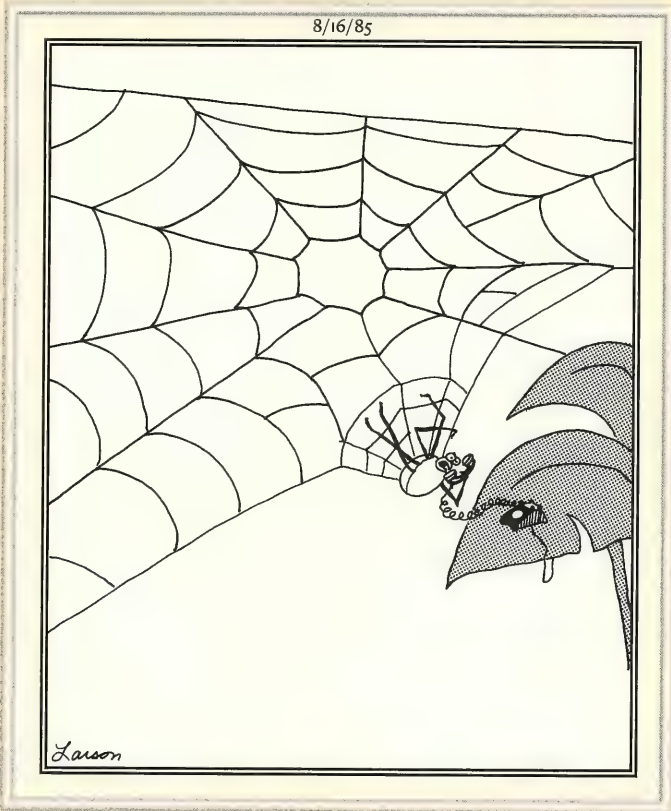


"Well, I guess I'll have the ham and eggs."

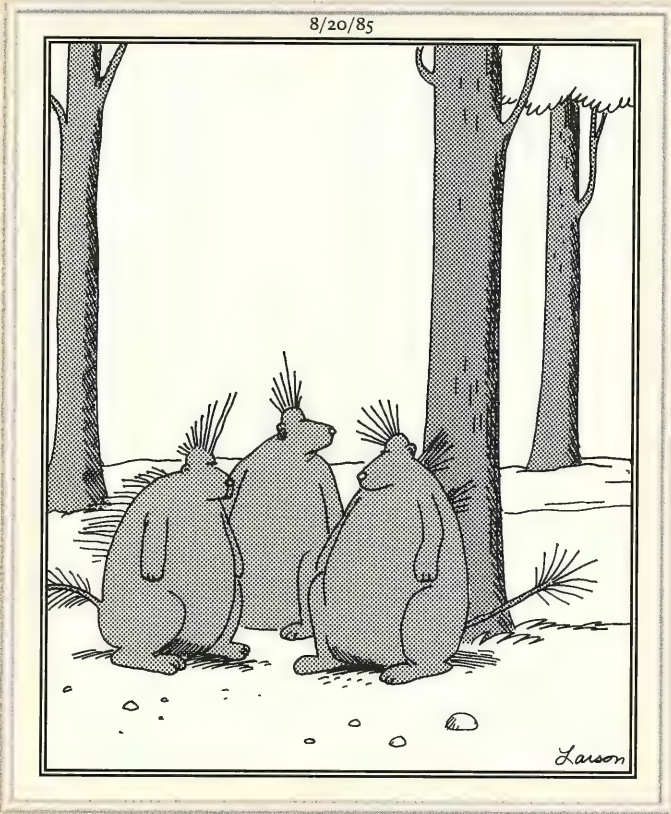


"Hold still, Omar. ... Now look up. Yep. You've got something in your eye, all right. Could be sand."





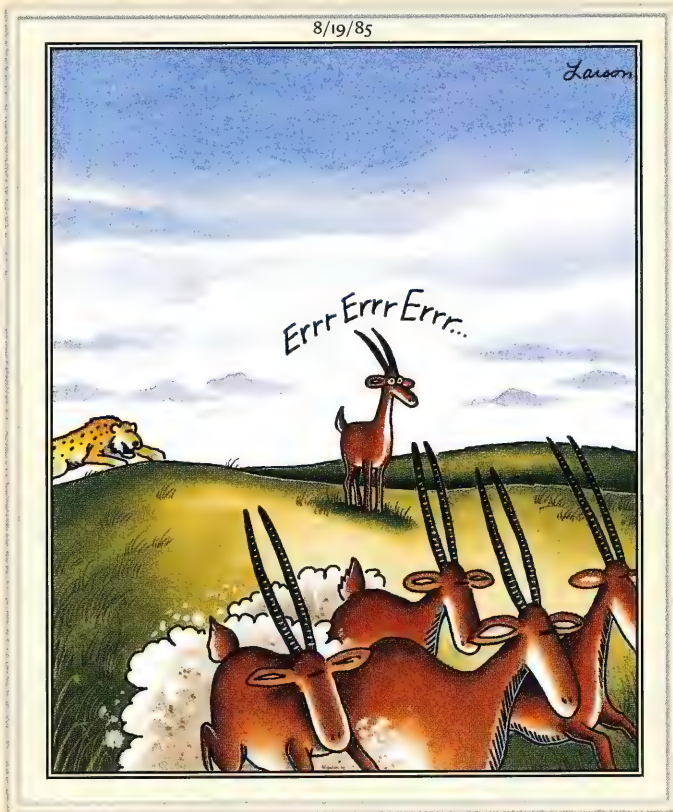
“Don’t ask me how it happened, Stan—just get your abdomen over here and get me unstuck!”



Punk porcupines







When flight mechanisms become flooded



Childhood innocence

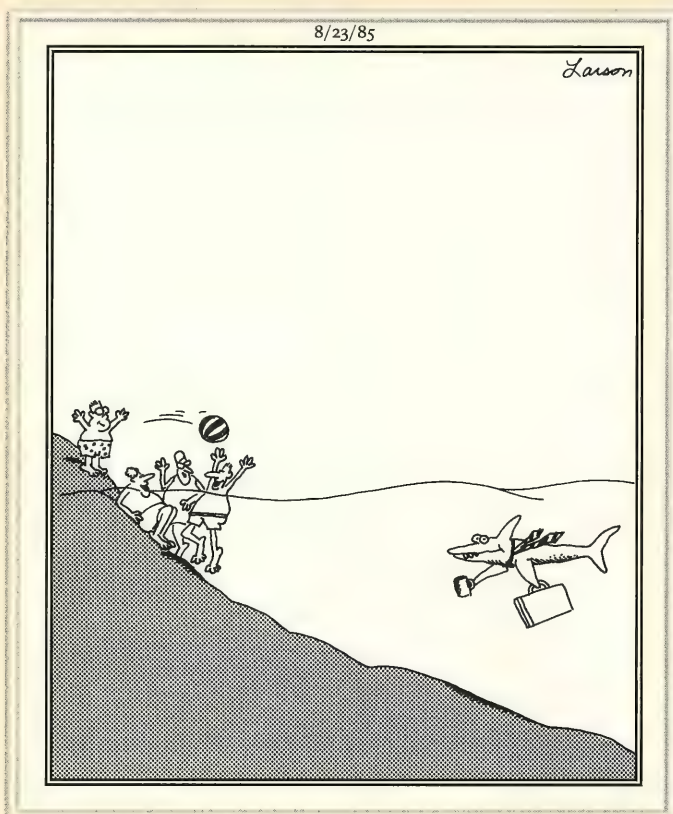


"Hey! I'm coming, I'm coming—  
just cross your legs and wait!"

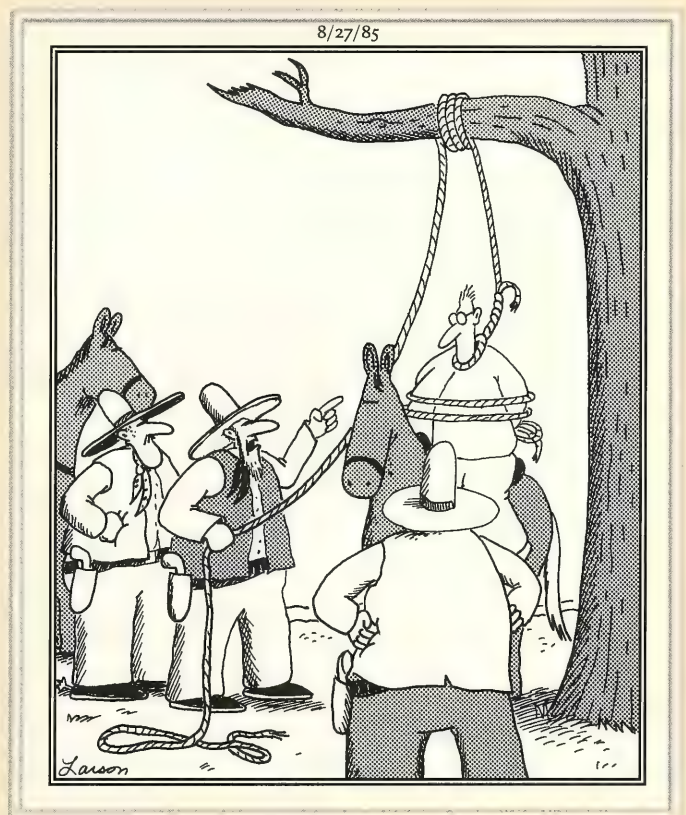




"Goldberg, you idiot! Don't play tricks on those things—they can't distinguish between 'laughing with' and 'laughing at'!"



The shark on the go



"One more time, stranger—if you're *really* an old cowhand from the Rio Grande, then how come your legs ain't bowed and your cheeks ain't tan?"



8/31/85

Larson



Billy leaves home to join the zoo, but returns the next day after being told that, as an animal, he was just "too common."

8/26/85



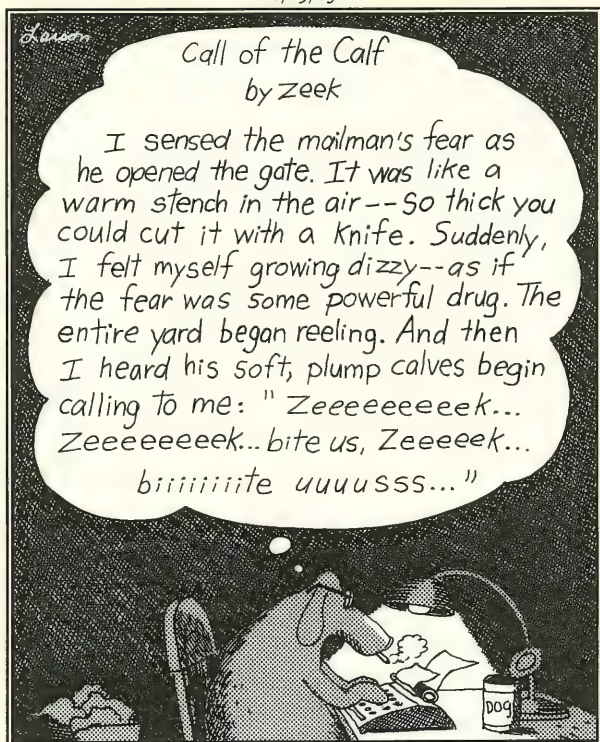
Dumb ox

8/29/85

Larson

Call of the Calf  
by Zeek

I sensed the mailman's fear as he opened the gate. It was like a warm stench in the air--so thick you could cut it with a knife. Suddenly, I felt myself growing dizzy--as if the fear was some powerful drug. The entire yard began reeling. And then I heard his soft, plump calves begin calling to me: "Zeeeeeeeeek... Zeeeeeeeeek... bite us, Zeeeeek... biiiiiiiite uuuusss..."



Creative dog writing

8/28/85



"According to the map, this should be the place—but it sure don't look right to me. ... Well, we're supposed to die around here somewhere."





When fleas go unchecked



"Betty, you fool! Don't tease that thing!"

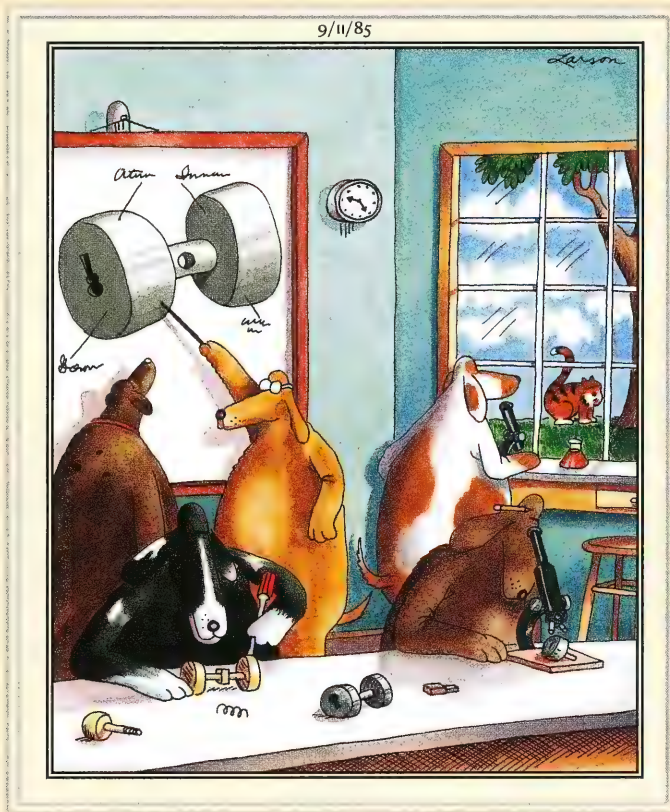


"Now, I want you all to know this cat's *not* from the market—Rusty caught it himself."

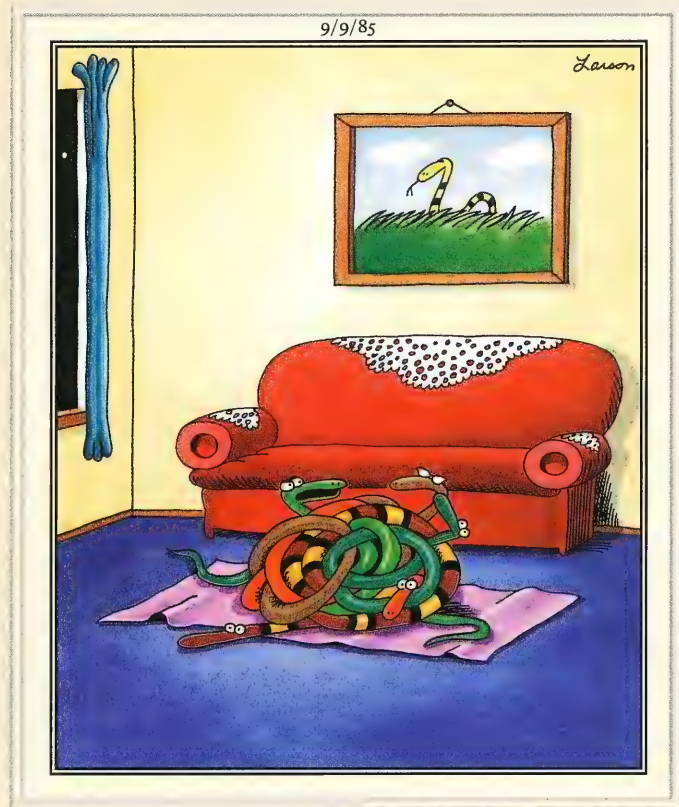


Tarzan contemplates another entry.

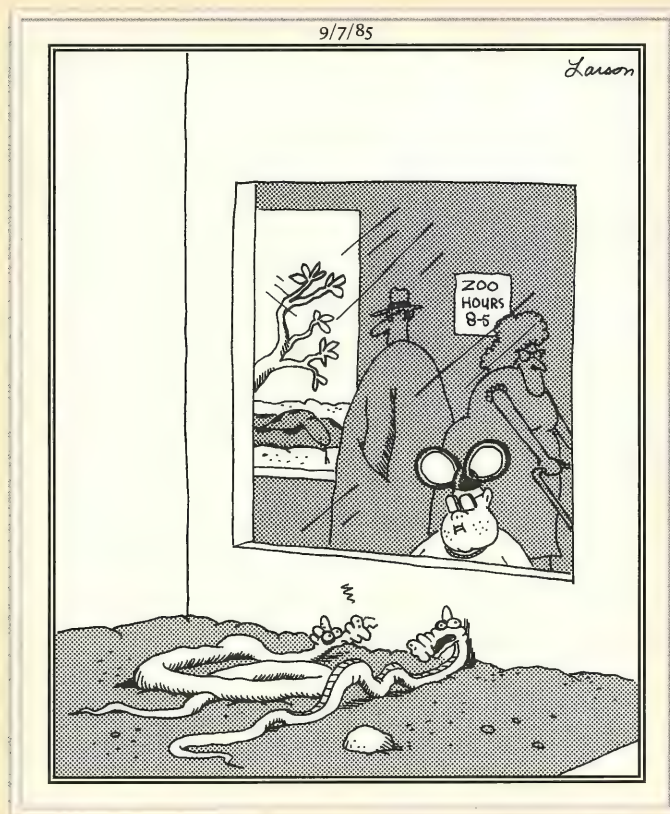




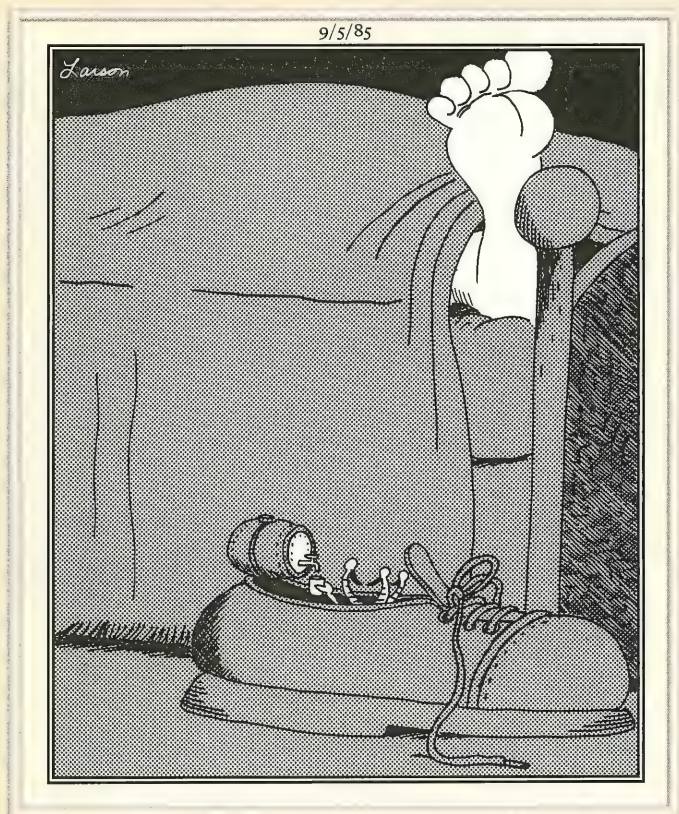
Knowing how it could change the lives of canines everywhere, the dog scientists struggled diligently to understand the Doorknob Principle.



"This was *your* suggestion, Edna! ... 'Let's play Twister, everyone, let's play Twister!'"

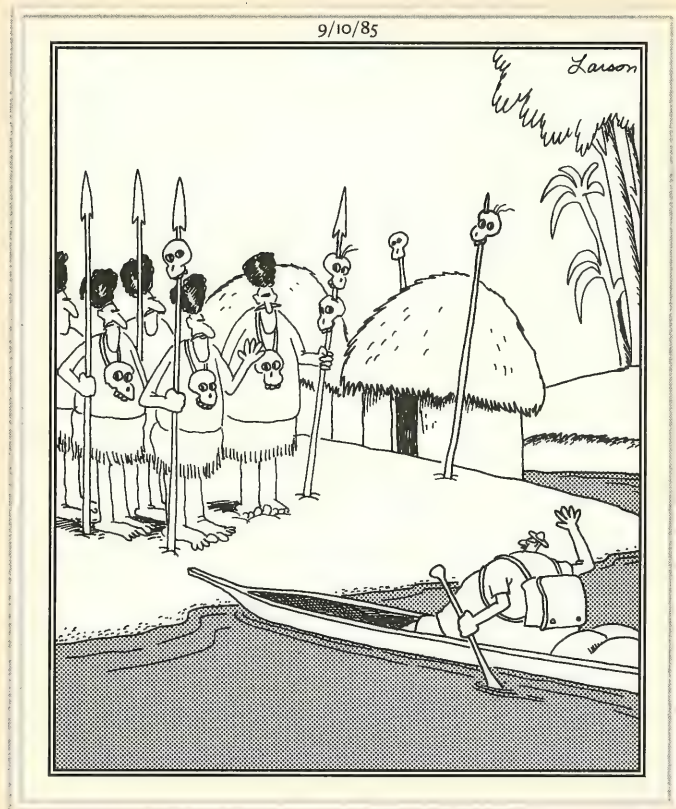


"Is it still there?"



The kegger lasted well into the night, and on the following morning Dale thrust his foot into a nest of cranky, hung over, stimulus-response scorpions.





Through patience and training, Professor Carmichael believed he was one of the few scientists who could freely visit the dangerous Wakendas.



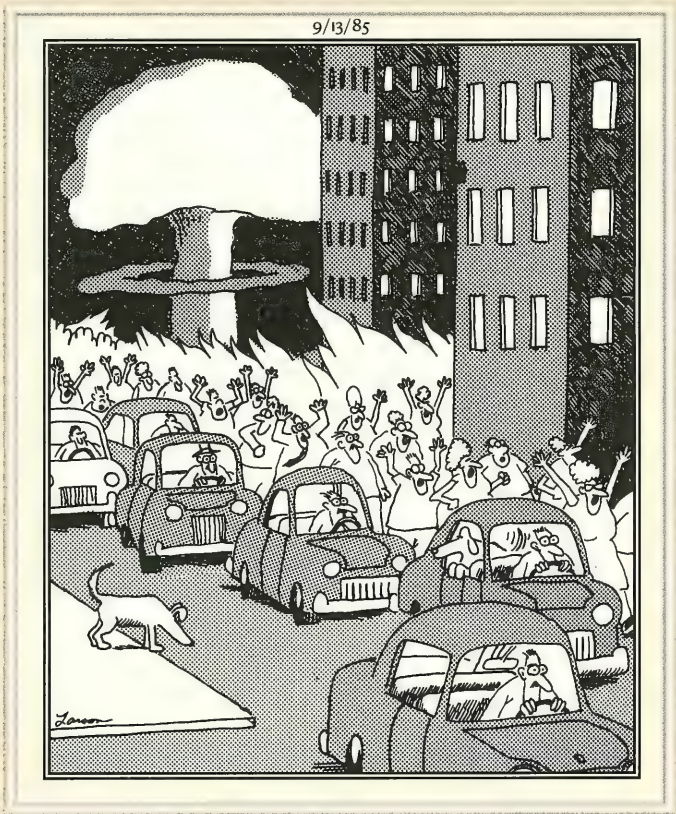
"Varmints! ... You're all just a bunch of cheatin' varmints!"



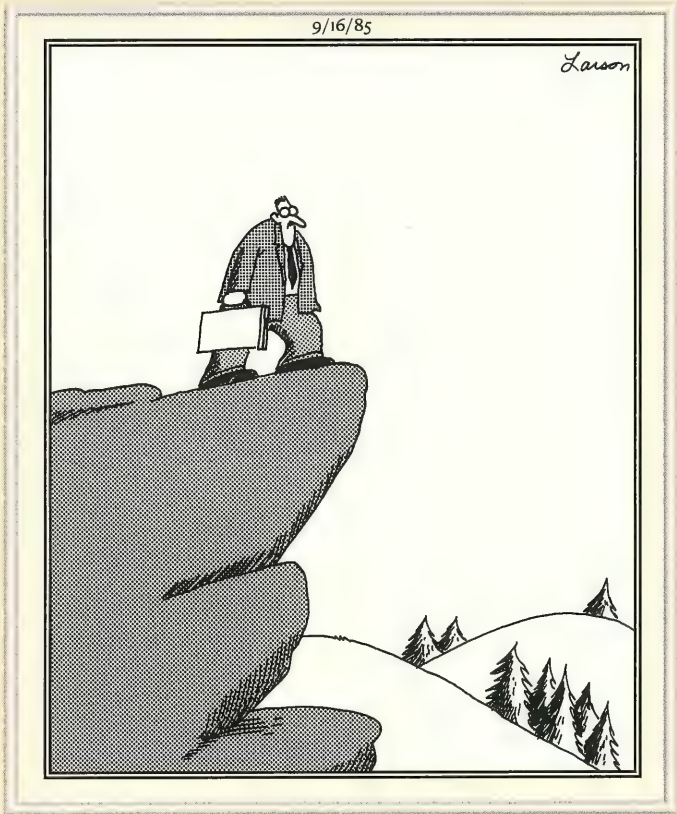




“Oh, what a cute little Siamese. ... Is he friendly?”

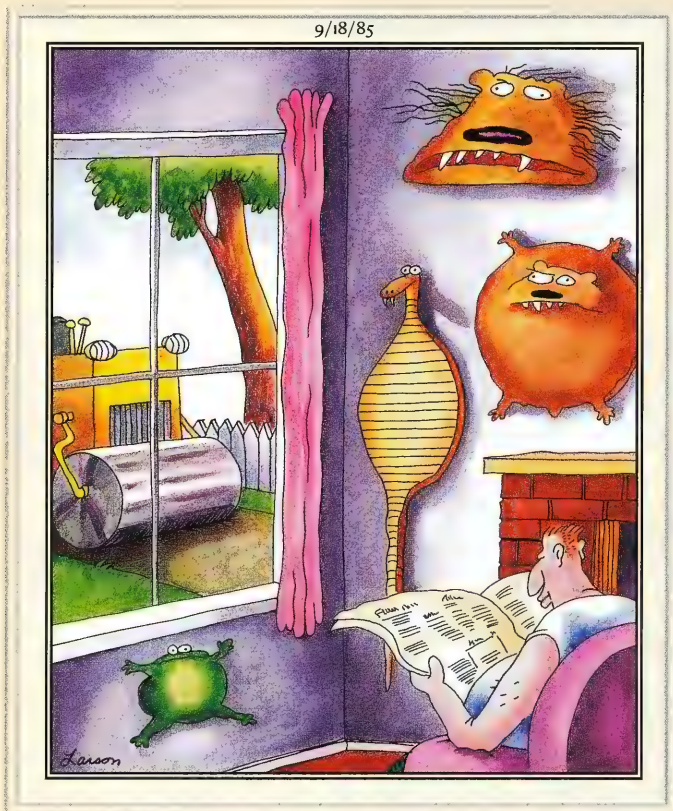


And then Jake saw something that grabbed his attention.

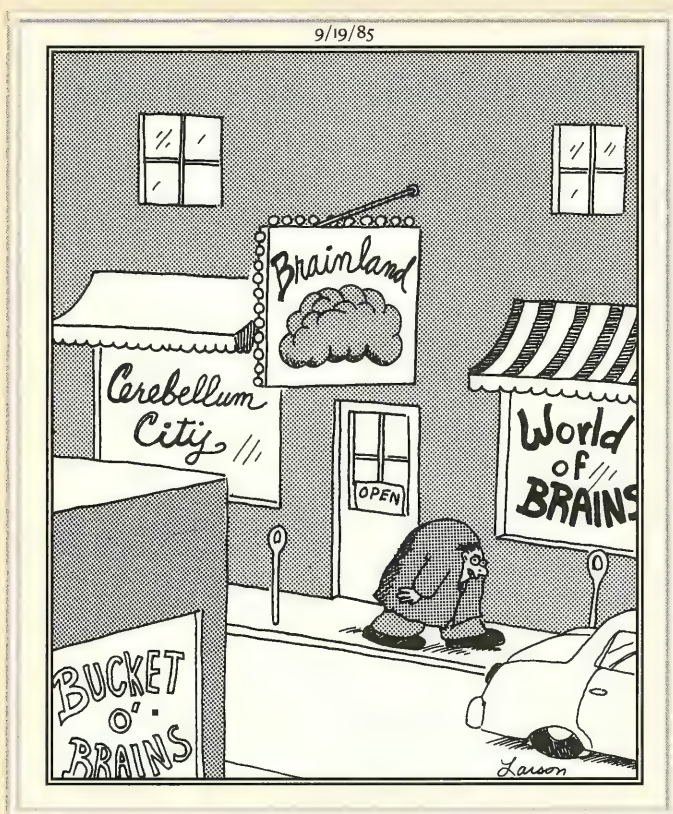


Seymour Frishberg: Accountant of the Wild Frontier

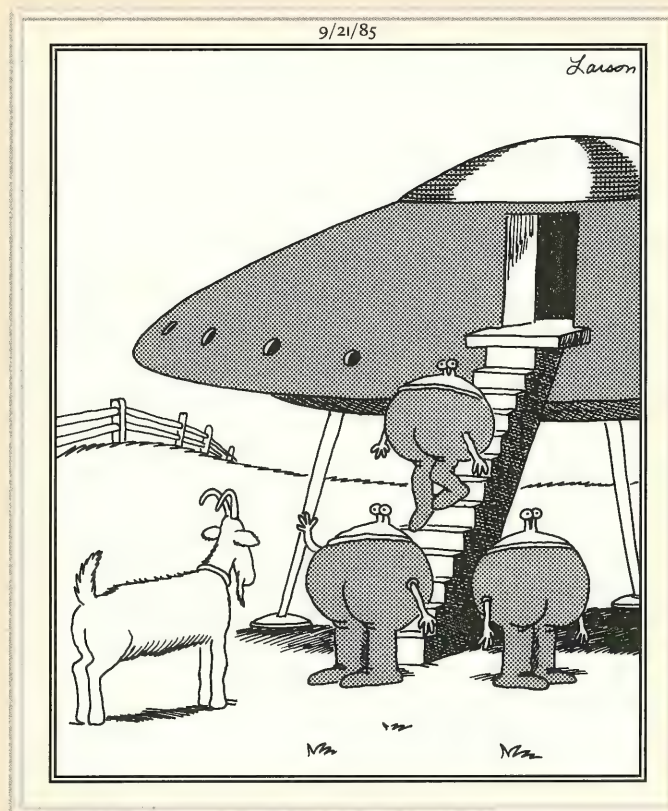




"Python ... and he's home."

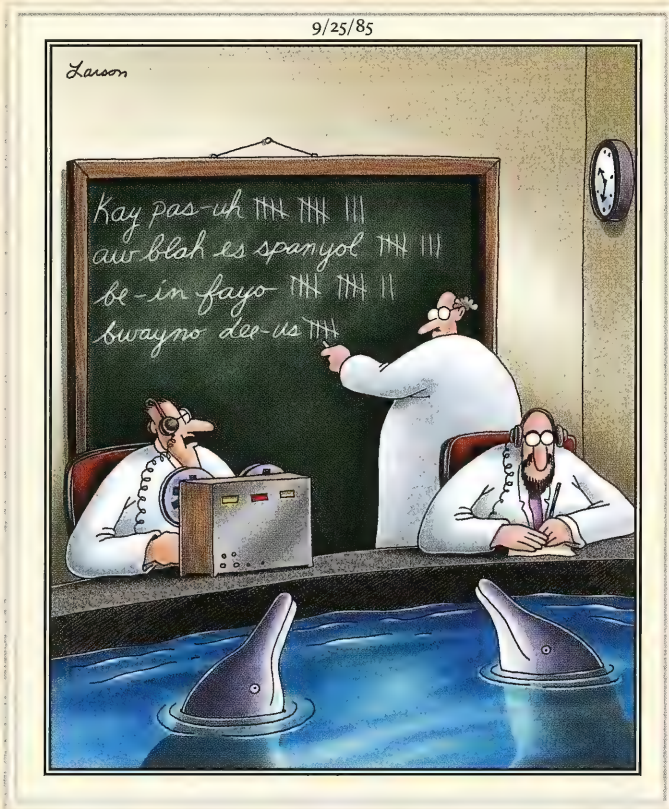


Igor goes shopping.

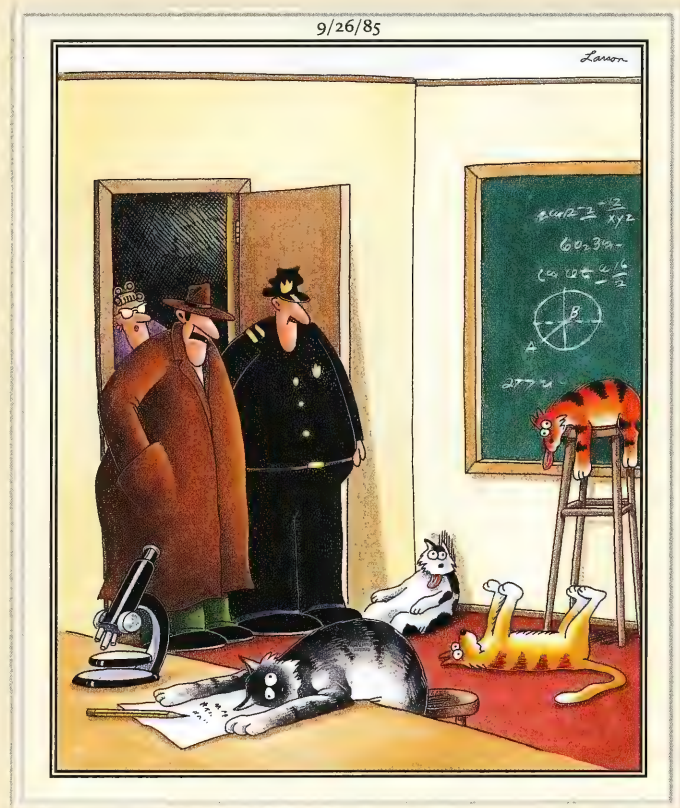


When worlds collide

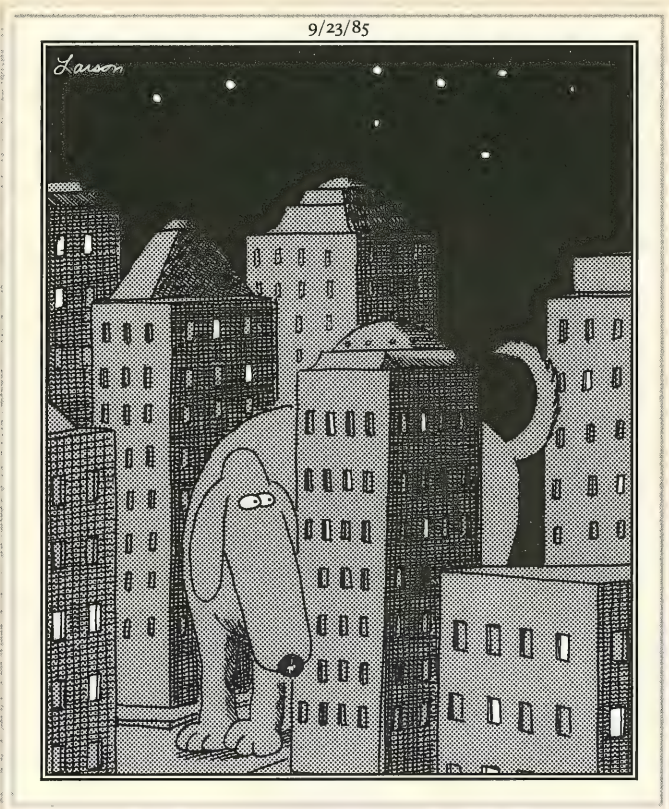




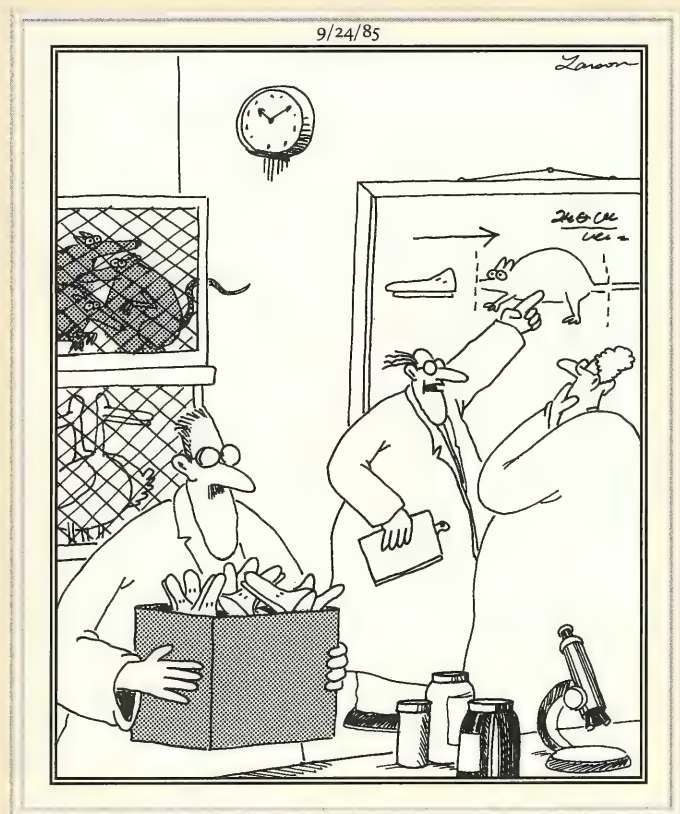
"Matthews ... we're getting another one of those strange 'aw blah es span yol' sounds."



"Notice all the computations, theoretical scribblings, and lab equipment, Norm. ... Yes, curiosity killed these cats."

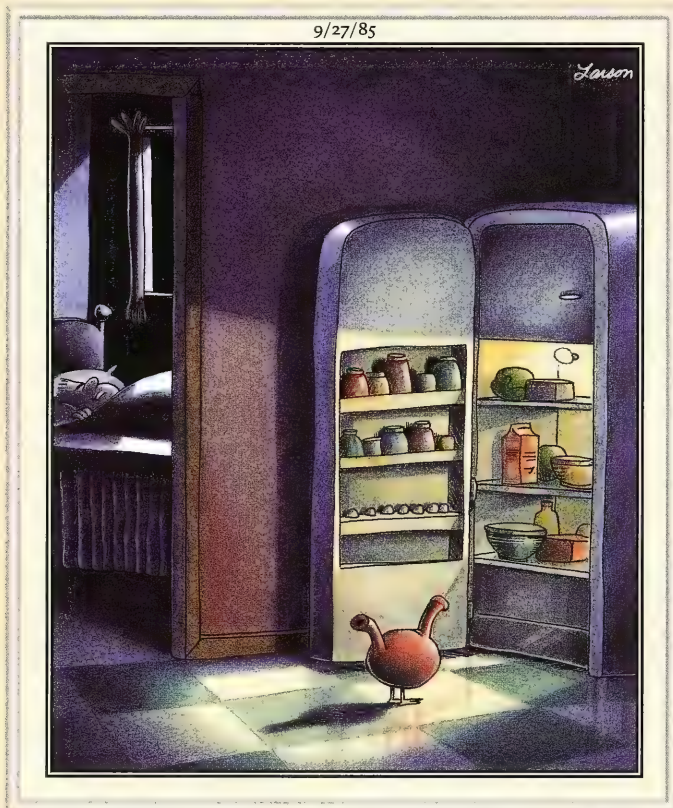


While the city slept, Dogzilla moved quietly from building to building.

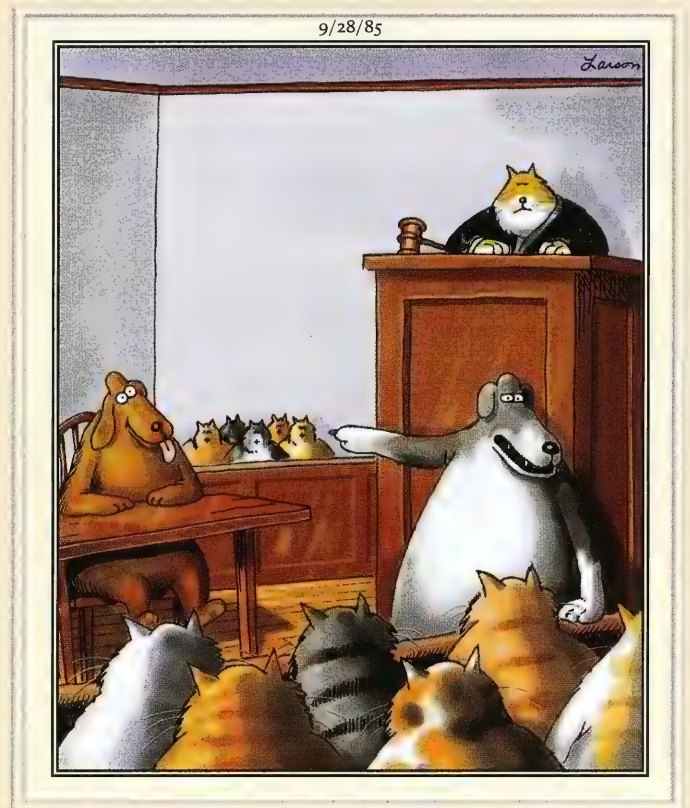


Feb. 27, 1907: The duck-billed platypus is invented.





Late at night, his own stomach would foil Gordon's attempt at dieting.



"A cat killer? Is that the face of a cat killer? Cat chaser maybe. But hey—who isn't?"



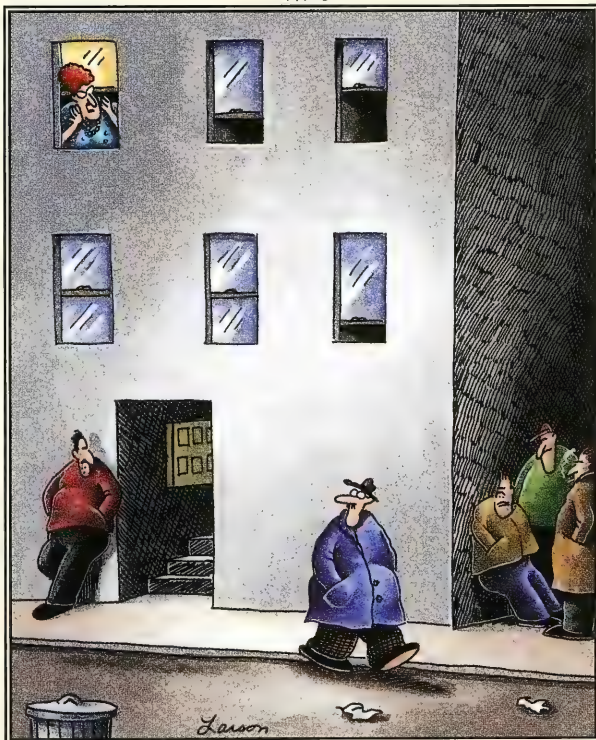
The Arnolds feign death until the Wagners, sensing the sudden awkwardness, are compelled to leave.



10/3/85

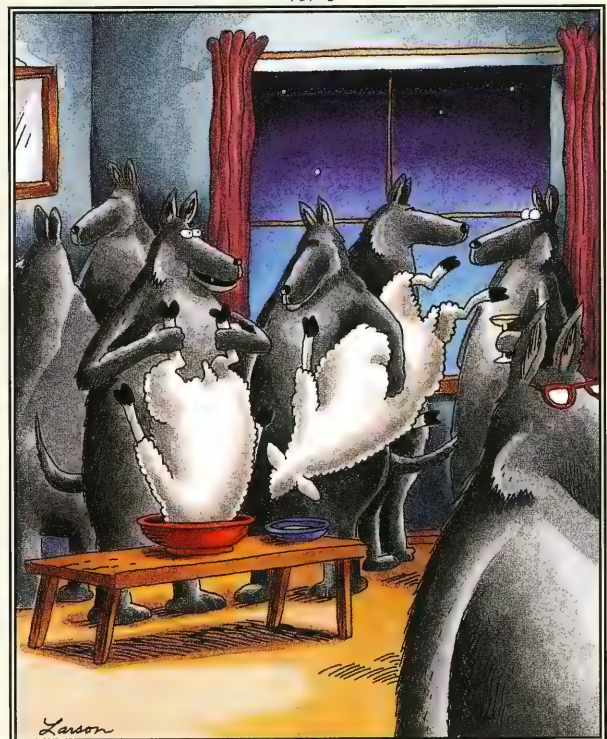


10/7/85



"Sidney! I made a mistake! ... Deposit the \$50 check into savings, and put the \$500 in cash into checking!"

10/9/85

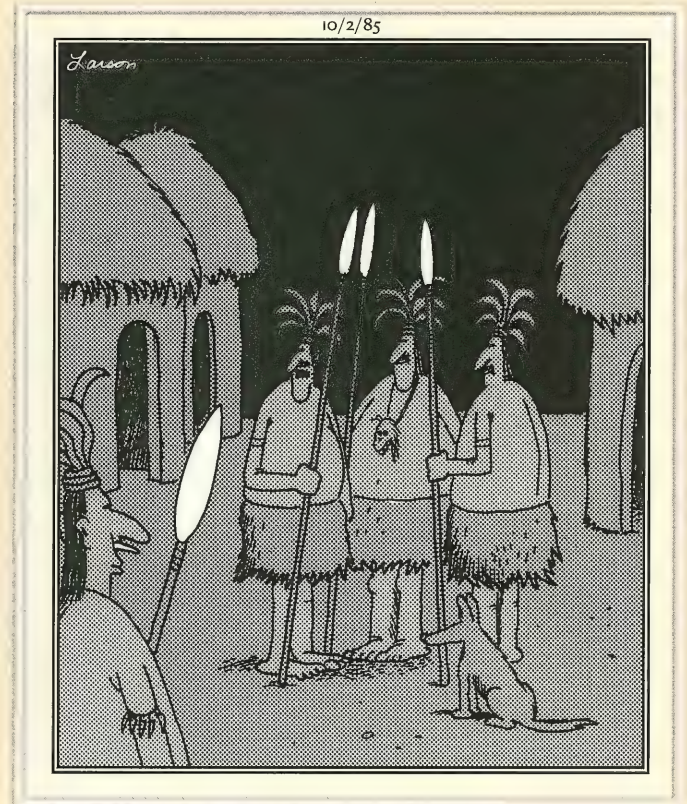


"Well, I'm addicted. ... Have you tried Carol's sheep dip?"

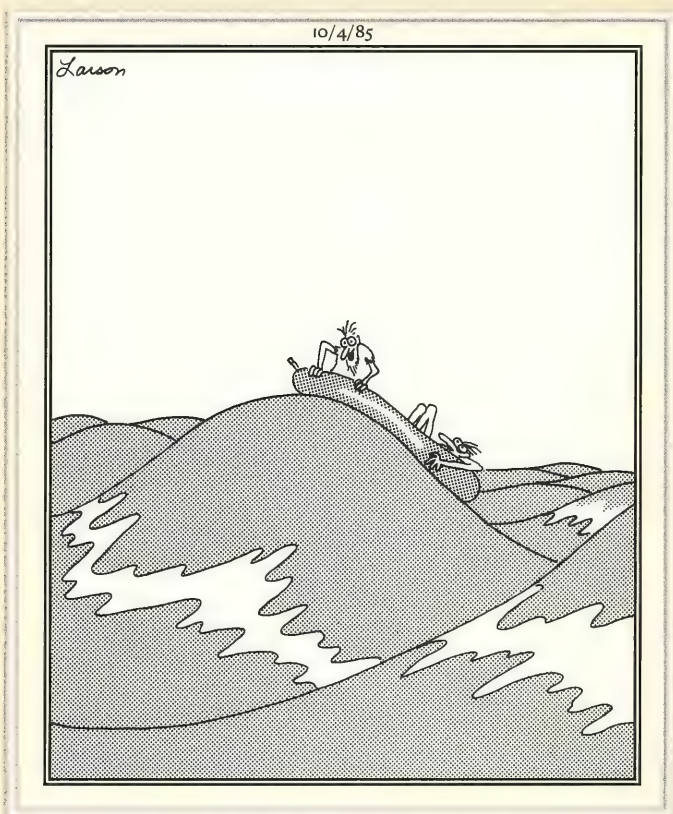




The ghost of Baron Rudolph von Guggenheim, 16th-century nobleman murdered by the Countess Rowena DuBois and her lover (believed to be the Duke of Norwood), falls into Edna's bean dip.



"And now here comes Zubulu. If this isn't weird—middle of the night, and for some reason we're all restless."



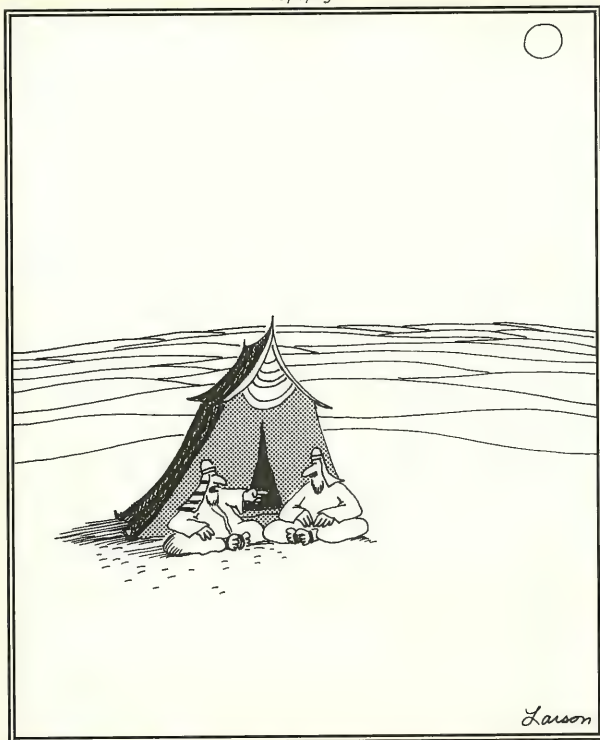
"Here comes another big one, Roy, and here—we—goooooowheeeeeeeooo!"



After reaching the far side, Tonga cut the bridge—sending the outraged suburbanites into the river below. Their idol was now his ... as well as its curse.

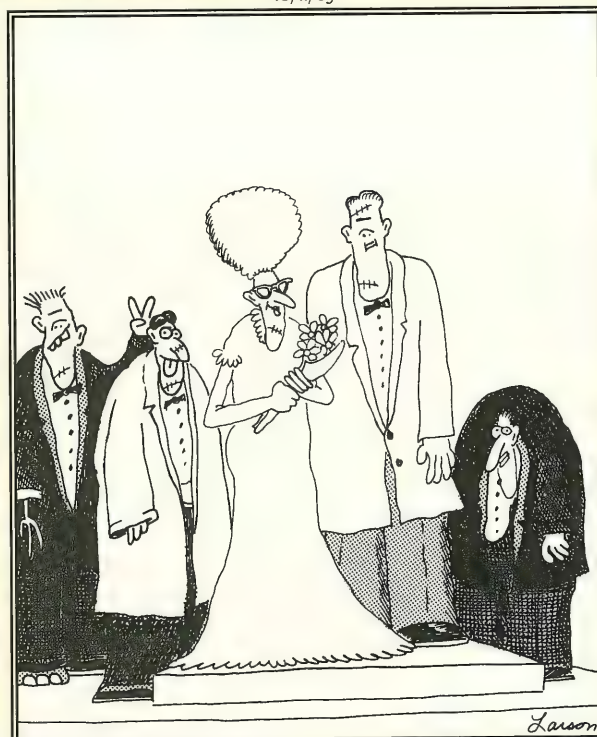


10/8/85



"Quick, Abdul! Desert—one 's' or two?"

10/11/85



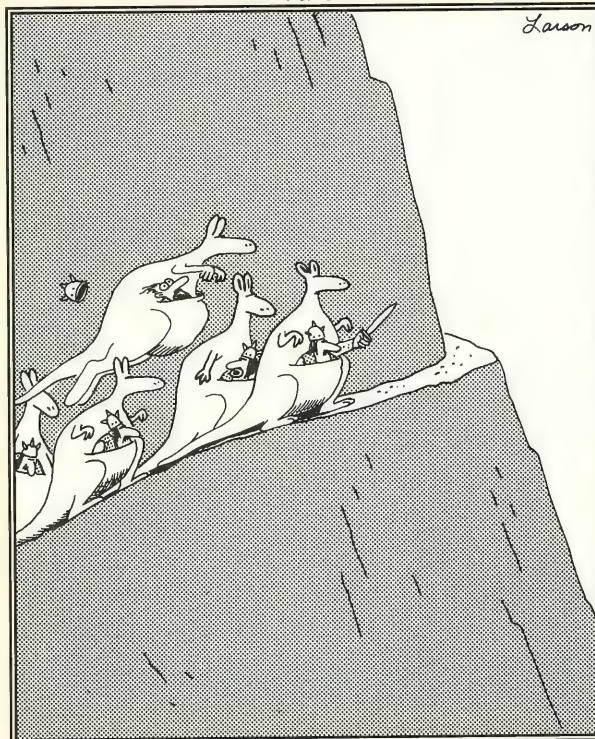
The bride, best man, and ushers  
of Frankenstein

10/12/85



"Whoopsies! ... If this tomb *does* have a  
curse on it, Webster, I daresay we'll be  
the first to find out."

10/15/85

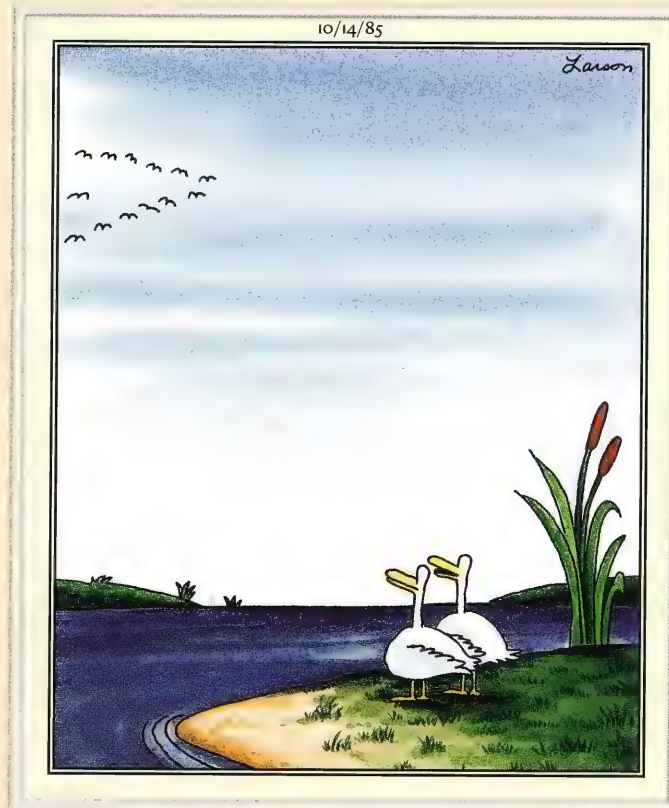


Hannibal's first attempt

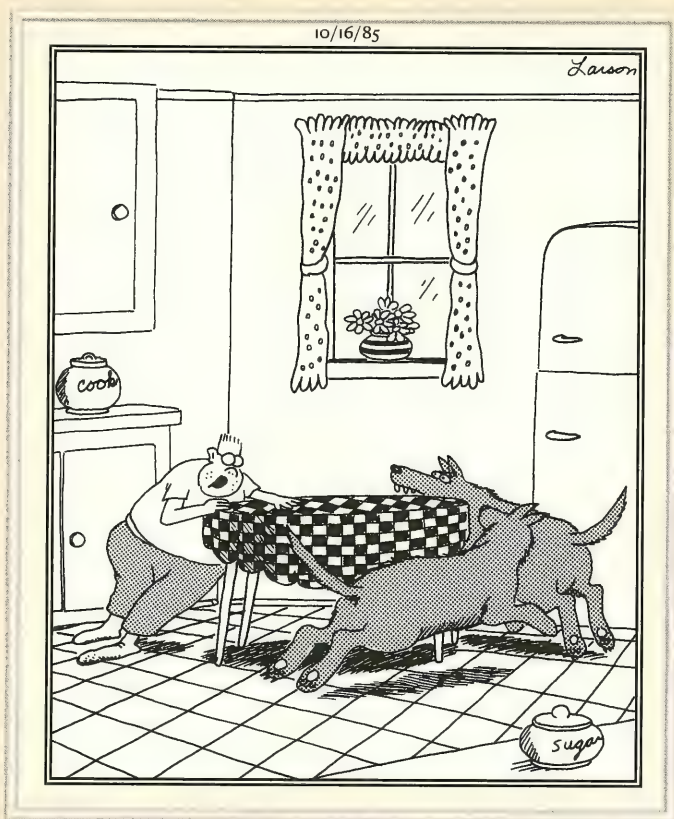




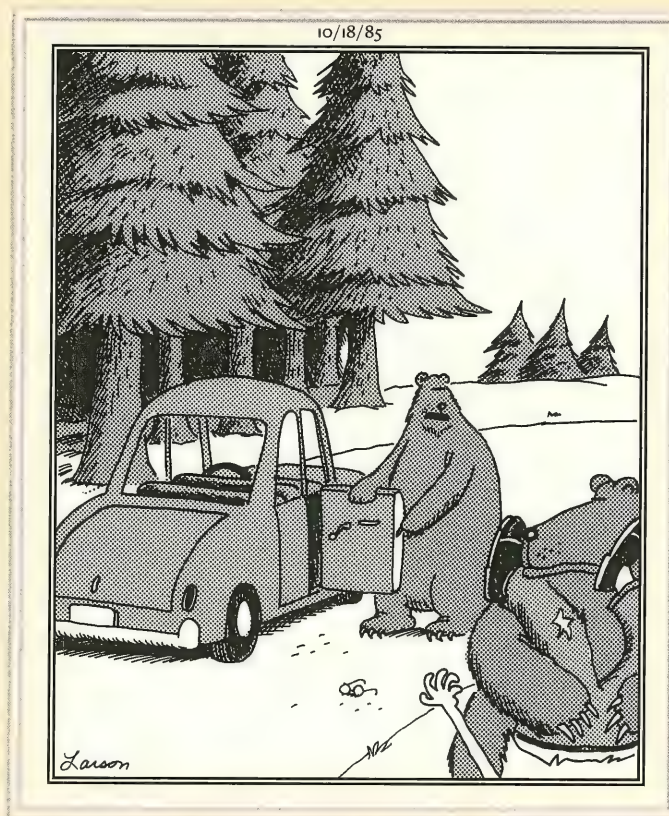
"Be back by suppertime, Hump. ... And as always, you be careful!"



"I just can't tell from here. ... That could either be our flock, another flock, or just a bunch of little m's."

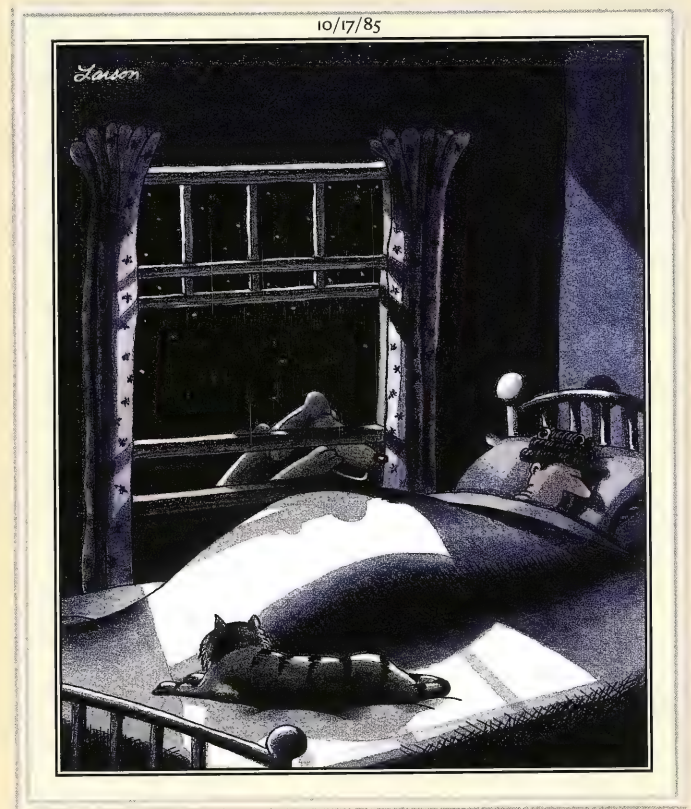


Luposlipaphobia: The fear of being pursued by timber wolves around a kitchen table while wearing socks on a newly waxed floor.

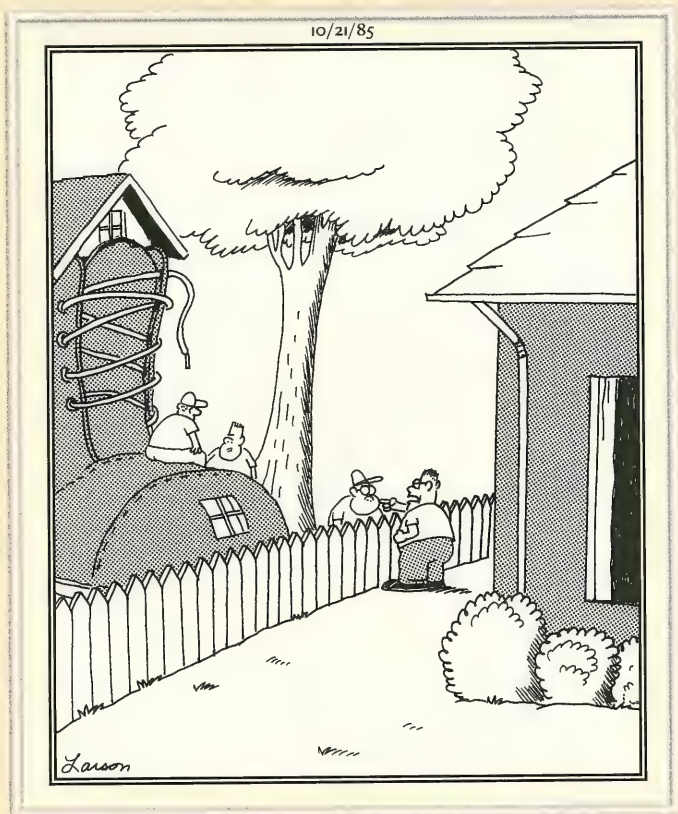


"Wait a minute, Stan. ... These are good hubcaps. If we don't take 'em, it's a cinch some other bears will."

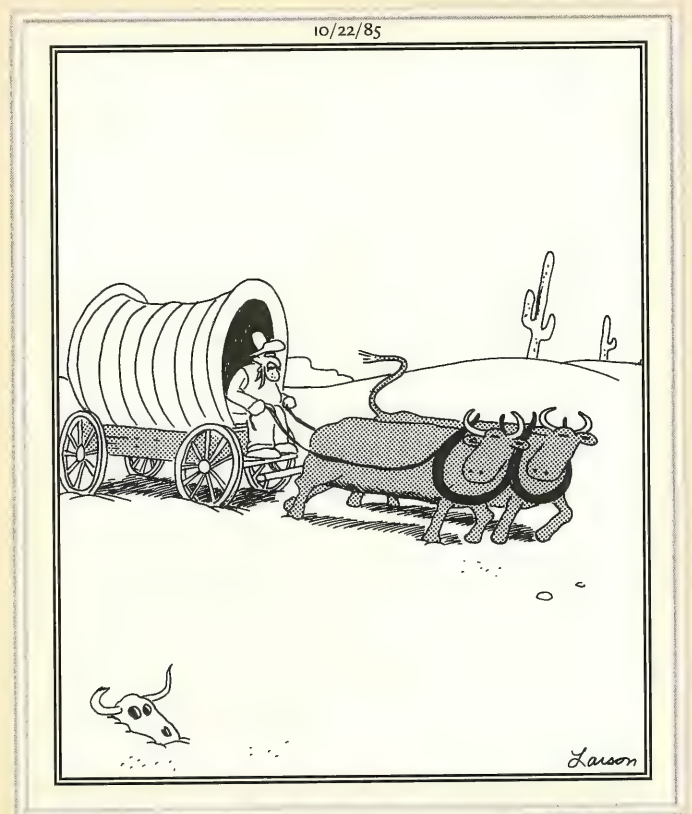




"Puuuut the caaaaat ouuuuuuuuut. ...  
Puuuut the caaaaat ouuuuuuuuut. ..."



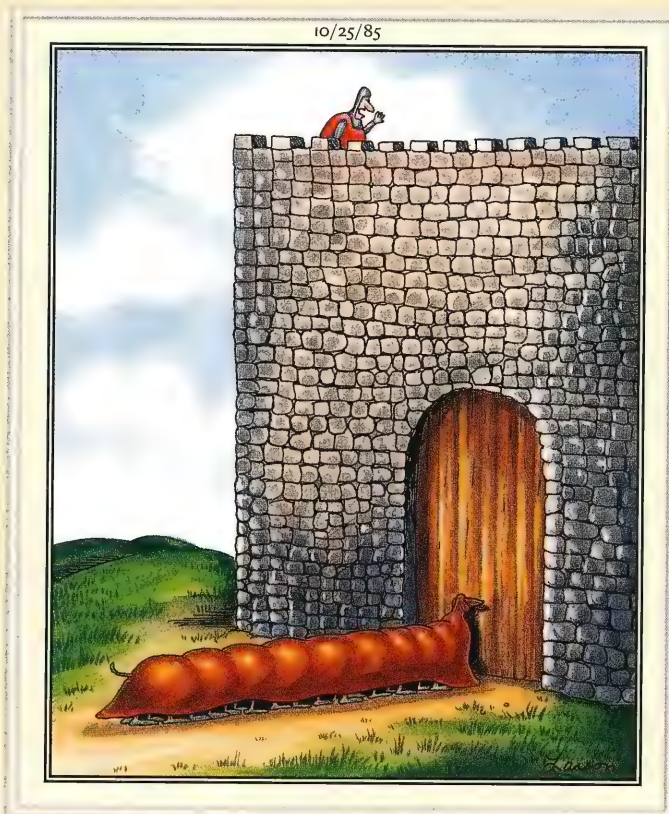
"Oh, yeaaaaah? ... *Your mother lives in an Army boot!*"



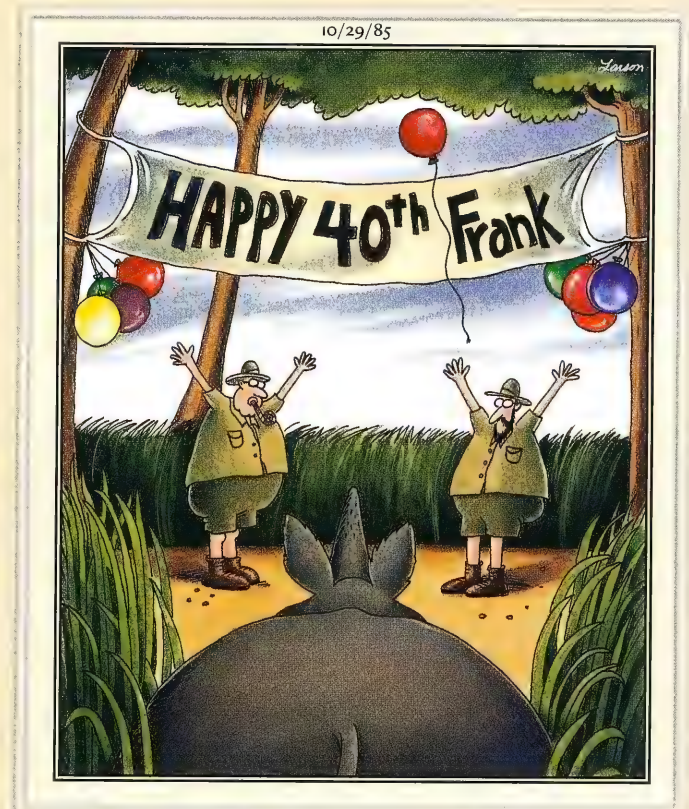




Duggy's science project gets in Mr. Og's hair.

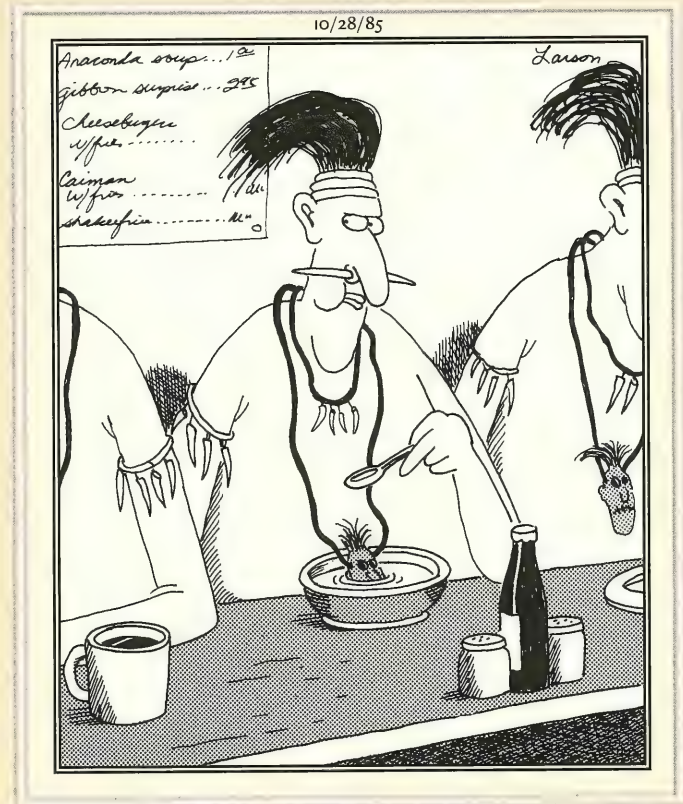


"Open the gate! It's a big wiener dog!"

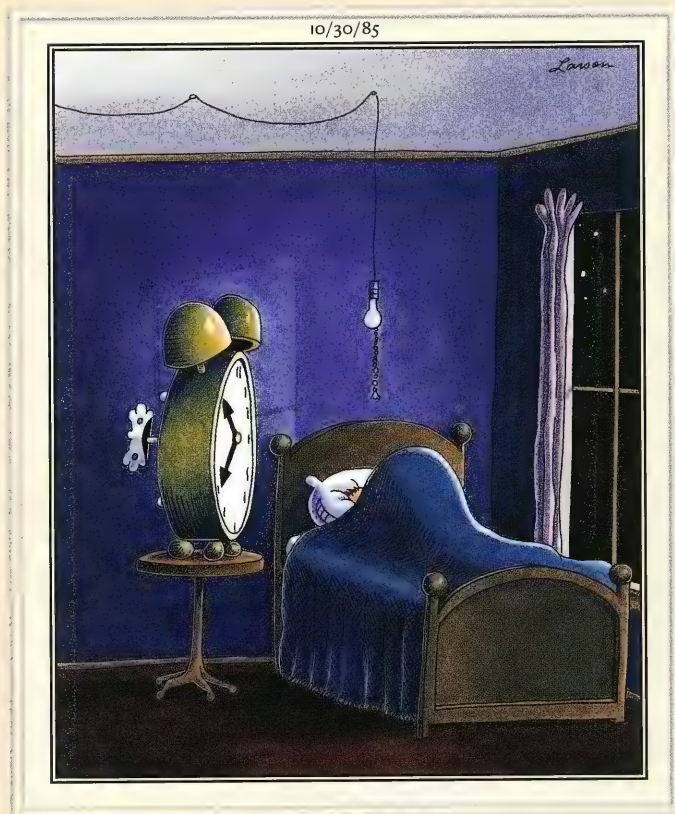


Suddenly, everything froze. Only the buzzing of the tsetse flies could be heard. The crackling grass wasn't Cummings returning to camp after all, but an animal who didn't like to be surprised.

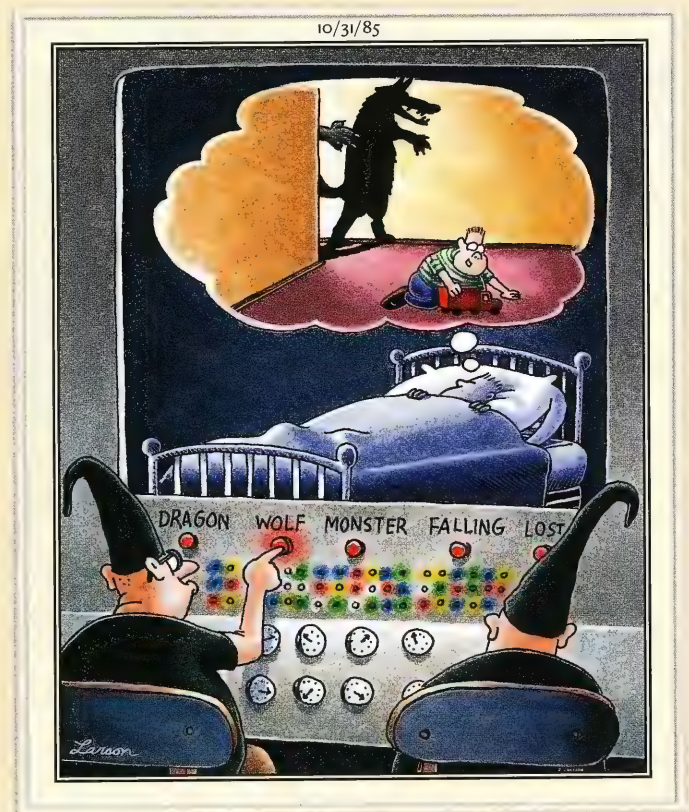




Nanoonga froze—worrying less about ruining a good head than he did the social faux pas.

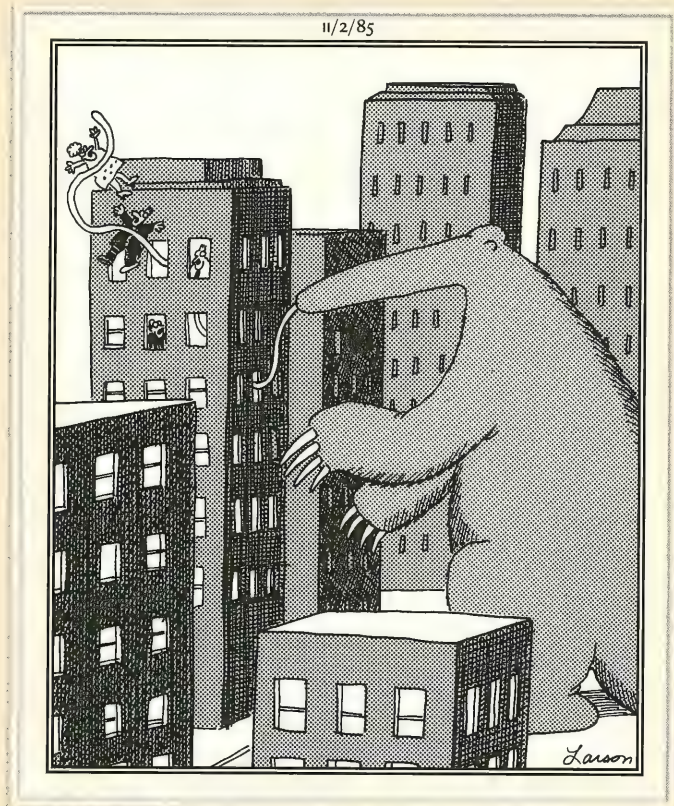


Quasimodo ends his day.



The nightmare makers

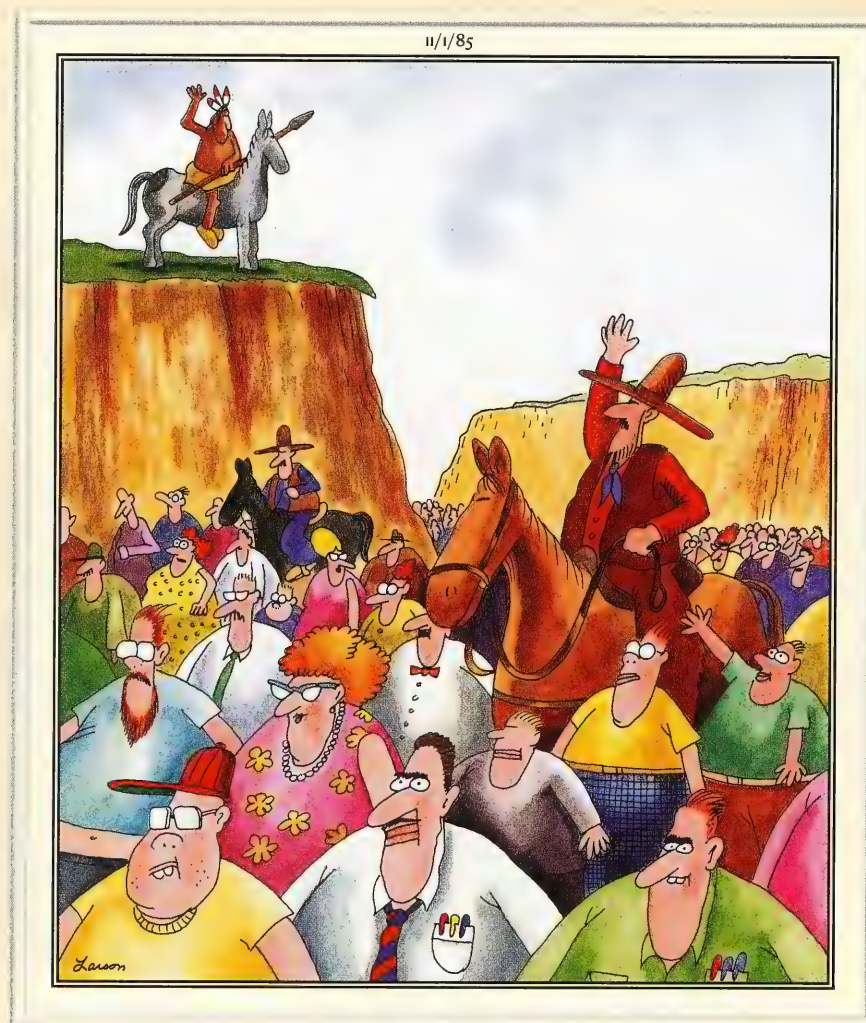




Manvark decimating an office mound

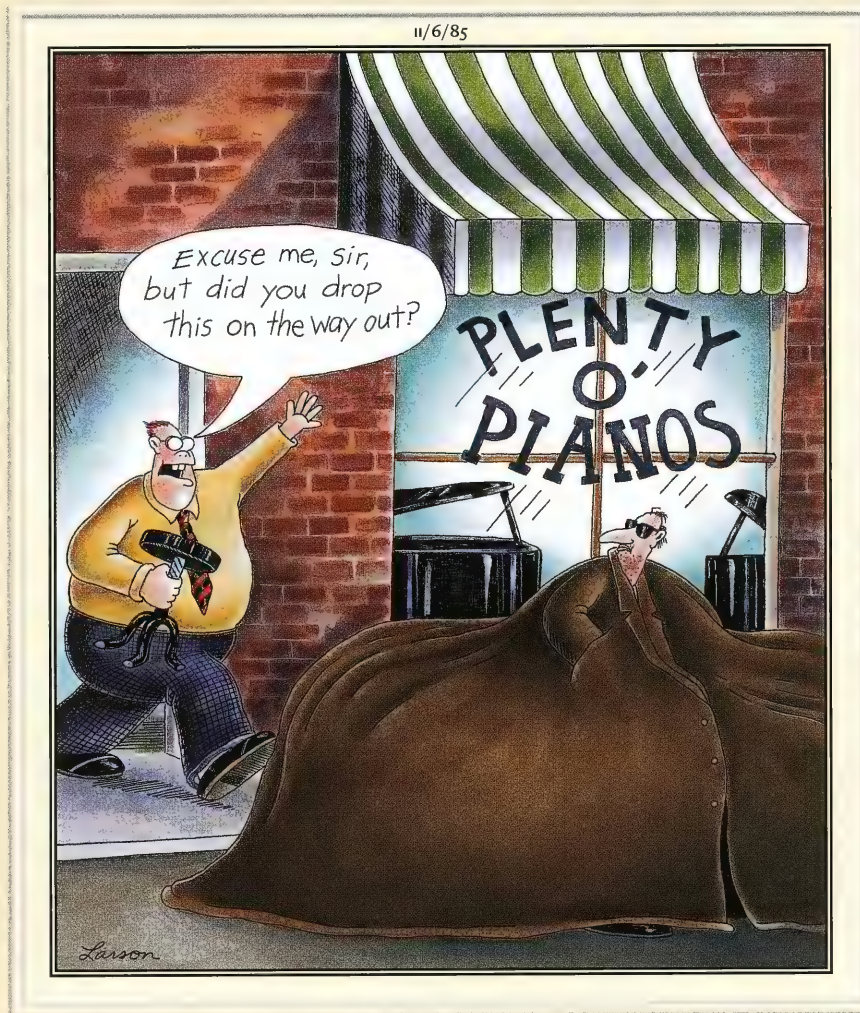


At the Comedians' Cemetery

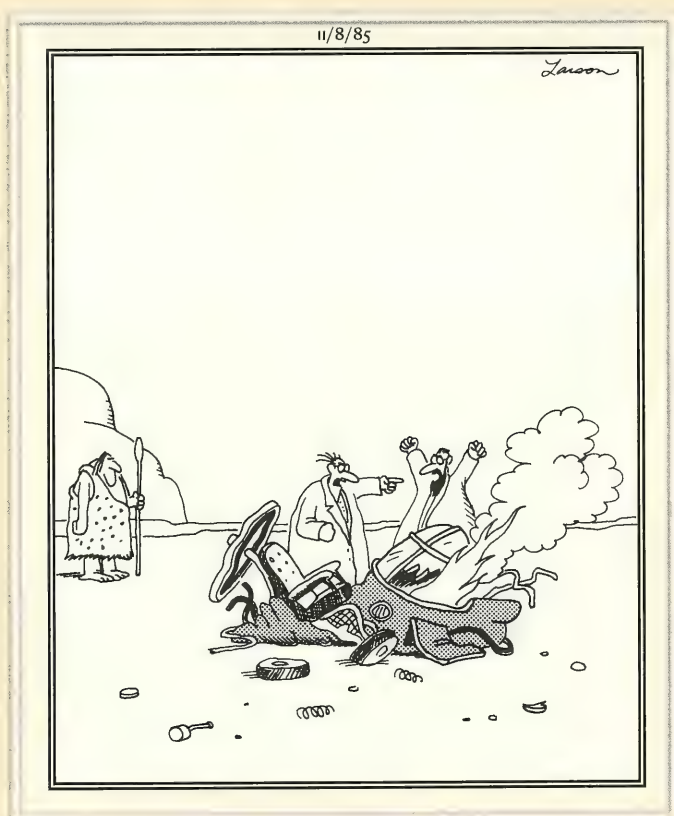


The Great Nerd Drive of '76

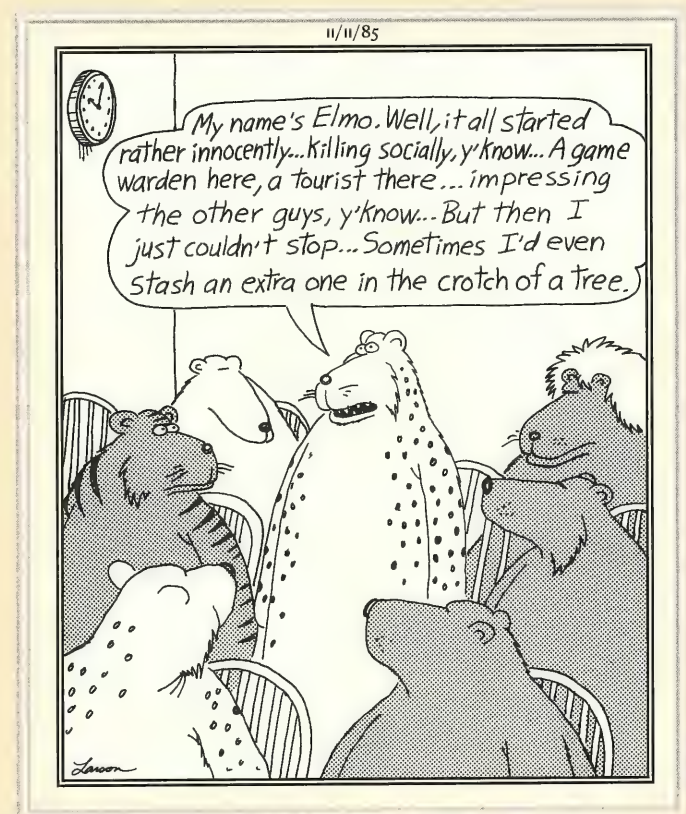




Stupid clerks

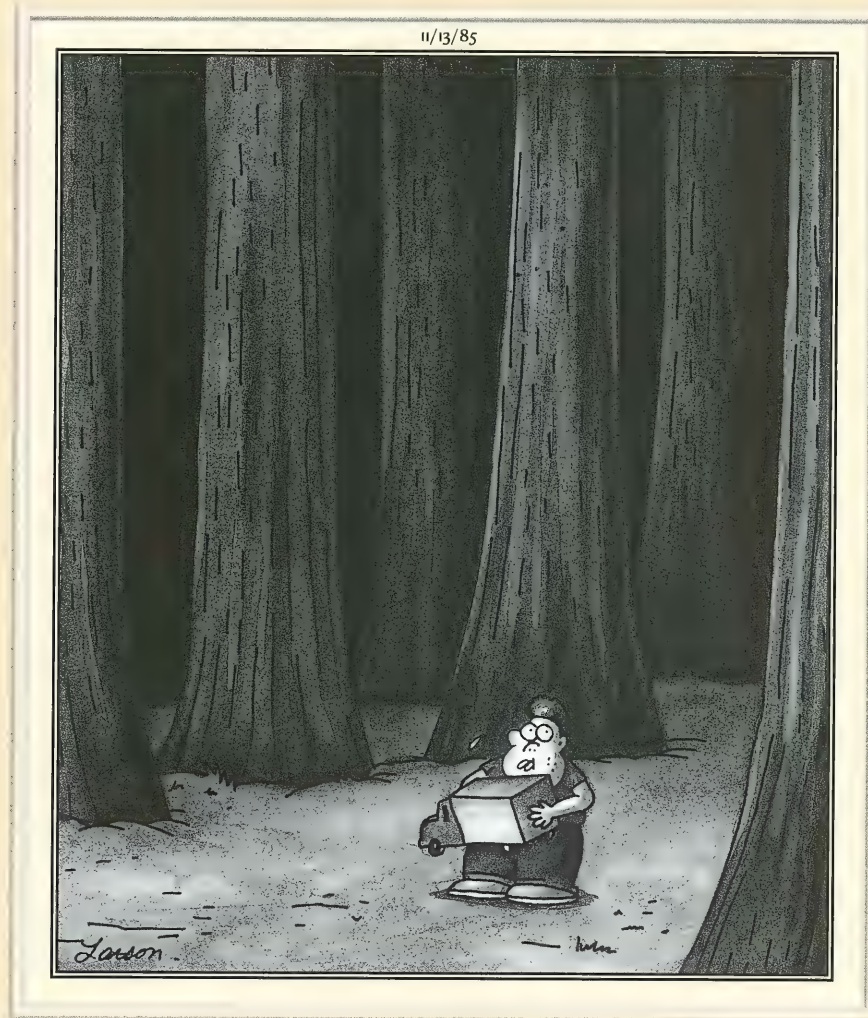


Tempers flare when Professors Carlson and Lazzell, working independently, ironically set their time machines to identical coordinates.



At Maneaters Anonymous

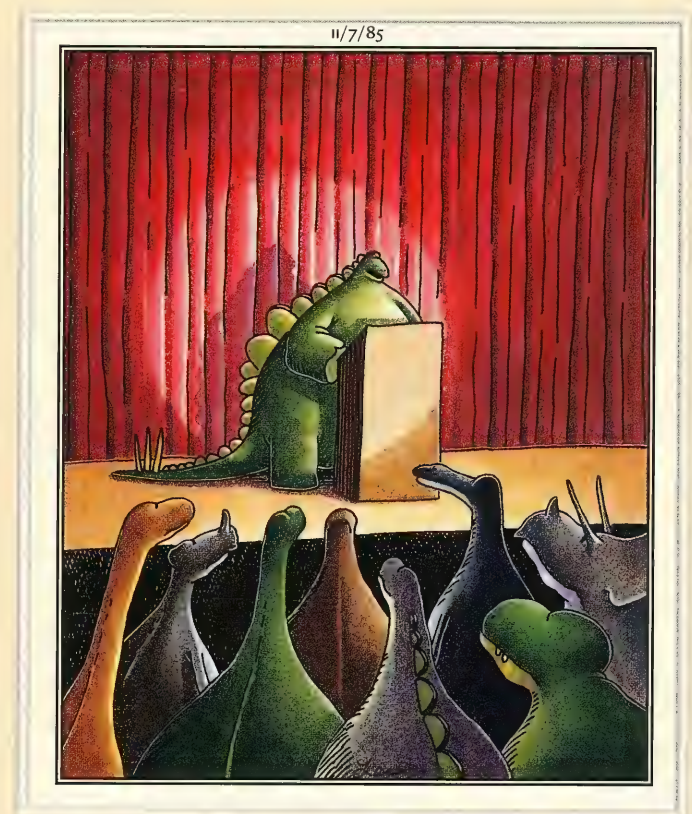




Eventually, Stevie looked up: His mother was nowhere in sight, and this was certainly no longer the toy department.



"If there're monsters moving in next door, Danny, you just ignore them. The more you believe in them, the more they'll try to get you."

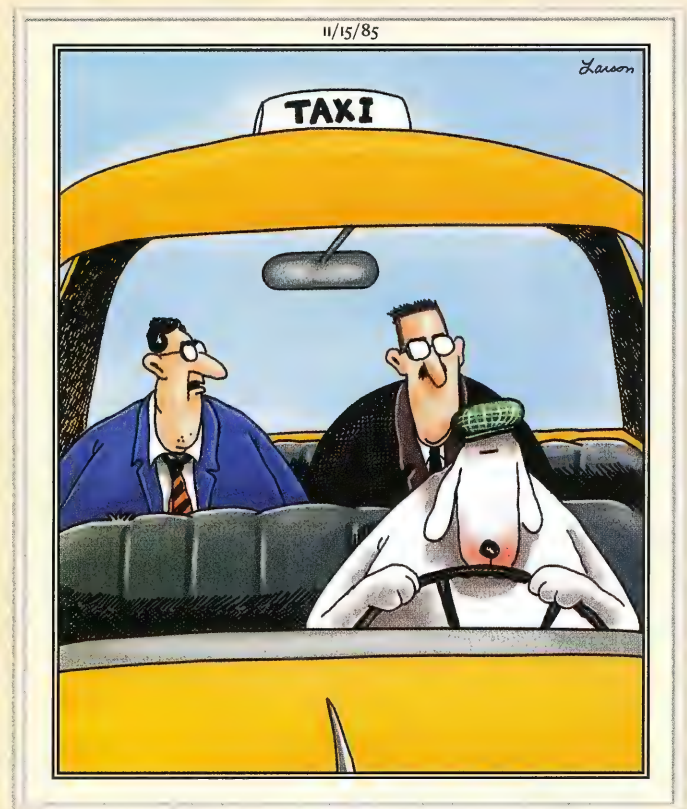


"The picture's pretty bleak, gentlemen. ... The world's climates are changing, the mammals are taking over, and we all have a brain about the size of a walnut."





The morning dew sparkled on Bill's web. The decoys were in place, his fly call was poised, and luck was in the air.



"Well, we just took the wrong exit. I know this breed, Morrison—you have to watch them every minute or WHAM, they'll turn on you."



"Saaaaaay, aren't you a stranger in these parts? Well, I don't take candy from strangers."





Garbage dumps of the wild



"Whoa! This just looks like regular spaghetti! ...  
Where's my Earthworms Alfredo?"



"C'mon, c'mon! You've done this a hundred times, Uzula; the vines *always* snap you back just before you hit. ... Remember, that's *National Geographic* down there."



11/27/85



"Well, guess who's home a little early from today's castle siege?"

11/20/85

Larson

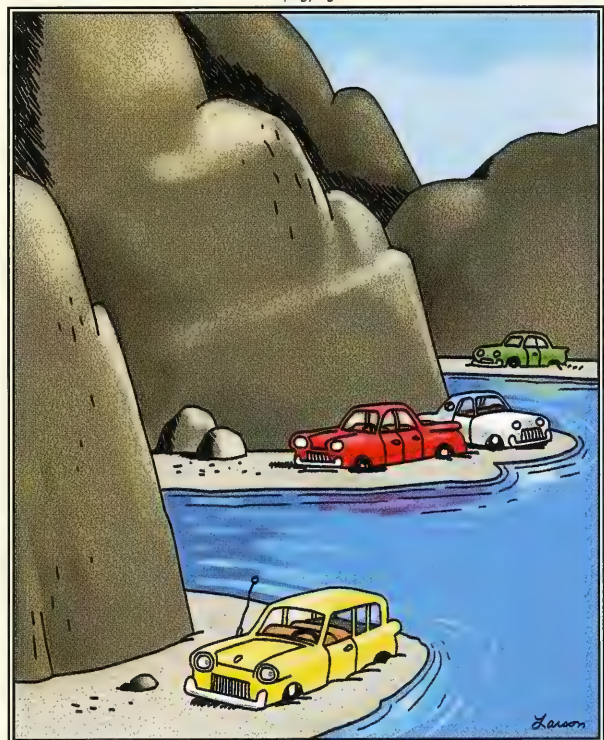


Dog endorsements

11/21/85

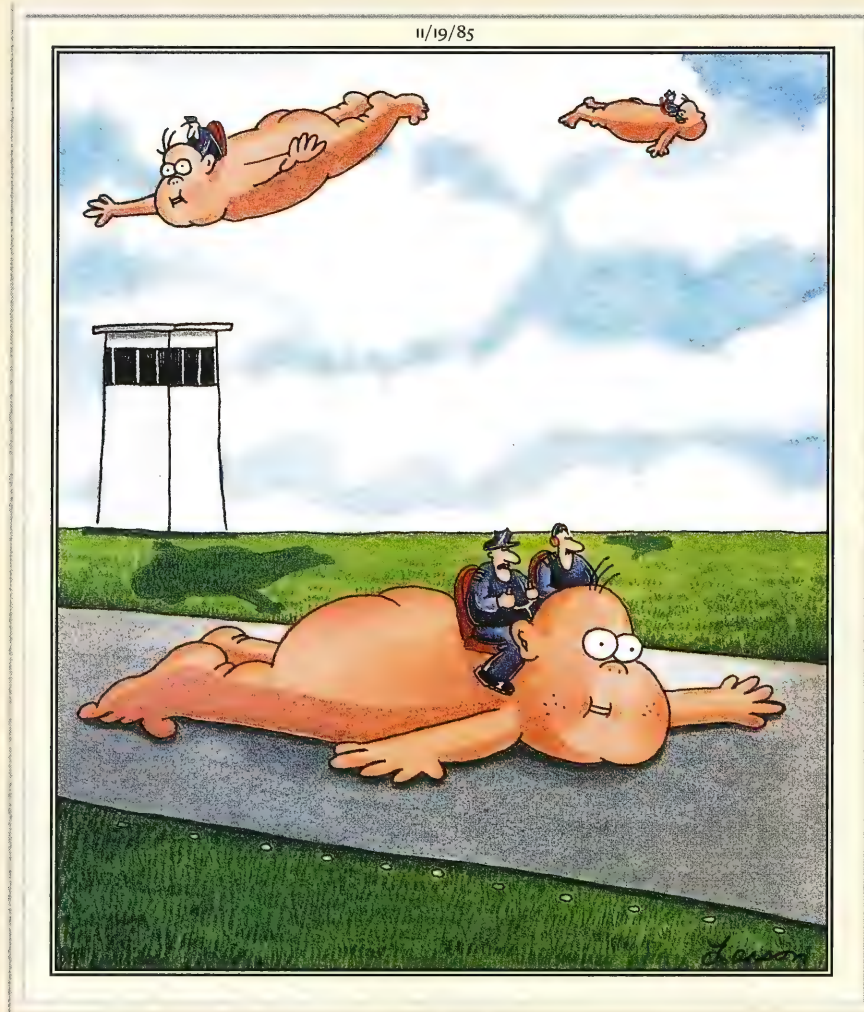


11/25/85

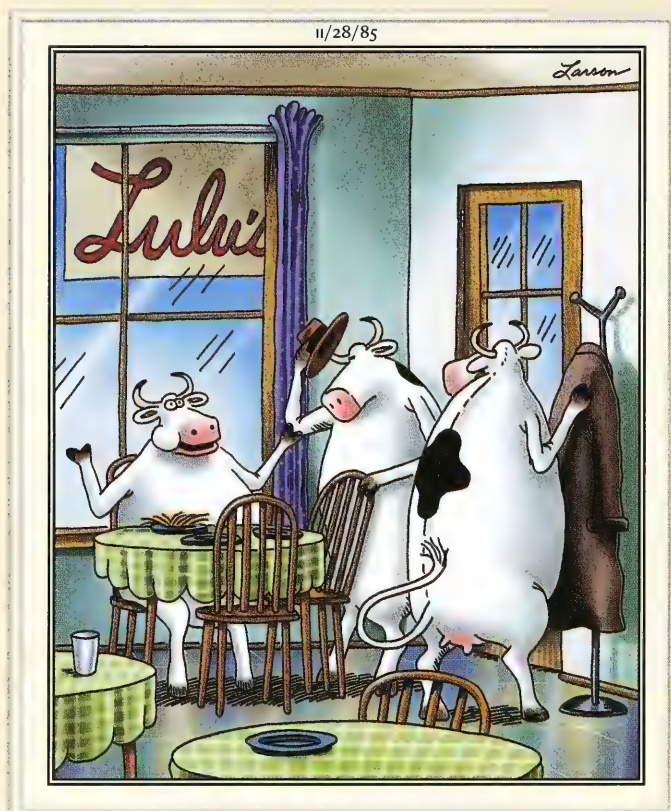


The Fords of Norway





"Fuel ... check. Lights ... check. Oil pressure ... check.  
We've got clearance. Okay, Jack—let's get this  
baby off the ground."



"Hey! Where's everybody going? I still have  
one or two empty stomachs."

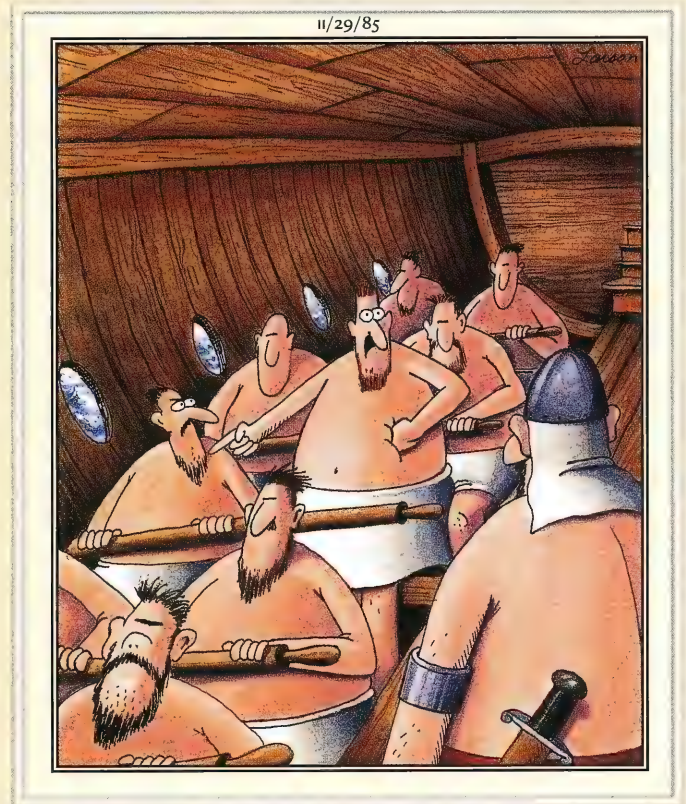


"The big fellah's gonna be A-OK, Mrs. Dickerson.  
Now, a *square* knot would've been bad news,  
but this just appears to be a 'granny.'"

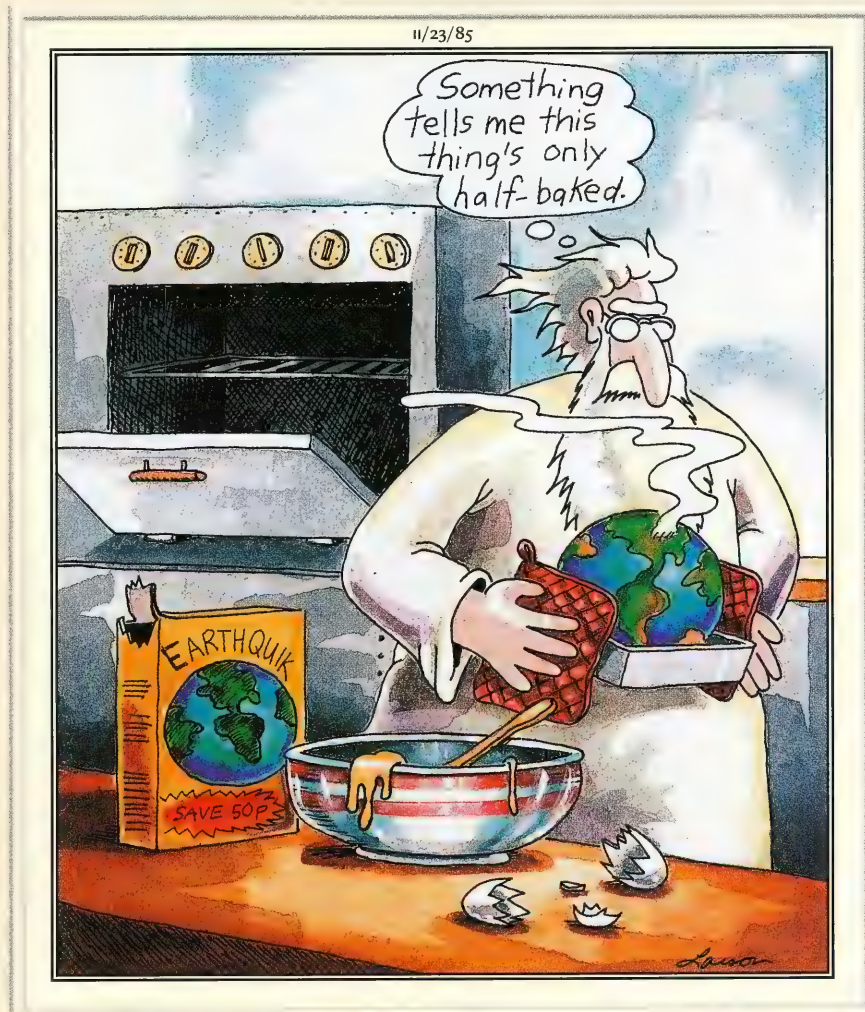




"Bigger, Wayne, bigger! It's gonna be a record!"

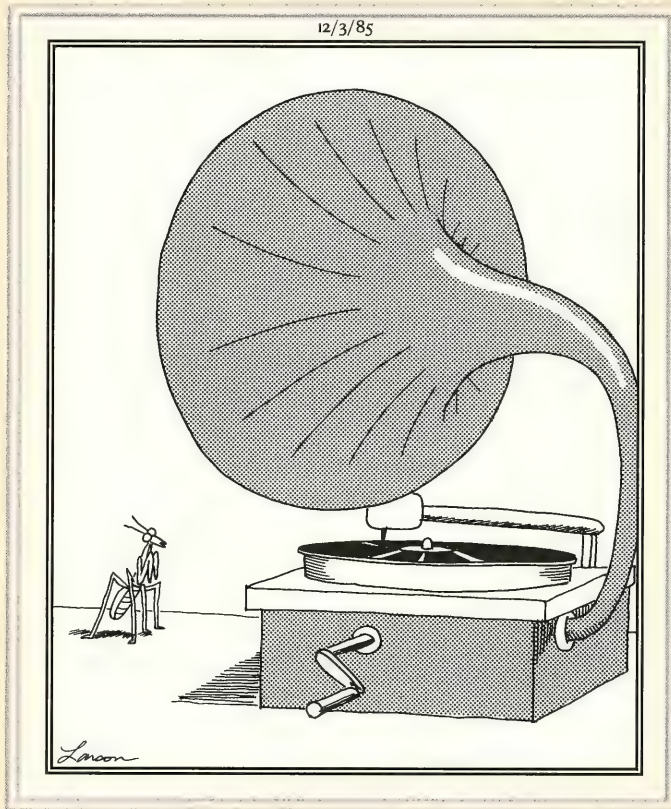


"Mr. Matthews! Mr. Matthews! I just came back from the restroom and Hodges here took my seat! ... It's my turn for the window seat, Mr. Matthews!"

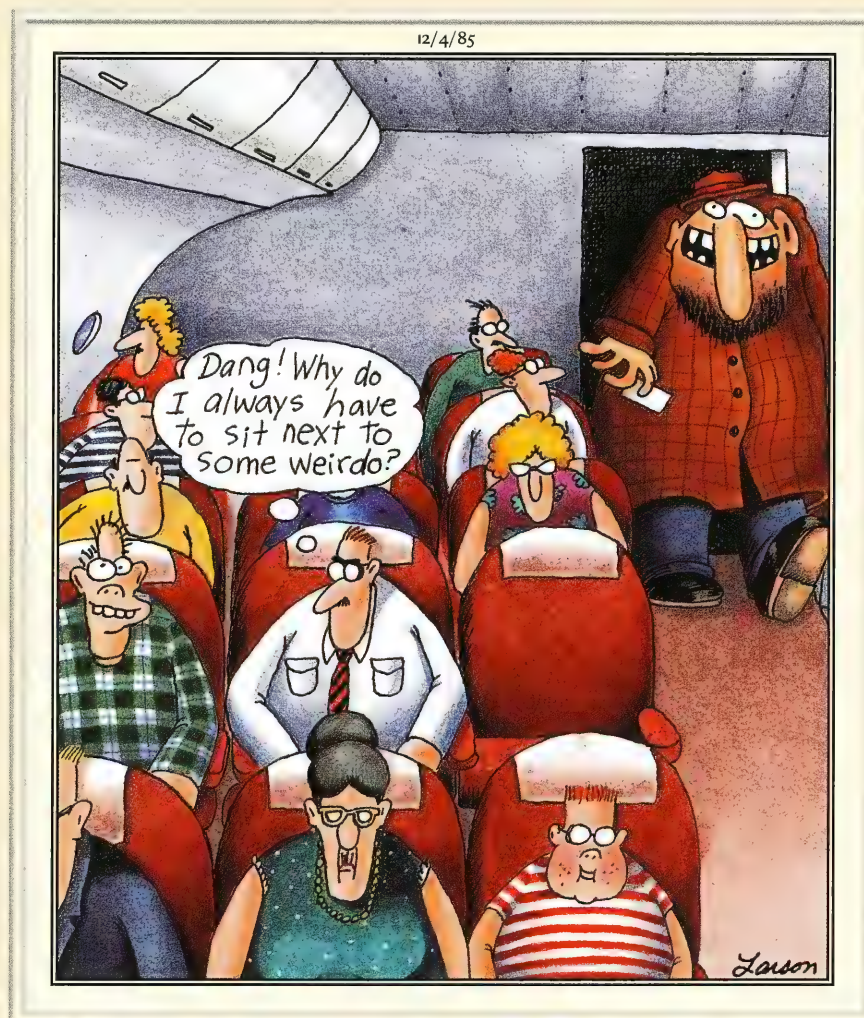


In God's kitchen

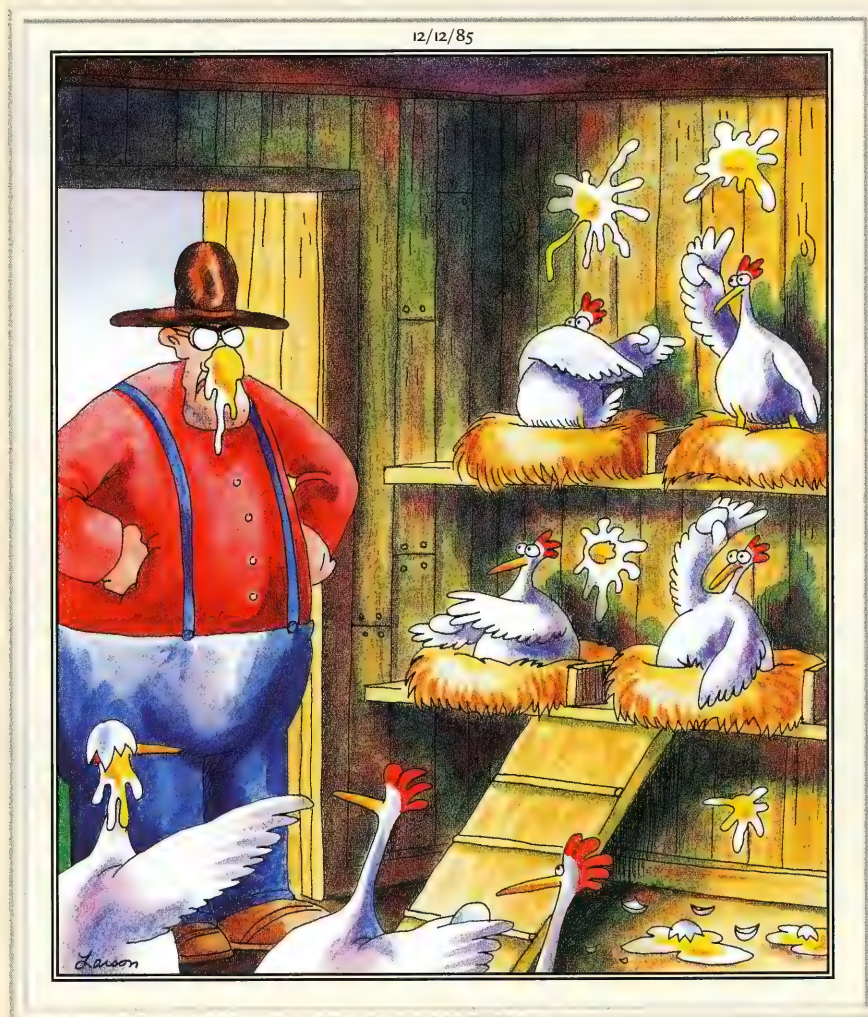




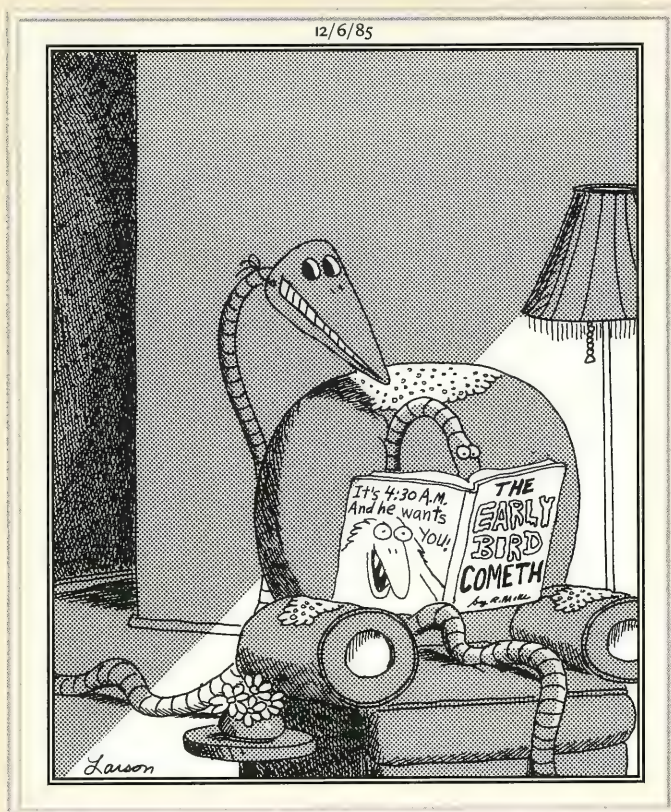
A lucky night for Goldy



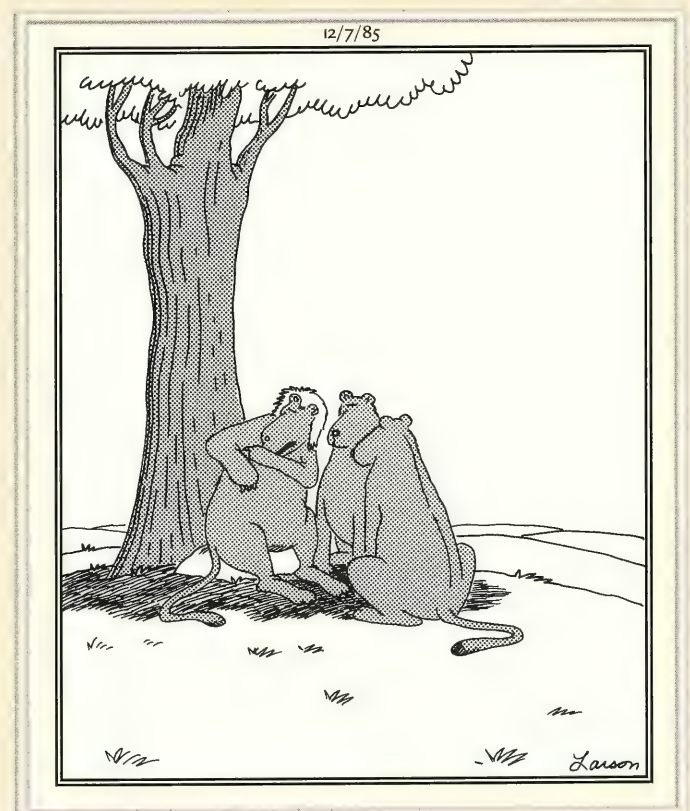




As quickly as it had started, the egg fight was over.



Invertebrate practical jokes

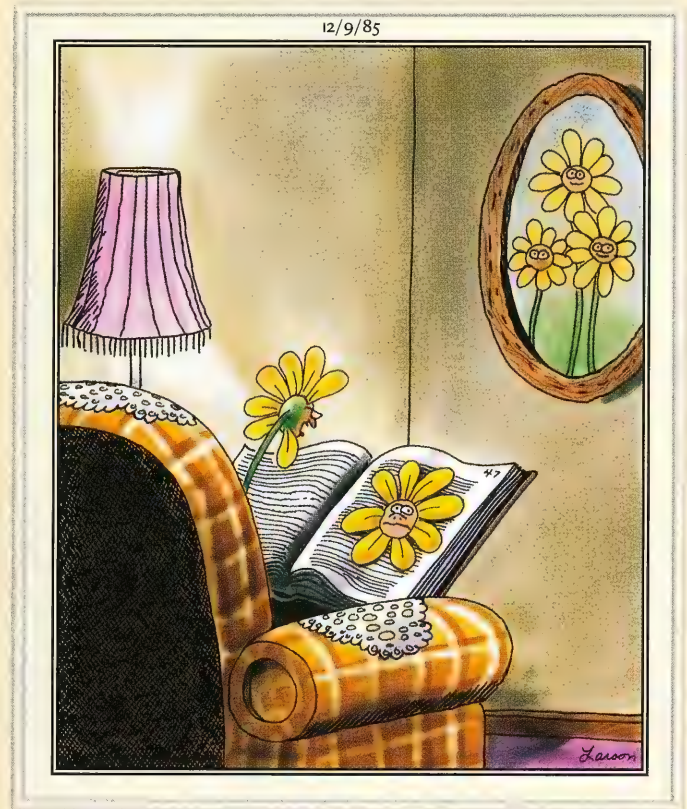


"Oh, you think that's something? See this scar right here ... that's from one nasty little dik-dik."

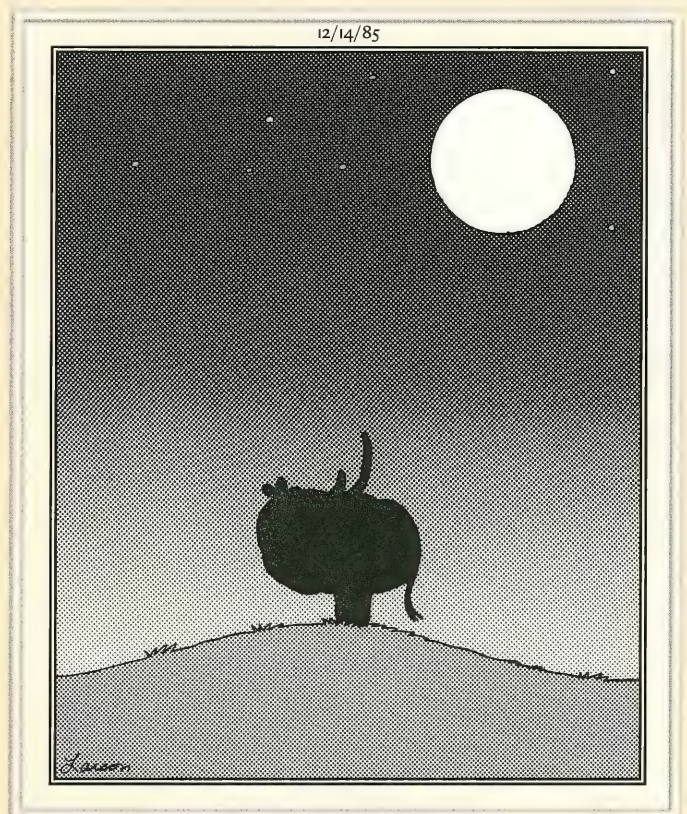
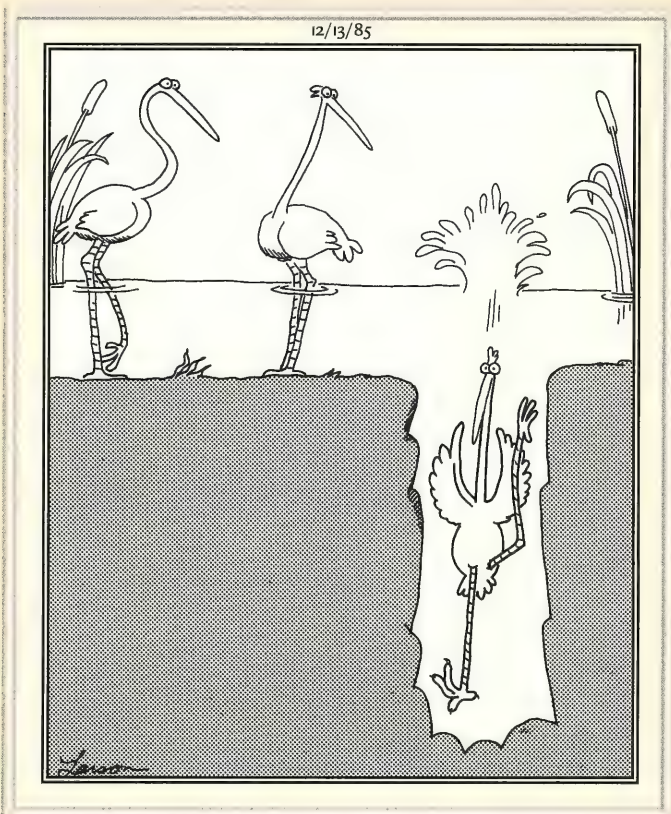




"C'mon, Arlene. Just a few feet in and then we can stand."



As Harriet turned the page, a scream escaped her lips: There was Donald—his strange disappearance no longer a mystery.



The rhino in repose

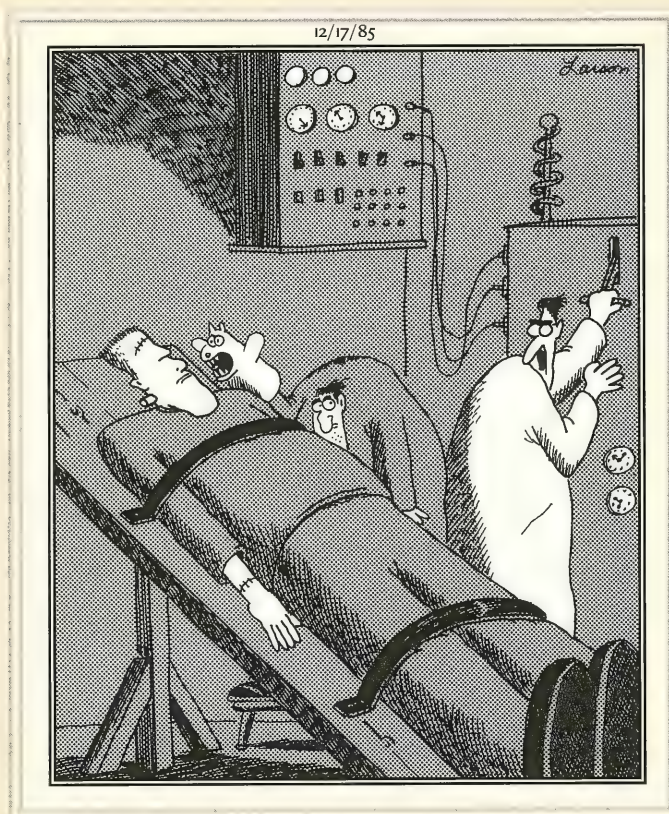




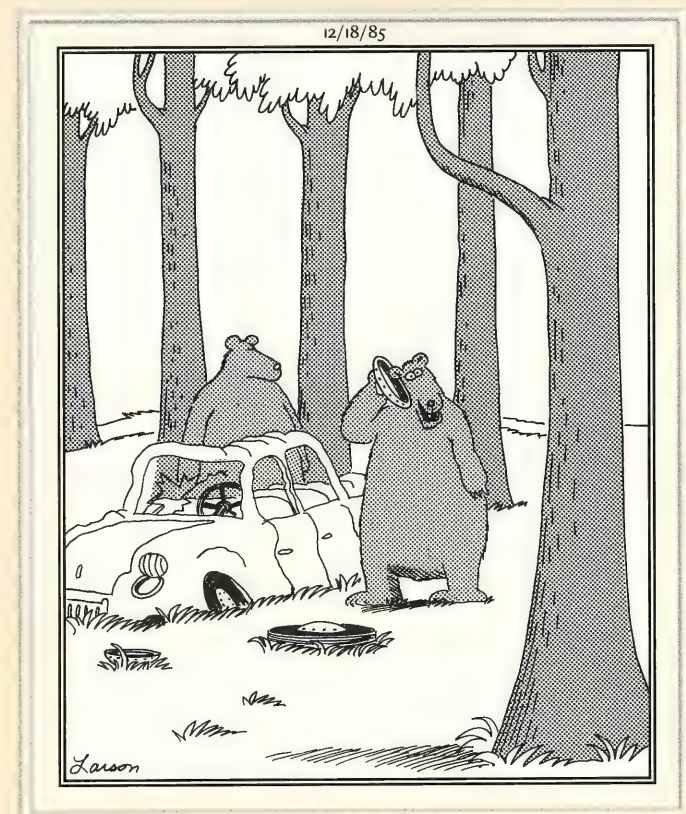
"Oh, yeah? If you're alone,  
then whose eye is that?"



Early business failures

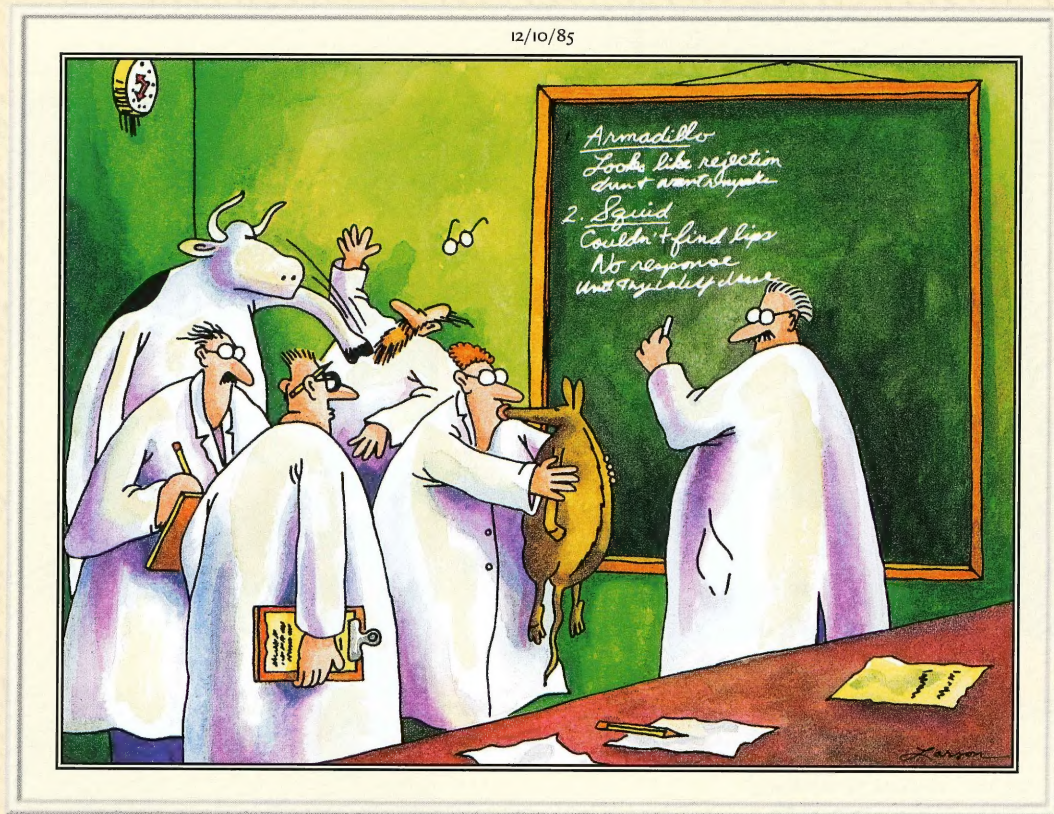


"Igor! Get that Wolfman doll out of his face! ...  
Boy, sometimes you really are bizarre."

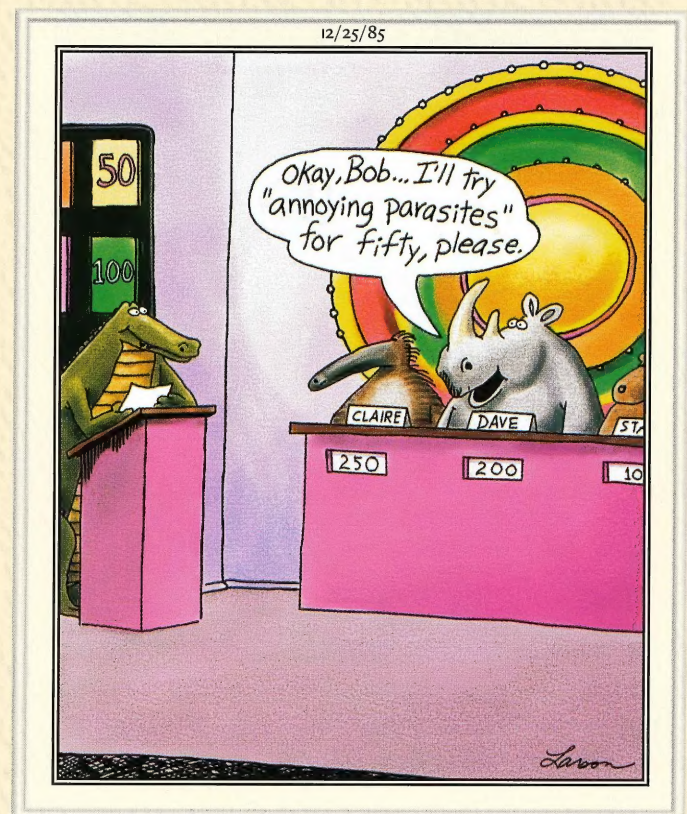
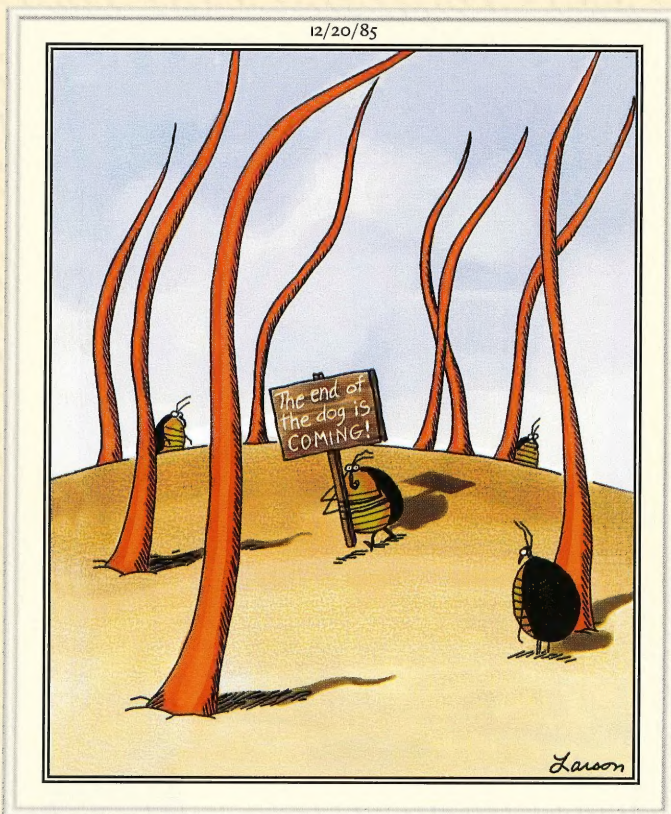


"Hey! I can hear the traffic!"





Testing whether or not animals "kiss."



Animal game shows

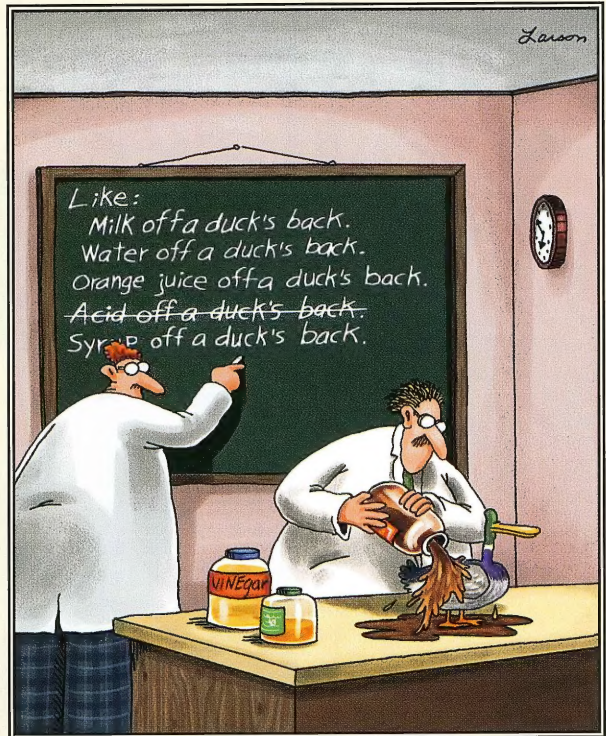


12/21/85



"Rusty! Two points!"

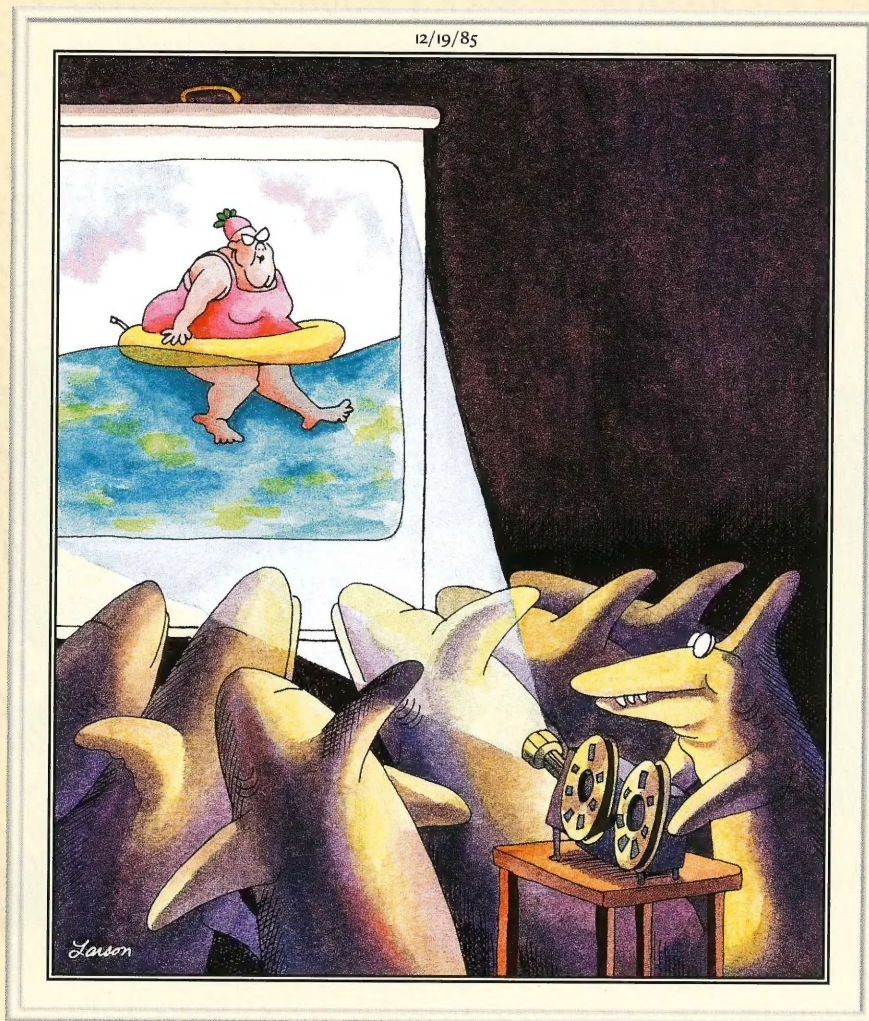
12/27/85



12/30/85







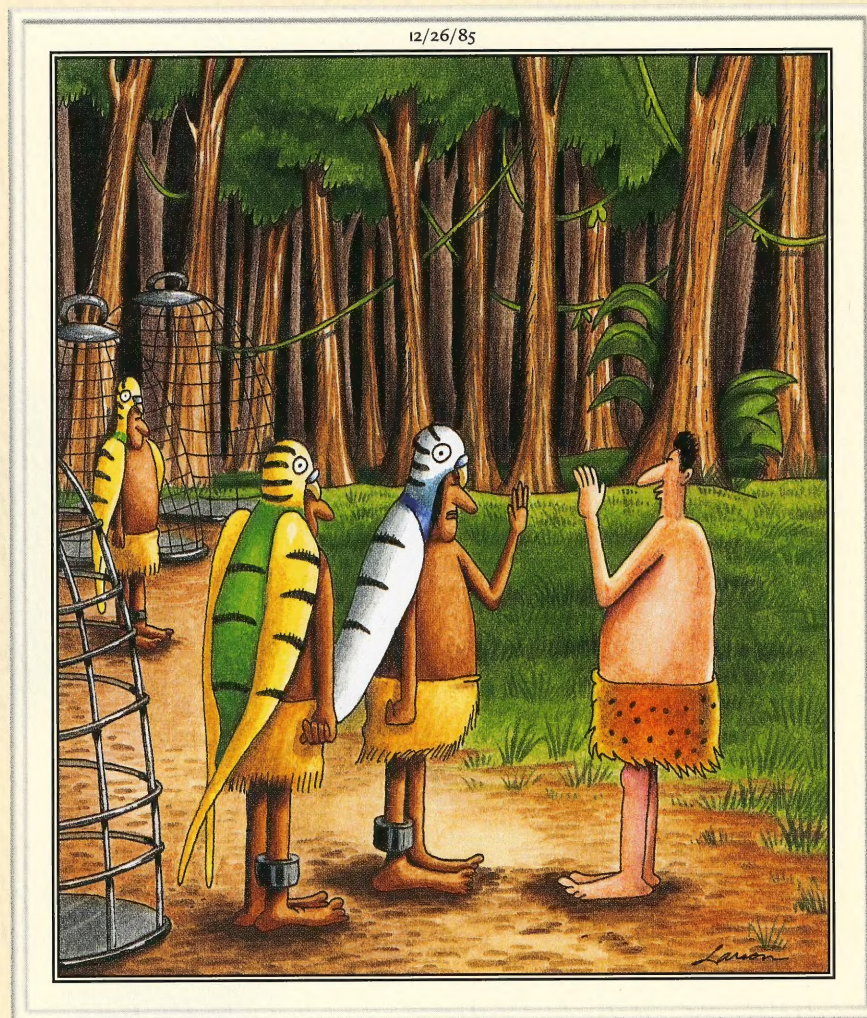
Shark nerds always ran the projector.



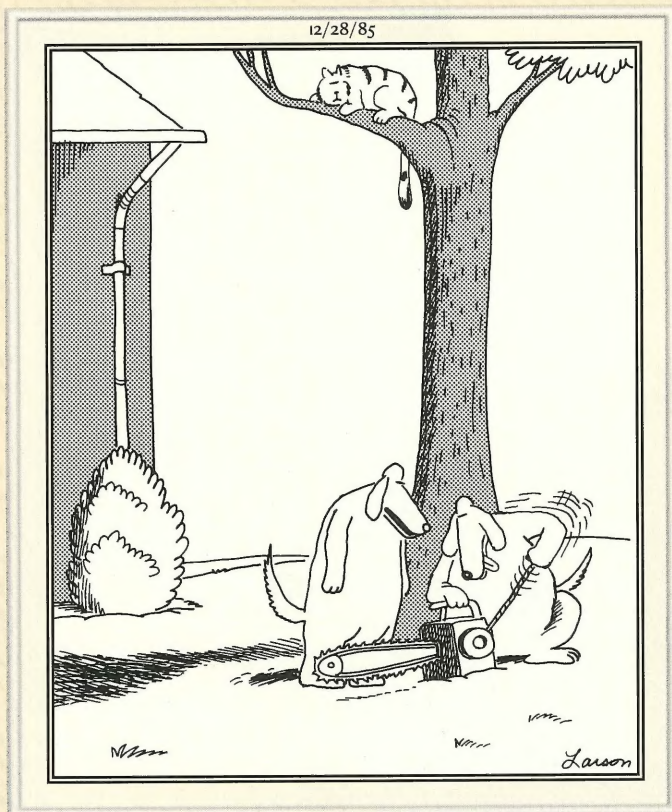
When careers and allergies collide



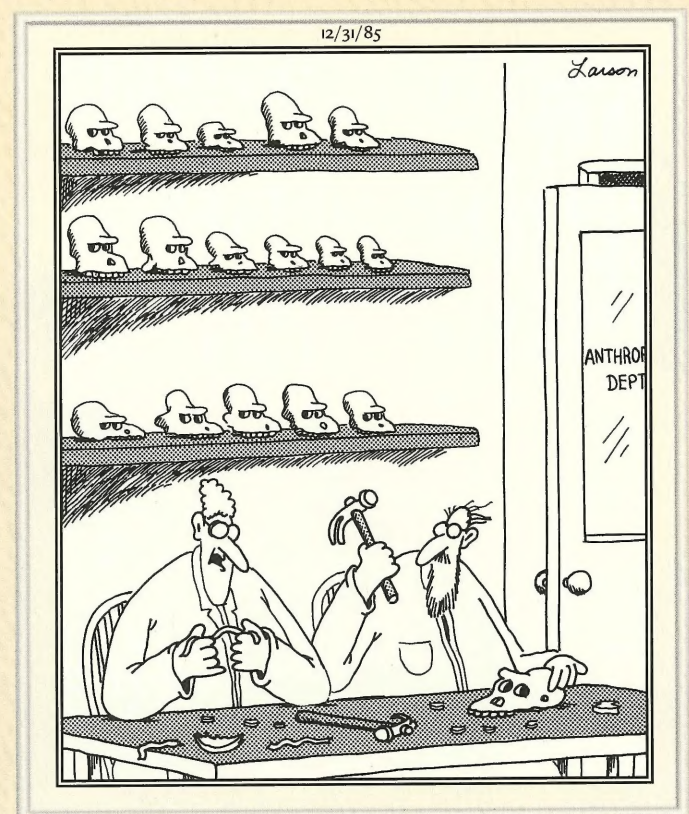




Tarzan is greeted by the Parakeet People.



"You have to prime it, you know."



"This is getting pretty eerie, Simmons. ...  
Another skull, another fortune."